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Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME III SEPTEMBER, 1924 NUMBER 2

Fishing with Irvin Cobb ZANE GREY A Courtship of the Wild

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The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1676 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than three years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly
Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the U. S. and Canada. Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Volume III **SEPTEMBER, 1924** **Number 2**

Colored cover printed by the Miehle Printing Press & Manufacturing Co. on their vertical press.

CONTENTS

Painting by C. Otis Wilson . . . . . Cover
Surprise Valley . . . . . *Zane Grey* 5
Second Installment.
Fishing with Irvin Cobb . . . . . *Dusty Waters* 8
Dusty Goes Fishing With Some Celebrities.
Pollution . . . . . *Dr. James A. Henshall* 11
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.
Flies and Fish . . . . . *William H. Rinkenbach* 14
A Tale of Bites—and Bites.
The Last Muskie—A Warning . . . . . *Merton S. Heiss* 17
A Plea for the Muskie.
Saving National Forest Lands . . . . . *E. A. Sherman* 18
From th. Grasp of a 70 Year Old Error.
A Big Trout in the Swift Current . . . . . *George W. Hunter* 20
Trouting in the Glacier.
Stories and Reminiscences of Jacob M. Dickinson . . . . . *Jacob M. Dickinson* 22
A Two Spot Chief Justice.
The Antiquity of Jokes.
Uncle Clarence and Uncle Frank.
The Barbless Hook in Britain . . . . . *Brig.-General Lionel T. Banon, C. B.* 24
Introduction by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer.
A Courtship of the Wilds . . . . . *Archibald Rutledge* 25
Fascinating Facts of Forest Life.
Hoover and O'Malley—Conservationists . . . . . *E. C. Kemper* 28
Concerning Salmon Protection.
Buck o' the Blizzard . . . . . *Al. Evans* 30
A Tremendously Appealing Dog Story.
When September Comes to the Little River . . . . . *El Comancho* 34
River Lore by one of World's Master Woodsmen
When Game Was Tame . . . . . *Edited by M. L. Gochenour* 36
A Boy, A Dog, and His Gun . . . . . *J. S. Edwards*
The Bittern Remembers . . . . . *C. M. Morgan*
My First and Only Deer . . . . . *Eltinge Elmore*
The Midnight Dance of the Silver Grunions . . . . . *George Law* 40
Strange Fishing for Strange Fish
The Grizzly King . . . . . *James Oliver Curwood* 42
A Romance of the Wilds.
Editorial Page 47
Hidden Values.
Little Things.
Regrets.
Sincerity.
The Waltonian Nook 48
News of Izaak Walton League Chapters.
Outdoor Literature . . . . . *Thomas Ambrose* 52
Growth of the Striped Bass . . . . . *Switch Reel* 54
Trap Shooting Department . . . . . *Conducted by George C. Franklin* 58
Angling Memories . . . . . *By Anglers of the League* 64
Superior National Forest News . . . . . *Paul B. Riis* 68
The Kennel Department . . . . . *Andrew Brooks* 74

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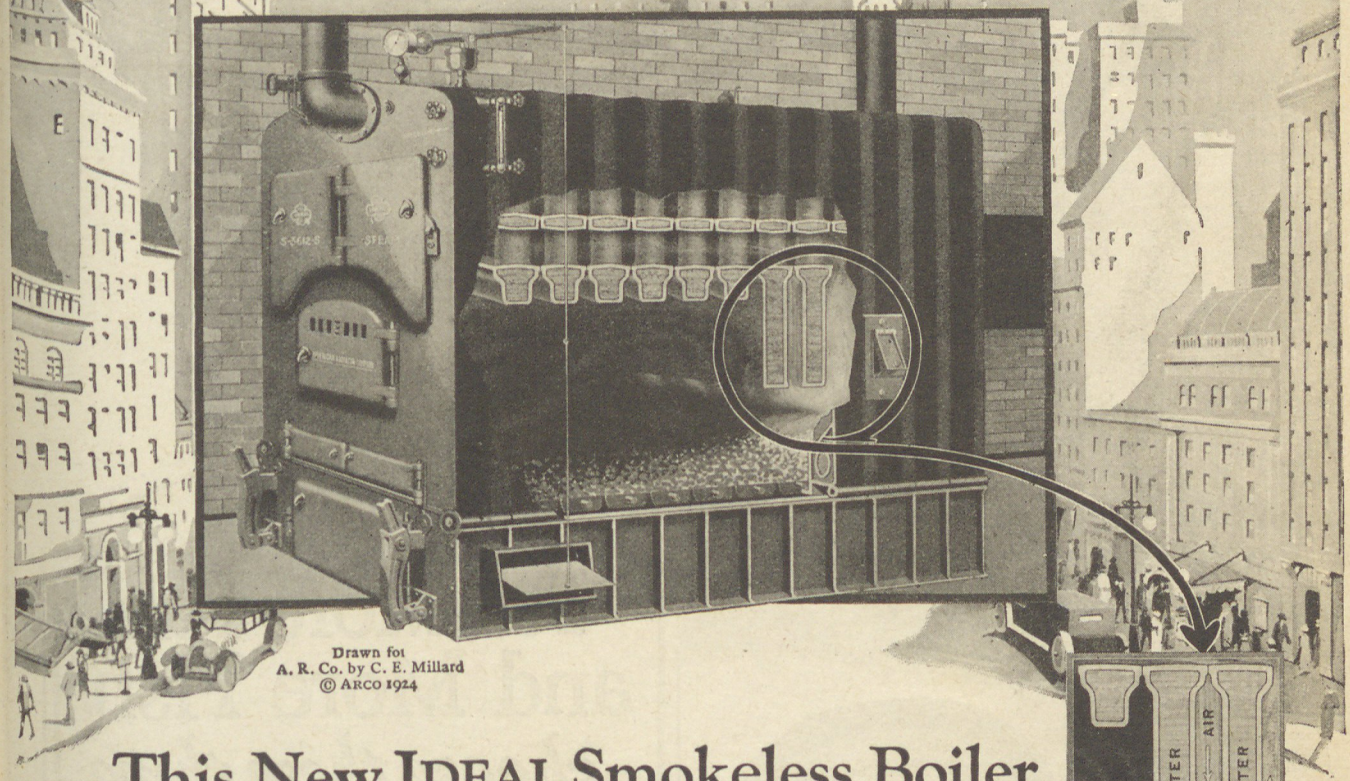

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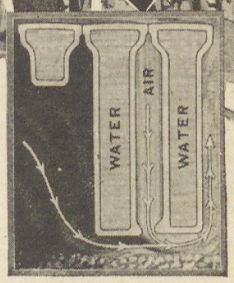

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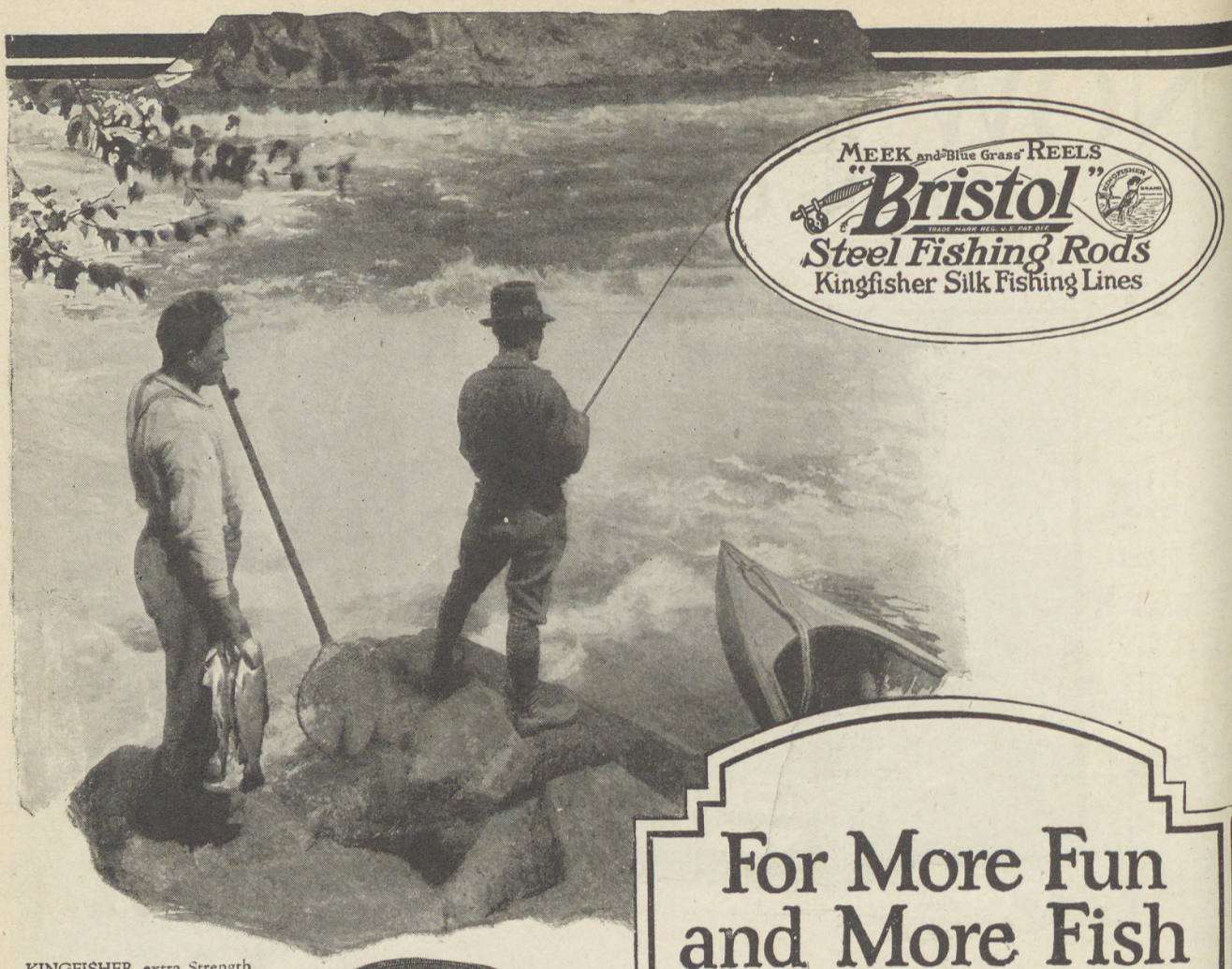

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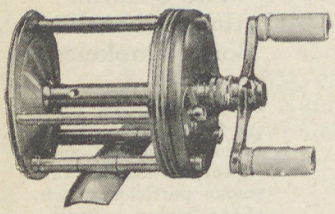

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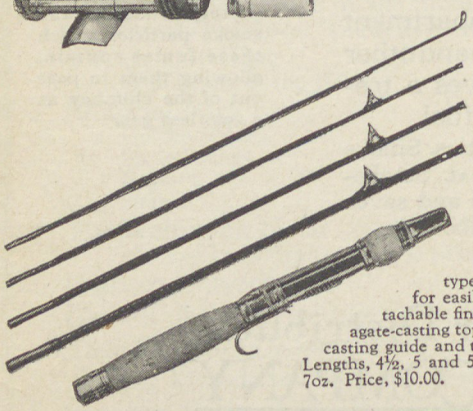

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Outdoor America

OWNED AND PUBLISHED BY THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Surprise Valley

By Zane Grey.

The same Surprise Valley made famous by Zane Grey's world known novel, "Riders of the Purple Sage."

SECOND PART

ONLY a very limited number of white people have had the rare fortune to see Surprise Valley; and none of them with the exception of myself have had the amazing temerity to attempt its description. I appreciated this fact while I gazed around me, unable to ward off the spell of the place. I felt helpless. This was scarcely the helplessness engendered in me while gazing down into the Grand Canyon. That came from the great chasm's overpowering stupendousness. Surprise Valley was comparatively intimate. At the close of my keen brief survey I decided that its wonderful fascination lay in the lights and shades on colored rounded surfaces; and in its poignant wildness, silence, mystery.

The hour happened to be sunset, naturally magnifying my impressions. I was sitting up high on the center knoll of the west wing of the valley—so high that I realized if I remained there until dark I would have a hazardous time making the descent. An intense gold light was fading off the round butte before me. Such a vivid deep rich gold I had never seen before. It seemed to shed a luminous glow which affected the near surroundings, yet was not tangible. Its fading seemed a matter of death. Something exquisite was dying tragically. Too beautiful, too glorious for any but evanescent life! My gaze shifted to the dome, higher on the left, where a red-gold lingered. The lights on the crags seemed rose, faint, soft, dying. Away down the canyon notch stood up a brow of Wild Horse Mesa, shrouded in a lilac haze as vivid as a rainbow. Above the western ramparts floated a few fleecy clouds, silver feathers and scattered pearls on a sea of penetrating blue.

Twilight descended swiftly. Surprise Valley became a place of austere beauty, cold lights, gray shades, naked, lonely, a valley of sepulchre walls. I descended from my lofty rounded slope, and, in spite of long practised eye and muscle and nailed boot and gloved hand, I slipped often, and suffered some little alarm and considerable burning pain.

Down on a level all was in shadow. I walked to the shallow gorge where the tinkling of water came faintly on the still air. Bees hummed by. It was a relief to realize that Surprise Valley supported some kind of life. I wandered between the huge boulders and climbed over the lesser ones, and finally found a seat above a gleaming pool of water. It trickled from the shadows. It mirrored the one pale star in the sky. Then strange sounds beset my ears, low, hoarse, rattling and twanging, and a deep bellow, all as faint and weird as if they came from under the water. These were made by frogs. Canyon frogs they were, flat and gray and uncanny creatures, such as I had often seen in the sunlight, but never before heard. I listened, and the strangeness of their croaking lent immeasurably to the loneliness, and to my imagination. I was an Indian lost in the canyons.

Night fell shortly, like an invisible blanket, cool and black and awesome. There was not the slightest reason for fear, yet I felt that I should hurry to the campfire and the presence of my comrades. The rounded walls loomed black and weird against the dark blue of sky.

The frogs ceased their croaking, and uttered a few long trills, not sweetly high-pitched, like those of the eastern frog on a warm June night, but sonorous with a wildness fitting this canyon. Then they soon ceased trilling. After that there remained only the tinkle and babble and murmur of running water, which now served to accentuate the silence and solitude.

An hour spent in such environment seemed incalculable in its effect on my mind. Myriads of thoughts flashed by, and faded. Only a few remained, the least, and they were not of the primitive self that always dominated such hours.

Surprise Valley was no place for white men. Human beings were not necessary to its greatness. Life meant little to those impondering walls. Shadows as black as ebony, deep star-sown sky, round mountains of rock, domed and pinnacled, a soft cool breeze, the murmuring of running water—these spoke eloquently of the littleness of all men, and the brevity of all living creatures.

How oppressive these wonderful overhanging rocks. And this seemed so because of the tremendous sense of the mastery and tragedy of nature. Human nature thrown against any background is a sorrowful study: here it seemed stark and naked. In the marts of the world people retrenched themselves, and hid most of the truth. Here in Surprise Valley that did not seem possible.

Next day Wetherill took me down the main artery of this canyon system of the valley. We entered the huge beetling walls of yellow rock where the stream flowed through a crack. He had never been any farther than where this stream left the valley. But always he had intended to explore it, because an old Piute Indian had made him curious. Wetherill believed this narrow lane eventually opened into the Grand Canyon: he knew the stream must run into the Colorado River.

A hunt for buried treasure or for a dangerous and fierce species of big game could not have been more thrilling than this exploration.

But much to our amaze the travel down this canyon was remarkably easy. The greatest strain to which I was subjected

came from bending my head far back, so that I could see the marvelous stream of blue sky above. It flowed between the lofty walls like a blue ribbon. At times I imagined I was looking down into the bottom of a deep canyon where ran a blue brook.

Flowers, cottonwood trees, grass, all grew profusely in the wider spaces where the sun could penetrate. Here nodded the pale golden Sago lily, most frail, exquisite and beautiful of all canyon flowers. Long bars of sand, and gravelly beds, and aisles of stepping-stones made easy travel for us.

Presently we emerged into a wide sunny open canyon, and were surprised to see a long wavy gradual slope that appeared surmountable even to the very summit. My guide and I were evidently of like minds, for we both immediately expressed a strong desire to climb this slope to the highest point, in the hope of seeing down into Surprise Valley from the heights. But we did not expect to undertake it that day, for we anticipated a long exploring trip down this canyon.

We were, however, almost at once confronted with an obstacle that surely would doom us to disappointment. The canyon suddenly closed, like the jaws of a colossal trap, with no sign of an outlet. At first we imagined the stream must disappear underground. But we found a V-shaped vent in the wall, so narrow and dark that we had almost to enter it before we could see it. The walls were nearly perpendicular, and ran sheer to the summit.

Presently they spread wide enough to permit the use of a camera; and farther down began to close again until there was again no light by which to photograph. In many places we could reach both walls with outstretched hands. The floor consisted of rock, sand and water. Our difficulties increased. We had to leap from rock to rock, and cling along ledges, and wade deep pools. The canyon turned and meandered after the manner of all canyons, so that we could see but a little way ahead. But at length, in the darkest and narrowest part, we were halted by a long lane of green water, twenty feet deep. There was no possibility of going round it. If we went any farther we would have to swim. Besides there was no telling what we might encounter round the next turn. Both of us imagined we heard a low faint roar of waterfall. Reluctantly we had to give up, having explored only about three miles of this strange canyon.

Then we returned. Singularly enough I was relieved to get back into the wide sunny enlargement of the canyon. Those overhanging walls were sinister and oppressive. When once again we saw the wonderful wavy slope that had appeared scalable we were both keen to attempt it.

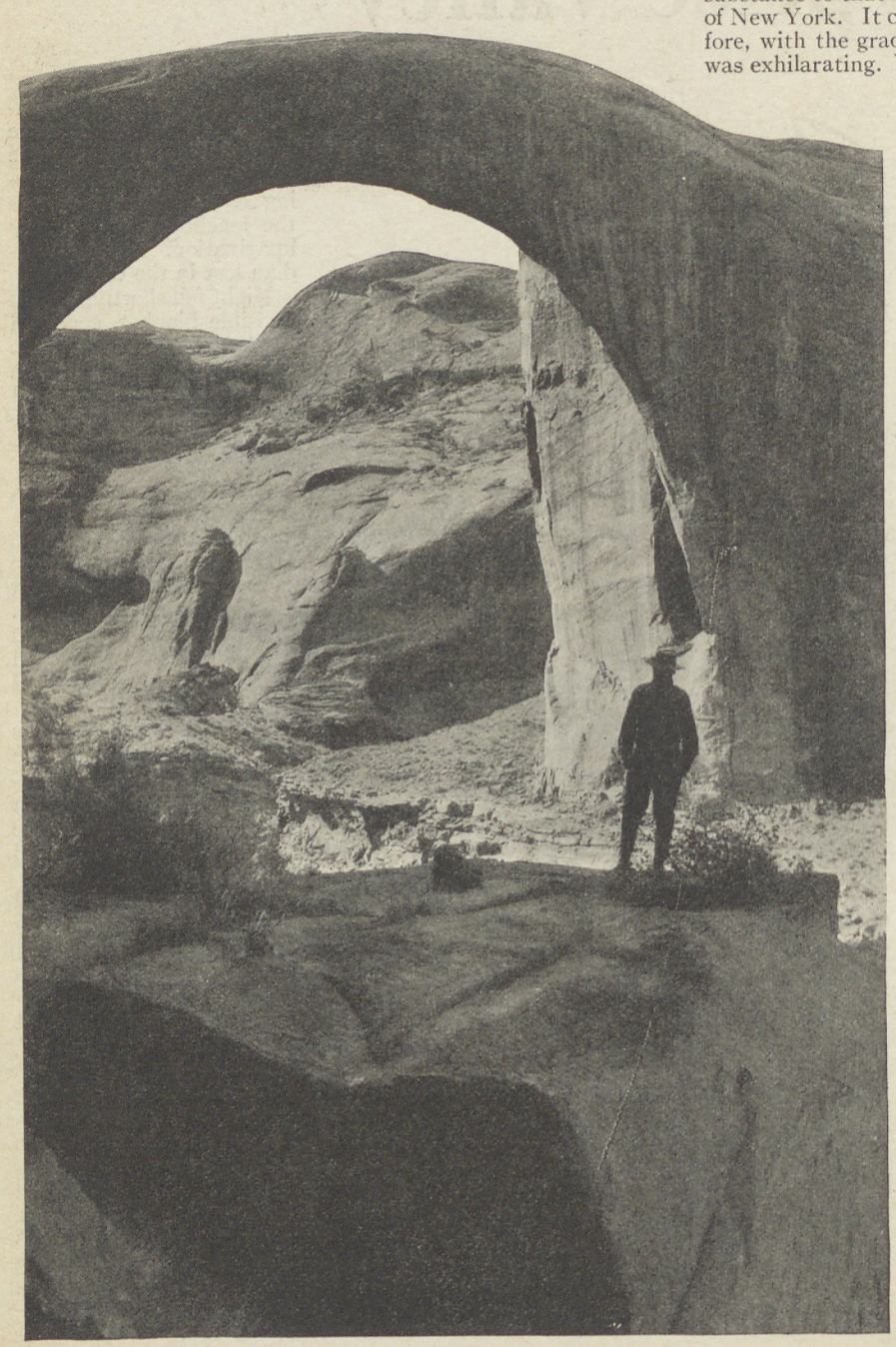
The rock was soft brown sandstone, very like in color and substance to that used on the old-fashioned brownstone houses of New York. It crumbled under the nails of our boots. Therefore, with the gradual slope, climbing was easy. Moreover, it was exhilarating. We played a game of picking out directions, safe ascents, easy inclines, detours.

As we ascended, however, we found that difficulties increased. It grew to be perilous and strenuous work, and therefore the more thrilling. We climbed to and fro much farther than straight up. The red stone gave place to a zone of yellow and then light green, almost as soft as chalk. At our backs the west wall appeared higher than the one we were climbing, and it obstructed our view in that quarter. In other directions knobs and domes of bare stone loomed up, growing larger as we progressed. There came a time when I could look round over a remarkably large area of slopes, mounds, pits, bowls, slants and curves, as naked and bare as tombstones. Towards the end of that climb we worked away from the direction in which we wished to go and landed at the base of lofty lemon colored crags. For a while we feared we would be compelled to retrace our steps, but at last we graded out to the west, and turning a huge abutment that upheld the crags we were astounded by the spectacle above and below us.

Navajo Mountain towered white and black over the abyss at our feet, a lone peak, grand in its isolation and dominance over that wind-scalloped region of stone. Over the western wall rose the long bold black-fringed line of Wild Horse Mesa, haunting in its wild beauty and inaccessibility. But superb as were these two great landmarks when I gazed beneath me I forgot them.

Surprise Valley spread there, clear and open in the intense sunlight, seemingly close, yet far below. The octopus formation was now very clearly defined. The dark green body and arms of the many moth beast seemed to float on a sea of opal stone! There were now no clouds and sunset hues to confuse the eye. Nevertheless the impression of many colors was even more striking than it had been the night before, though in the intense light they seemed all pale, imperceptibly shading into one another.

Wetherill gazed silently for a few moments. It was not necessary to ask what he felt. But presently he said he was worried about getting down, and this



Nonnezoshe, the Rainbow Bridge.

The Approach to Zane Grey Canyon.

we had better not linger there. We were two thousand feet above Surprise Valley, with miles of unknown slope to descend.

It is not only difficult to attain such heights, but impossible to keep them. I took my last long look at what was surely the loveliest and strangest aspect of nature ever unrolled below me. Surprise Valley was the unfolding heart of a stupendous flower, every petal and part of which was of a different hue.

It was with mingled feelings that at last I followed in the careful steps of my guide—a profound melancholy that I must leave this spectacle of exquisite beauty—and a deep gratitude and uplift for the moments on the heights, that could come to so few men. Surprise Valley will never become popular, because it is remote and inaccessible. But there it is—a possession of our country—a place absolutely beyond description, somehow all-satisfying to the soul.

Leisurely I descended after Wetherill, except in the steep places where I had to slide, and whenever opportunity afforded I gazed down and across, always aware of continual change. We were three hours making the descent on the valley side. I was hot and breathless, wringing wet with sweat, bruised and skinned, and spent with exhaustion—facts I was not aware of until I sat down in camp.

Then some impulse moved me to cast my aching eyes up the vast slope I had been hours descending. And I was to receive the most startling sensation of the day. Once again the waning sun had tipped the western rim, and its power of light and shadow and color seemed to transfigure the slope. No longer was it a slope of stone, but a cloud of columns, pillars, levels, caverns, mystic blank spaces and a reflection of the firmament on which shone the rainbow hues of nature. It towered to the azure sky. That magic light lasted a full moment, then what had seemed a cloud of rose and pearl and coral changed into the vast gray slope, the eastern wall of Surprise Valley.

Fantasy

By
MARY W. KRAMER

Pan is piping in the woods,
And the Dryads, free from care,
Dance in joy, as Dryads should,
Underneath the leafage there.

Loosened streams in rhythm flow,
Birds are singing in the trees,
Flowers their fragrancy bestow,
To the wooing of the breeze.

Insects float on gauzy wings,
Wild things run with rapid feet,
Flecks of gold the sunlight flings
From above where branches meet.

Pan is piping in the wood,
Dryads dance without a care—
Ah! if we were free, and could
Also be a-dancing there.

Fishing With Irvin Cobb

Pictures Stolen from Bob Davis

By DUSTY WATERS

WELL, I went fishing with Irvin Cobb. I wrote to OUTDOOR AMERICA, telling them I was going, and they sent me a telegram and asked me for gosh' sakes write a story about it.

The telegram almost caused a riot at our house, it only being when somebody has died or when our bank account is overdrawn worse than usual that we get wires. Mrs. Humason who lives next door came running over and said, "What on earth's the matter," but my wife said:

"Oh, it's just a wire from Dusty's publisher asking him for a book."

"Not a book," I said, "just a story for the magazine."

"Maybe they'll make a book out of it if it's good enough," said Mrs. Waters, to which I merely waved a careless hand, like actors who want to show they are overcome by Fate.

So I wrote and said that I wasn't what you could call a member of the party, because I had just been invited by Mr. Heddon to fish with them a couple of days up on the St. Croix river near Pine City, Minnesota, this being the tail end of the fishing trip. Most of the fishing was to be done near Park Rapids, before I joined them.

But they wrote back and said to write it anyway, because if you're going to write for the magazines you've got to learn to observe things, and to set it down afterwards. He said to call it "Fishing with Irvin Cobb."

So after I got back I wrote the darn thing and here it is.

The members of the party were Dusty Waters, Bill Jenkins, Gust Olson, Charles Heddon, R. B. King, Charles M. Palmer, Robert H. Davis (known to his many friends and admirers as Bob), and Irvin Cobb—a distinguished gathering, one and all. It was a very jolly party, with Mr. Cobb cracking most of the jokes, at which he was champion, as well as being champion at hearing the cook yell. I found out that no matter how hard I listened, Mr. Cobb always heard the cook first. I don't mean to get personal but the next time I go on a trip with this party I'm going to train myself to do the hundred yards in ten flat, with special attention paid to a fast getaway from any position.

When Bob Davis (left) and Charlie Heddon (right) get all dressed up nothing'll do but somebody's got to take their picture

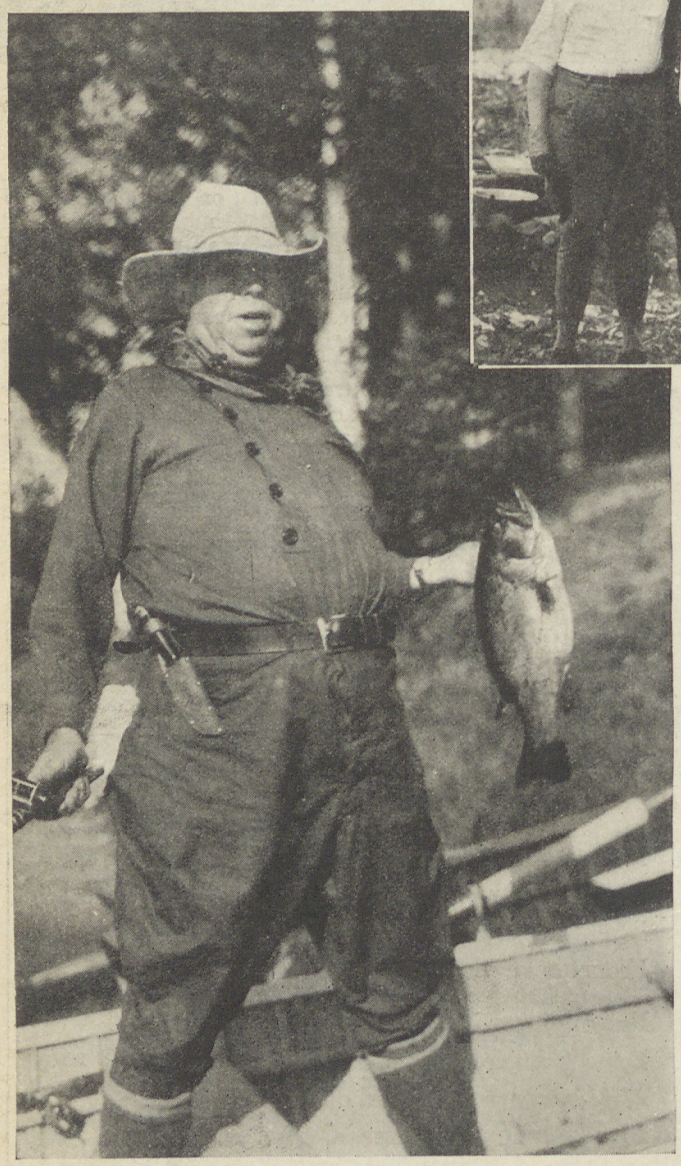
I don't suppose they meant for me to write a regular story about the fishing trip, since it was just like all other fishing trips except for the amount of food consumed, and the number of unended jokes cracked, Mr. Cobb always spoiling the ending of his jokes by his hearty laughter. This would have spoiled them for the rest of the party, except that it's more fun to watch Mr. Cobb laugh than to laugh yourself.

So I'll devote my space to telling about the members of the party. First there was Bill Jenkins. I met Jenkins at an employment agency in St. Paul; I walked into the agency and there sat the man I was later to know as Jenkins. He was sitting in a straight backed chair with a hand on each knee and smoking a large cigar with a red band on it, which he held exactly in the center of his mouth, the same being surrounded by a good start on a red beard.

Mr. Jenkins explained he was not looking for a job, but was just up there to interview the manager of the agency about the weather and so on, and in fact it seems he had lately been offered several jobs, but none at his price, or else working conditions were not right, etc. Besides that, he had a permanent job in view which was likely to break at any moment now.

But anyway I interviewed him, telling him about the party. I told him Mr. Heddon was president of the Heddon fishing bait company and the general manager of this fishing party, and Cobb was a notable magazine writer, making two magazine writers in the party since I was going also, and Mr. Palmer was a New York newspaper broker, and Bob Davis was a well known literary figure, having charge accounts all over America and in all the easily spelled countries of Europe, and Mr. King was the best fisherman in Florida and points south, including the Scandinavian.

Mr. Jenkins only laughed and said he guessed he'd take a



Mr. Cobb just after he had handed a death notice to a 4½-pound big mouth bass

chance, and thought he would do all right, since he had once cooked for six months running for Jim Hanson on a government boat and wasn't it known all along the Atlantic coast that Jim had killed cooks because the soup didn't have enough salt in it, and hadn't he once tossed a cook overboard because the pork and beans weren't browned right?

Jenkins then launched forth into his history, telling of cooking on a Mississippi steamboat, and on a freighter out of Seattle, and on the Great Lakes, in lumber camps, hotels, summer resorts, restaurants and in fact almost every place where a cook is part of the usual equipment. Jenkins had red hair and a freckled face, to say nothing of weighing some two hundredweight, so I hired him, feeling that no matter how bad he was as a cook he could hold his own if attacked afterward.

I sent Jenkins on up to Park Rapids to meet the party and I stayed behind a few days, then went over to the St. Croix river to fix up a camp for the party there, to which they planned to move in a few days.

And now we come to Gust Olson. I think Gust is the best boatman on the St. Croix river. He can pole a boat upstream through white water faster than the ordinary boatman can pole it through a swimming tank. Gust had put in fourteen years on the river driving logs. He was a member of the boat crew that went ahead of the regular crew to break up young log jams. It was the duty of this crew to get out of the boat onto the jam, and work at it until it broke, and when it broke they had to each one pick out a log and jump on it and ride it down through the rapid.

Gust told me of one special log that was so high you had to stand on tiptoe to see over it, and how it caught on every shoal along the river, and didn't get down to Stillwater for four years. It was a thorn, you might say, in the side of the crew, because it hung up a lot of other logs every time it caught.

Gust had also put in some time as a trapper, but all in all, Gust's outstanding feature was the amount of snuff he used, it being nothing, he said, for him to use up half a dozen boxes in a day.

Gust could also swear a good deal. Well, Gust and I cleared off a piece of land on the point of an island out in the river and set up tents and everything and then sat down, you might call it, to await the arrival of the party.

They came along the next day looking like half a dozen sunsets, with stories about all the bass they had caught up by Park Rapids. I shook hands all around and then started out after big game, and sure enough I found Jenkins bringing up the rear in a truck, his face redder than usual, and the honest sweat coursing down it. He had a wonderful story to tell about how Bob Davis ate three slices of ham and six eggs for breakfast the first day. He seemed well pleased with everything, except that he had lost a comb, and wished he had brought along his own car. Jenkins had under his supervision several boxes of canned things, ranging from beans to spiced cantaloupe, and he had baked hams and baked veal and pork roasts and baskets of eggs and tubs of lettuce and onions and sacks of flour and sugar and so on. Jenkins was by nature an energetic worker, and he seemed unable to decide between talking to me and wrestling with the boxes, so he decided on a compromise, and talked to me and the boxes at the same time as he unloaded the truck. He told all about the swell meals he had fixed up for the party, and how he got up at four in the morning to put up lunches and was doing his best to make the party a success, not that he needed the job, because he expected a permanent job to show up almost any day now, but because he had taken this job as an experiment and wanted to see it through.

"Is Irvin Cobb funny?" I asked. "Didn't you see him just now?" asked Jenkins

This is the only known picture of Jenkins. The odd expression on Jenkins' face is perhaps due to the fact that these bass have got to be ready for breakfast

"They're all more or less light-fingered," said Jenkins — and the picture shows that Mr. Palmer has evidently had a good day

After awhile I sat down on a box of oranges and invited Jenkins to do the same, which he did, picking out a sack of canned milk by mistake. He looked around for a better seat, but finally decided that it wasn't worth getting up to change, so settled back on the canned milk like a female chicken getting ready for the day's work on a bunch of eggs.

I asked him if everything was perfectly satisfactory.

"Yes," he said, "but it's a hell of a lot of work. As soon as those fellows come in from fishing they throw everything right where they happen to be standing. But I go right around and pick everything up so's I'll know where it is when they start yelling for it. They can't even keep track of their fish."

"I'll bet they're fine fishermen," I remarked, warming up to my job of interviewing.

Jenkins spat, having been chewing on his cigar.

"Yes," he said, "they are good fishermen. They fish from morning to night. Get up at daybreak and come in at dark, with the boats filled with the limit of bass and more than the limit of damned near dead guides."

"Mr. Cobb was championstoryteller, as well as being champion at hearing the cook yell"

I tried another angle. "Is Irvin Cobb funny?" I asked.

Jenkins looked at me.

"Didn't you see him just now?" he asked.

"I mean does he say funny things?" I went on.

"Not that I ever heard," said Jenkins, spitting again, "at the rate we both get paid, he'd only have to crack one joke in front of me and I'd owe him money at the end of the trip."

I nodded politely to signify that the interview was at an end, and asked Jenkins' attention to the fact that there was a lot of stuff to take down to the river.

We were both rising when suddenly Jenkins shouted, "Hold still," and crouched before me like a wrestler looking for a catch-as-catch-can hold. "A big mosquito, on your left ear," he said, and he advanced cautiously and made a careful swipe at my ear, killing the mosquito, whose dead body dropped to my shoulder, from which position Jenkins carefully brushed it off.

"Were there any mosquitoes at the Park Rapids cabin?" I asked, being quick to take advantage of this new turn of affairs, after the manner of writers and reporters.

Jenkins sat down again, this time on a sack of flour.

"No," said Jenkins, "not so many. Everything was fine at the Park Rapids cabin except that I lost my comb." He looked at me significantly.

"Oh, your comb," I said politely, looking at the part of his kind of straggling red hair that showed around the edges of his hat, which he had pushed back on his head so he could wipe the sweat from his forehead.

"Yes," he went on, "I lost my comb. Darndest thing I ever saw. I left it on a rafter in the kitchen, and one morning it was gone—just simply gone."

"Some light fingered person around," I said, squinting my eyes like Chief Frank Sommer used to.

"Well, I don't know. The only light fingered one in the bunch is Cobb, and I honestly don't think he'd take my comb. But they were all light fingered, for that matter. Only Cobb was the worst. More than once I saw them hooking things from each other's bags. I bet there isn't a one of them right now that's fishing with his own fish hook."

"They don't look crooked," I said, scenting adventure.

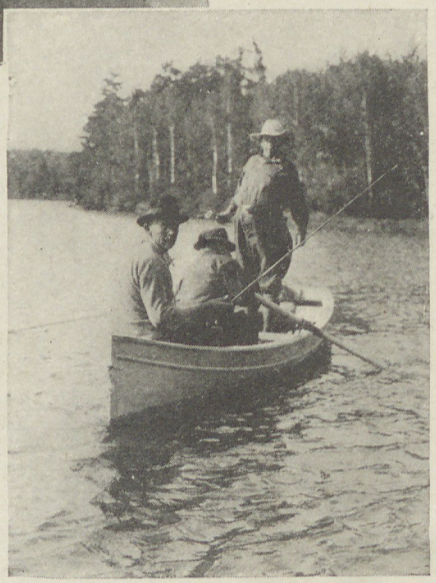
"If they are, they're about even with each other," said Jenkins. "But I don't think Cobb took my comb—I don't want you to get the idea I think anything like that."

"I don't," I said.

At this point along came Gust and Mr. King and Mr. Cobb and Mr. Davis and Mr. Heddon and Mr. Palmer. I was surprised to see everybody come back for a second load, but you can't tell from appearances who is going to be a good sport and who isn't. We couldn't take everything the second trip—the second for everybody but Jenkins and myself, that is—so Mr. Cobb left definite instructions that before the party was called off for the night his bed roll should by all means be included in the equipment to be surely taken over to the island.

"He must have packed his knife and fork in there," whispered Jenkins to me when Mr. Cobb said this, but Mr. Cobb didn't hear him, though he did give us a cruel look when he heard Jenkins laughing.

We got all settled on the island long before dark, but supper was a little late, owing to Jenkins having a hell of a time finding his ingredients. But supper was finally ready, and we made a break for the grub. I got a good start, but was just hitting my stride when I was bowled over and a large body roared past me. I got up, feeling like the Prince of Wales on a fox hunt, but nothing was broken and I limped up to the table in time to get half a dish of dessert.



Here we have Mr. King holding down the bow and Mr. Cobb holding up the stern, with Charlie Heddon taking a disputed turn at the oars

The next morning we went fishing. In order to go fishing you've got to be poled up through some rapids in a boat, and when you return, you've got to shoot them. There is one ledge across the river which is almost a waterfall. Gust said he had never yet failed to pole the boat up through it, but when Mr. Heddon and Mr. Cobb decided to be his freight for the day I saw him get sort of pale where his chunk of snuff makes a protrudence, I guess you call it, near the left corner of his mouth.

Gust got them through, though I saw him looking wildly about like an aviator whose engine has gone dead and who is looking for a soft place to land.

They got up above the falls all right and started in fishing, and I started in too, wading along the shore, my offer to accompany the party in the boat having been vetoed without benefit of clergy by Gust.

Mr. Heddon casted his three section bait, and Mr. Cobb used one also. Mr. Heddon, however, will never make a good fisherman so long as he uses that bait, because the only reason he casts out is to watch the bait wiggle back to the boat.

"A fellow should really have a landing net with this bait," I heard him tell Mr. Cobb, "then it wouldn't matter if you caught a fish or not, you could just land this bait. Old fishermen have told me it looks more like a fish than a fish does."

"Cast it over here," I yelled, "and see if it'll rise to my fly," which was as funny as anything Mr. Cobb pulled on the whole trip.

We fished for some time, with Mr. Palmer and Mr. King in another boat and Bob Davis casting from shore near camp between telling the cook

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 67]

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food, Inland and Coastal Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Can Sewage Be Purified?

By A. M. BUSWELL

Chief of the State Water Survey Division, Professor Sanitary Chemistry, University of Illinois

IS it possible to purify sewage? Can the milky, foul liquid with all sorts of floating debris and filth which we are now pouring into our streams at the rate of millions of gallons per day be so treated that it will be as clean as the stream into which it empties? These questions were asked the writer by three delegates at the last national convention of the Izaak Walton League. Perhaps you will be interested to print in your columns the answer which may be given without reservation: Yes, it is possible and practicable to treat sewage in a plant which will continuously discharge a clear sparkling effluent containing less organic matter in solution than the average streams. Such plants have been in continuous operation for over twenty years. There is no guess work about it.

A word or two describing the process may make it easier to understand how such results can be obtained. The process of sewage purification is quite similar to the disposal of garbage by feeding it to hogs. The hogs in this case are replaced by minute living organisms which feed upon and digest and transform to mineral salts the organic matter in the sewage. In the standard type of plant, the sewage is passed first through large "two story" tanks in which the heavier solids settle out and collect in the "lower story." Here these coarser solids are attacked by certain bacteria which transform them into a black, odorless humus. After the removal of the heavier solids the sewage is still a thick, milky liquid and must be further purified. This is accomplished by spraying it out through nozzles like lawn sprinklers and allowing it to trickle down through beds of small broken stone. Enormous numbers and a great variety of tiny plants and animals soon take up residence in these rock beds and busy themselves in their favorite occupation, acting as scavengers. So thoroughly do they work that the sewage is completely freed from all objectionable organic matter and a clear, colorless liquid runs off the rock beds.

This statement refers to the treatment of municipal sewage including what might be called an average amount of industrial wastes. There are of course some industrial wastes of exceedingly poisonous nature which must be handled by special processes. Municipal sewage, however, constitutes the principal load of our streams at the present time. This is apparent when we recall that out of sixty-eight cities of 100,000 population or over, including a population of 27½ million, only seventeen cities have sewage treatment plants, or less than 30%. Of cities of from 25,000 to 10,000 only a little over 10% have sewage treatment. Unfortunately some newspaper reports incorrectly quoting addresses at our last national convention stated that ordinary domestic sewage was a relatively unimportant factor in stream pollution. What the speaker really said was that domestic wastes were relatively easily purified, but he in no way minimized their importance as a source of danger to stream life.

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:

In the July issue you appeal to the membership for answer to the question raised by Mr. Dudley C. Scott of Beatrice, Neb., concerning the treatment of gas-house wastes. To Mr. Scott's question I would say without reservation that there is no reason for a single drop of polluted liquor escaping from a modern gas plant.

The American Gas Association, 130 East 15th Street, New York City, has a committee which has been studying the question of treatment of wastes from gas plants for a number of years. I have several of these reports in my file and in them I find detailed directions for the construction and operation of tar separators which effectively remove the most objectionable part of the wastes. The remaining liquor may be effectively handled in a number of ways. Some plants dispose of it by using it for quench water to quench the coke. Other plants pass it through filters, and still others make arrangements to mix it with domestic sewage and have it handled through the regular municipal plant. It is not only possible but entirely feasible to treat gas-house wastes.

An Inspiring Example

By JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

President Iowa Division, I. W. L. A.

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:

Some time ago we started a campaign to make the Cedar River clean and clear. Recently the State Board of Health had a meeting in Des Moines to which those who had been polluting the river were summoned. The League was represented by Dr. E. T. Alford of this city, C. R. Hallowell, State Secretary, and J. C. Murtagh. The result of the meeting was a most sweeping order requiring the gas companies to install and have in working order and subject to inspection of the engineer, equipment which would take care of their waste within sixty days. The cities are given until September 24th within which to commence plans and specifications for sewage disposal plants and on that date a time will be fixed within which they are to be completed. The Board are preparing an order for those who are polluting the Iowa and the Sioux rivers to appear in a similar proceeding. They also passed a resolution calling on all persons to desist from dumping any sort of waste into the streams of this state. I am mailing a copy of these orders to the League for use in the magazine, but I wanted to give you just the high spots in a hasty letter so that you might rejoice with us.

This Bulletin Issued by the Iowa Division of Izaak Walton League of America

THE following resolutions and orders were passed at Des Moines, Iowa, on July 23, 1924, by the unanimous vote of the State Board of Health of Iowa.

It is needless to say that the medical profession of the State of Iowa, the Fish and Game Department of Iowa, the Conservation Congress, the Wild Life School and the Izaak Walton League, have stood directly behind this movement, and there is no question but that public sentiment will do likewise.

"Des Moines, Iowa, July 23, 1924

"In view of the many complaints that are coming before the Iowa State Board of Health from towns, cities and communities, and from various organizations interested in the fish and wild game of Iowa, against stream pollution on our various rivers and streams, we wish to request the citizens of the state to carefully guard against the disposal of waste and sewage untreated into any of the streams of the state.

"The health of the citizens of the state is of prime importance, and nothing should be permitted to interfere with it. As many of Iowa's streams have been converted into open sewers, by industrial waste, and individual and community sewage, this becomes a distinct menace to public health. Second to this is the menace to the fish and wild game of the state. We take just pride in our beautiful streams, our wooded hills and meadows, as nature gave them to us, and should take just as much pride in keeping them as nature transmitted them to us as far as conditions permit.

"In older states of the east this matter of stream pollution has become a vital problem, and has involved the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars in attempts to remedy the

evil conditions. But in many cases, the restoration of streams to normal conditions has been abortive because of the encroachments of crowded population. Here in Iowa, our comparatively young and growing state, it cannot be too late, if proper steps are taken to correct the condition.

"In view of these conditions:

"RESOLVED: That the Iowa State Board of Health request that no individual waste, sewage, or anything deleterious to public health and to animals, fish or wild game be discharged into our streams and rivers by individuals, communities or industrial corporations, and we call upon all public spirited citizens to aid us and their local authorities in the effort to enforce the laws against stream pollution and prevent the consequences that follow from pollution.

"It is further ordered that the City of Cedar Rapids, the Sinclair & Co., of Cedar Rapids, the City of Vinton, the City of Waterloo, the Rath Packing Co., City of Cedar Falls, City of Waverly, and the City of Nashua, shall forthwith proceed to the preparation of plans and specifications for sewage treatment plants such that will be adequate to properly treat all sewage disposed of by each of the parties named. Such plans and specifications to be submitted to the Engineer of this Board for approval before installation of the plant. Such plans and specifications to be submitted at the earliest time possible.

"Because of the impossibility of determining in advance the length of time that may be consumed in the preparation of the plans and specifications and in the installation of the sewage disposal plants of the various cities and packing companies, the Board does not fix the time in which such said plants shall be completed and as to these parties this matter shall be continued until the 24th day of September, 1924, at which time the Board shall hear testimony and consider further the matter of the time in which these plants shall be installed and for such further orders as the Board may deem proper at the time.

"WHEREAS: The oily wastes discharged from the public and private garages into sewers and drains and from these into streams and other bodies of water prevent the absorption of oxygen from the air by the water, as is necessary to fish life and natural purification to the water, and

"WHEREAS: The oily wastes may contain toxic or poisonous substances, and,

"WHEREAS: Any city, town, corporation or individual maintaining a sewer or drain becomes liable under existing laws for any damages or nuisances due to the effluent from such sewer or drain;

"THEREFORE: Be it resolved, that cities, towns, corporations and individuals maintaining sewers or drains discharging into streams or other bodies of water shall prohibit the entrance of waste matter from garages, into such sewers and drains unless adequate devices for the separation of oily matters from the wastes shall have been installed. Failure to keep such devices in working condition shall result in prohibition of the use of the sewer or drain."

It was the opinion of the State Board of Health that resolutions and orders as above shown will be passed very shortly and will bring the municipalities and industries of Iowa on the various streams of the state under these identical orders.

Attention Pollution Campaign

By MARK BANTA

IF you can start anything that has the faintest or remotest hope of forcing the Charcoal Iron Company of America to behave, I am ready to do what I can to help. Here goes what I have to say:

The Tahquamenon River rises in the swamps of Luce County, Upper Peninsular of Michigan, near McMillan, flows easterly past Newberry, the county seat of Luce County. At this point the river becomes a most excellent canoe stream for some 90 miles to its mouth at Emerson on Lake Superior (White Fish Bay). Below Newberry for some 25 miles the stream flows through a very low swampy country and what is called "The Big Marsh," all of which is a perfect breeding ground for ducks, etc., were it not for stream pollution. Below the "Big Marsh" for 30 miles the stream is broad with high banks, heavily wooded for long stretches. Timber here is hardwood (only the pine has been cut, and that years ago); virgin, and the whole country is wild—no settlers. Here there is a wonderful water fall—a sheer drop of 40 feet—150 feet wide at the lip. Six miles below this falls, through a wonderful wild country there is another fall, as beautiful as the first. Below that the river has been despoiled of timber by loggers and fires, and is a barren waste, though to some folks it would be a novelty. The whole 90 miles of stream is devoid of settlers, wild and rather inaccessible except from Newberry. I have some pictures of this stream somewhere if you are interested, though the stench from the chemical plant at Newberry sickened me so the last time I ran it that I have been sort of disgusted ever since. But believe me, when I say this stream is yet wonderful in its beauty and is worthy of a fight to reclaim.

In 1888 my old grand-dad and I ran the stream—fished and hunted it. Today there is not a fish—answer is Charcoal Iron Company pollution. Hunting, however, is the best in the land—deer, partridges, etc., but no aquatic fowl—again stream pollution. Again comparisons with 25 or 30 years ago are odious. Yet this stream is still glorious were it not for that horrible stench of refuse dumped into the stream at Newberry by the alcohol and acetate plant of the Charcoal Iron Company. Come, take a three-day trip with me and my boys next summer, and I'll show you. But I warn you that politics, lethargy on the part of the local people in the past (all taking their living from the large corporation) and the fact that said corporation is an extensive riparian owner makes a combination hard to buck.

I say politics—why—because on my last trip the local game warden found I could not develop films using water from the polluted stream because of the acid. He took my statement, filed complaint, lost his job. I say lethargy on the part of the local people—they are afraid to join our league and start something on their bosses. I say the corporation is hard to buck because you have already had a sample of it in the Southern Peninsula of Michigan, and influential men in Saginaw, Flint, and Detroit seem to agree that nothing can be done at Lansing. Such men use the stream for deer and bird hunting in the fall only and at that don't want the Tahquamenon brought into the limelight for political reasons. They do not care what happens to the next generation. Their hunting is good now.

Longfellow in Hiawatha immortalized this stream—recall it? Can the League do anything to reclaim it from the horrid 90-mile stench it now is?

POLLUTION OF THE ILLINOIS

Following is a letter from Mr. W. B. Duke, of Henry, Ill., concerning the fight that is now in progress against the pollution of the Illinois River. Mr. Duke is President of the newly formed Chief Senachwine Chapter of the I. W. L. A. at Henry, Ill. Mr. Duke's letter rings true, and from a chapter bearing so formidable a name much is to be expected.

J. A. H.

DEAR SIR:

I believe the battle we are putting up here on the Illinois against more water and more sewage through various so-called "Waterway Bills," might interest you. We have succeeded in having the Hull bill withdrawn and will continue to fight any and all bills which shall permit of the continued flooding of our spawning beds, marshes, and sloughs. We are determined to return a clean river, full of good fish, to the coming generations.

The fight so far has been carried on by the Henry Kiwanis Club, which has sent and has aroused sufficient interest so that other towns from Peoria to Ottawa have sent telegrams of protest against wrong legislation, photostatic copies of the same having been placed on the Congressional Records.

The Chief Senachwine Chapter of the Izaak Walton League has been organized here within the last month and we are showing some speed. We are now in a position to get into the fight and expect to stay until the scrap is over.

HIS ONE EWE LAMB SAVED

DR. GEORGE M. GOETZ, of New Palestine, Ind., says that a steel mill at that place intended to discharge part of their waste into Sugar Creek, a fine black bass stream. Failing to enlist the interest of the local anglers, he brought the matter to the attention of the local Game Protective Association, and after much diplomacy and argument, the mill owners were induced to forego their intention of despoiling Salt Creek, and to continue to discharge all of their waste into the river.

(The saving of Salt Creek reflects much credit to the energy of Mr. Goetz and the Game Protective Association, but they should not weary of well doing, but should continue their laudable efforts until the river as well as the little creek, with the co-operation of the mill owners, is restored to something of its former beauty and purity.)

J. A. H.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

TELEGRAM FROM TOLEDO

TOLEDO city council has unanimously passed resolution to request United States Public Health Service to make early survey of pollution by sewage and industrial wastes in Maumee Bay river and tributaries, thus recognizing its menace to public health. We are in a fair way to clean up these waters.

N. E. HUTCHENS.

Fight for Fishing Grounds

By M. F. BOWERS

NOT a great many years ago Western Pennsylvania waters, the now greatest tonnage stream in the world—the Monongahela—and the Youghiogheny rivers in particular, were good fishing grounds for a hundred miles. Today a few catfish of doubtful purity may be caught in the Monongahela at the mouths of sewers and may be one could catch a sunfish or rock bass far into the mountain parts of the Youghiogheny. But about McKeesport, Pittsburgh and the ancient Brownsville, whence came the noted James G. Blaine, fishing has passed. The streams have given way to pollution that follows commercialism. Other good streams, such as the justly famous Cheat River have gone the same route.

You who are so fortunate as to have handy a good stream should fight for your fishing grounds. Today the McKeesporter who desires to have a day's fishing must go more than one hundred miles away and even then the sport is nothing to brag of.

The great Monongahela floats more tonnage in a year than the Panama Canal, as government reports will show, but there is no fishing there. Mines and mills worth millions of dollars pollutted the stream. The same thing happened to the Youghiogheny. When they were boys McKeesporters who now are on the shady side of forty recall the delightful camps along these rivers and how they temmed with black bass. They recall that they awoke one morning with floating fish, thousands upon thousands of them, marking the toll of the march of commercialism's poisoned flow into the people's waters.

Health boards and sanitary water boards protested, but the protests were not backed up by sufficiently drastic action, and the pollution continued. It is going on today, and all hope of prevention of pollution long ago died.

In many sections of these great United States, no doubt, the initial effort is being made to establish a commercial house along a stream that is being polluted or will soon be polluted. Fight against it! Fight for your fishing grounds. The people of Western Pennsylvania did not fight and they were easy victims. They had no great magazine like OUTDOOR AMERICA, nor a great organization like the Izaak Walton League of America, to fight for them.

Don't wait for some selfish group to come along and spoil your sport and the sport of your children. Get desirable legislation now and keep a close watch to see that the laws are not disobeyed. The people of Western Pennsylvania read with envy of the fishing to be had in other parts of the country and ride for days on fast trains to get to a good fishing place.

So, if you have fishing grounds, respect them, appreciate them and fight for them.

Saving the propagation grounds of the Mississippi Valley is encouraging. It shows what organization and determination will do.

Fight for the League and for your fishing grounds. Victory for the League means victory for you.

We must have factories to provide work, but there is no sound reason why factories should pollute our streams.

Rivers Do Not Vote—Yet

Drastic Measure Proposed

By J. M. HUMMEL

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:

The quickest and surest way in my opinion to stop pollution of Illinois waters is to amend the present law, the penalty now being from $100 to $5,000 fine which polluters can well afford to pay and continue pollution. Make the penalty five years in Joliet, added to this a fine of from $20,000 to $35,000. Polluters will then take due notice and avoid contaminating the waters. Taxing the people for hatcheries—restocking waters—and the propagation of game fish is an outrage on taxpayers until waters are purified so that fish can propagate and thrive.

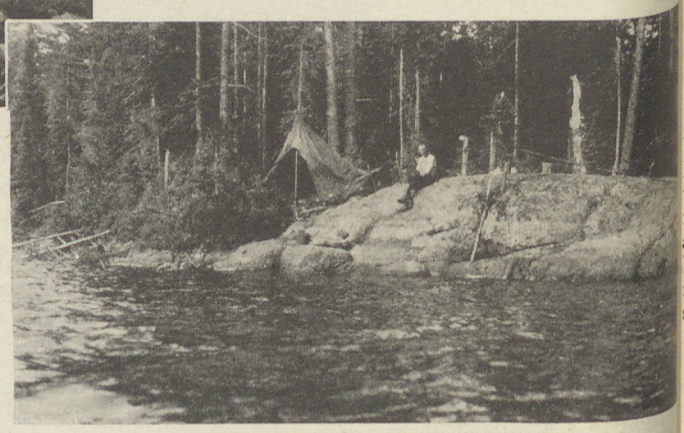
I believe that the Izaak Walton Chapter at Aurora, Ill., will have to appoint a private inspector to watch all polluters if pollution is ever to be stopped.

"The Three Mosquiteers" left to right "Hort," the author, and "Stan."

Flies and Fish

A Tale of Bites—and Bites

By
WILLIAM H. RINKENBACH



The camp on Eagle Rock Lake.

THE sun was still high that late May afternoon when we three said good-by to "Archie" King and turned our faces to the portage around Mattawapika Falls. Before us lay our piscatorial pilgrimage into the wide, lonely reaches of the Timagami Reserve of Ontario, but a short two weeks free of ice and now burgeoning with the cleanly verdancy of spring. A pilgrimage in verity, for we had been generously forewarned that, like all pilgrimages, it would be something tough to go through but worth looking back upon.

An unseasonable, mid-winter attack of the "trout fever" had been the start, and but little persuasion had been necessary to enlist Stan and Hort, although neither had ever visited this country before. Behold, then, an argosy of angling enthusiasm finally launched on the waters of Lady Evelyn Lake after being outfitted at Latchford and carried up the Montreal River to the Falls by our old acquaintance "Archie."

Have you ever steered an eighteen footer, loaded to the gunwales, with the prow man wielding a single blade and the middle man a double paddle? Surprisingly enough, after a few tentative splashes, we swung into an easy, though irregular, beat that was not difficult to steer to and took us along at an encouraging rate of speed.

It was not until late the next afternoon that any fishing was done, as we were pushing through waters that were new to all of us and the thickening haze of smoke from a forest-fire made us wish to reach the main body of the lake with its wide expanse and hundred islands in case the fire should be near. A stretch of shore overhung with dead cedars proved too much of a temptation, however, and soon three rods were rigged and three troll-lines were combing the snaggy haunts beneath the cedars. The wall-eyed pike was very much present, and Hort got one of the limited number of thrills that come to each of us in a lifetime when a voracious Great Northern pike gorged his lure and started a slashing battle for freedom so typical of this wolf of the big waters. Business of confused taking in of the other lines, pulling the canoe out into the open water, and giving directions to Hort, whose angling experience was limited and who palpitated between the excitement of the big fish's rushes and a fear of losing him. Finis—a weakening fish, an instant's slack of line, a last spurt, and a dead line.

Ordinarily maintaining the blasé air of a ten-minute egg, Hort rose to the occasion in a manner that gave great promise of a bright future as an elocutionist and angler.

The next day witnessed our first real experience of the kind of fishing we were to enjoy at this time of the year. Paddling to a falls several miles, where a river enters the lake, we began our novitiate in the art of casting. Standing upon the huge granite blocks and slopes between which the white water ran, we dropped our plugs, spoons, feathered hooks, pork rinds, etc., into the swirling waters and enjoyed the type of angling that is usually met with only in that paragon of fishing grounds —the Pullman smoker.

And here to Hort came the great revelation. An enthusiastic canoeist, he had never angled widely nor successfully, so his attitude toward the sport was that of the Philistine who "doesn't like to sit and watch a cork all day long." Still feeling the loss of the big pike, Hort started to cast and reel with hope in his heart of getting another like it. The results were almost overpowering. What mattered it that the line did backlash that one voracious denizen of the depths took advantage of absence of a casting trace and departed with a spinner dan ened his spirits not at all; for be the cast long or short, good bad, the lure a spinning spoon or wabbling plug, the result almost always the same—a sudden slashing strike, a bat the taking of a pike or wall-eye of three pounds or better, another cast. Behold, then, the conversion of another; a c version which, in a short time, found Hort exalted with thirte strikes from fifteen casts and ecstatically murmuring over over: "Every cast—a fish."

Keeping only a decent number of fish, including Stan's fish of the day, we put back to the cabin known as Windab in such high spirits that we were but little annoyed by the m quitoes that seemed to have increased considerably in the twenty-four hours. The plenteous supper of fish filets which we gorged that evening was a thing to make us feel t in comparison with that day's sport, all others were things pale and shadowy aspect.

After several days we again loaded the canoe with possessions and set forth. Indirectly we had heard of a cert pond in this region into which ran two streams: one be mapped and leading to a chain of small lakes, while the ot apparently came from a range of mountains some miles dist through a stretch of country that meant nothing on the h map available. With an optimism so ingrown that it was most painful, I envisioned a virgin trout stream and we decid to explore.

On the first day out we saw a number of moose standing the shallow waters and finally had a race with one in which acted as unbidden escorts to a much-worried bull that fina got to shore with a continued determination to get somewh else rapidly.

The day was hot and bright and Hort acquired a fine color on his forearms and wrists that was to help out la Camp that evening was not lonely, as quite a number hungry members of the mosquito clan took possession with and remained until we sought refuge at an early hour in insect-proof inner tent of cheese-cloth. The next morn nothing abashed, they were there in even greater force seemed, and we broke camp quickly.

Arriving at the pond of which we had heard, we easily loca the inflowing stream shown on our map, but failed to find other entering its marshy shore; nor could we discern wh another stream might enter. After several trips around, decided to go on up the river in the hope that the miss stream might flow into this instead of the pond. Sure enou after half an hour of easy going, we found the river to div

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickins

into two streams of apparently equal size. We took the one to our left, which wound about in the muskeg, drew near a heavy growth of pine, and then entered the woods. Coming to a rapids, we rejoiced, for those trout seemed much nearer, and we pushed on.

It still lacked several hours of evening when we reached the bottom of another rapids. In the natural course of events we would have passed on in search of a more open campsite, but, glancing down into the dark, swift water, Stan glimpsed the flashing of fins that belonged to large fish. After some argument, we camped on a slope of rock and Stan and I made camp in record time while Hort cooked. As this was a fishy job, he proved the center of attraction for the majority of the mosquitoes that were present in numbers sufficient to make the national debts of Germany and Russia comprehensible. However, more than enough laid off him or worked in shifts in order to make sure that Stan and I would not feel neglected.

Soon our retreat was prepared and we turned to eating, as Hort insisted that the pests would probably carry the food off bodily as a community enterprise if we did not pitch in. At last, with headnets, gloves, and a generous daubing of fly-dope, we sallied forth for trout. Occasionally I could see a fish of more than comforting size moving about in the rapid water, and I whipped the flies over, in front, and above the spots. No strikes, and in spite of frequent changes of flies, there was no lightning rush and sudden strain on the line; nor could I see the fish rising to flies elsewhere. In desperation, I invaded the tin of garden hackle we had with us; only to receive another painful surprise when the fish passed up even these tid-bits. In disgust, I fell back upon flies, but although I stood casting from a slippery rock with a cloud of disappointed mosquitoes hovering about my head until the soft reflections of twilight had faded into near-darkness, it was to no avail.

On returning to camp, I found Stan and Hort had taken refuge some time before, having had the same luck as I; so we sat and invented new terms and ideas about mosquitoes. Hort was pretty well bitten up in spite of his care; and when we crawled out in the morning, it was to eat breakfast and break camp with all possible speed so as to escape from the attentions immediately forced upon us. Hort dourly ventured the opinion that the people who made the maps knew something when they left this part a blank.

Later in the morning, while portaging around a rapids, we received enlightenment as to why the trout wouldn't strike in a manner that made my previous optimism somewhat of a joke at my expense. Noticing something lying on a rock alongside the water, we found it to be the remains of a partly-eaten fish. It was a sucker! Certainly I had cast some multi-colored pearls before the swine of the waters the night before.

That afternoon we paddled into a lake of medium size that gave us our first view of the mountain-chain since the day before, showing it to be now only a few miles away. Searching for an inflowing stream, we were struck by a certain similarity to a lake shown on the map; and when we located a portage blaze at one corner, we knew that we were on Emily Lake, that we had been travelling up the stream on the map all the while, and that the one to the right which we had passed was merely a rain-swollen feeder draining a small area. So vanished the airy structure of another dream.

Camp that evening on the lake saw the dying of the breeze, the descent of swarms of unfed black-flies and mosquitoes, and another early retreat to the tent. In spite of everything, we were all more or less chewed up by the flies, and Hort again fell heir to more than Stan or myself. Stan's "damned eagles" soon came to be the mildest descriptive terms used by us.

Now the slight case of sunburn that Hort had acquired rendered his forearms more

Golden Stairs Falls.

In camp with the rangers.

sensitive than usual, and he had been well bitten on those parts by both flies and mosquitoes; so that by this time his wrists were red, blistered, and covered with punctures. With his usual sang-froid, he insisted that while they felt sore, they would be well enough in a day or two if he could avoid further bites, but we decided to back-track toward the big water of Lady Evelyn Lake.

The next day we started, taking a route that included considerable portaging. The small lakes, streams, and portages were infested with myriads of the insects that seemed to increase from one day to the next although each in itself seemed the limit. By the time we reached the cabin where we had stopped before, Hort's forearms, wrists, and hands were in a terribly swollen and inflamed condition, so that they were very painful and he was unable to do much. Blistered, and torn by bites, they were decidedly unpleasant to look upon. Knowing of no remedies, we were in somewhat of a quandary as to what to do; but the problem was solved for us on the evening of our arrival at the cabin by a visit from two French Canadian rangers en route north. They agreed that the case was serious and informed us that Paton, one of the rangers whose cabin was but a couple of miles away on the lake, was within a year of receiving his M. D. and could handle the case.

In the morning we paddled over to the rangers' cabin. Luckily they were at home, and Paton immediately started treatment with the hope of checking the inflammation. This consisted in immersing the afflicted parts several times a day in a hot, dilute solution of common salt, though Epsom salts would have been better had some been at hand. The solution was first brought to a boil and then allowed to cool until the temperature was bearable to the flesh. After soaking for an hour, the parts were loosely bandaged to prevent further irritation or infection from dirt.

Paton and Hart proved to be very amiable chaps, well versed in woodcraft and glad to be of help in an emergency; and we were thrown into frequent contact with them, for we continued to stay at Windabin's Cabin and paddle back and forth for treatments. The pests, although present to almost the same extent as we had found elsewhere, were more easily overcome and avoided by the frequent use of a smudge-pot in the cabin and by staying out on the open water. Stan became so attached to the smudge-pot that he would take it outdoors with him if he found it necessary to expose himself to any extent for a time.

After several days, the danger-point for Hort passed and the swelling started to subside. During this and the time the cure was being effected, we were not idle, however. With Hort's arms carefully bundled up and he occupying the middle of the canoe, we continued our fishing with uniform success. The small-mouthed black bass began to bite in earnest; an trip to Sidney Lake netted us several fair-sized lake tr which, when stuffed and baked, served as the chief part o glorious supper that even yet lingers pleasantly in memory.

After four or five days, Hort's arms were about normal a we began to debate our next move. We decided to remain the larger lakes and use small islands for campsites. Howev in spite of our care, Hort again began showing signs of in tion and, reconsidering, we decided to hit for the outside a avoid further complications.

Before leaving we made a trip to the falls previously m tioned and spent an hour in casting. But before going happy thought struck me and I spent half an hour in pre rations that aroused some comment from the other two—an wasn't flattering!

As before, the place teemed with the Great Northern wall-eyed pikes, and our catch was like that of our first v and more so. Standing on a rocky point, odorous with dope, we cast, struck, played the fish, dragged it ashore, repeated the performance without pause while our boo swarmed with black flies searching for a vulnerable spot a a humming cloud of mosquitoes hovered about our heads.

However, the fishing made us well-nigh oblivious to our s roundings. My efforts in the cabin had been to construc new plug from a clothespin that I had found there, and I tried out the new lure in spite of the razz I had receiv This was crudely constructed by sinking a swivel at the tying on a small lead sinker, and attaching a fair-sized h to the two lower parts. Did it get results? They fought it just as eagerly as for the most elaborately enameled p in the outfit, proving at least that fish do not have a hyp critical appreciation of art.

At the end of an hour we quit. Stan had the record twenty-nine fish—all from one spot. As these ran from to four and a half pounds apiece, had he kept them all, wh he didn't, he would have had a decidedly unwieldy string about seventy-five pounds burden to show for the best hou angling that he had ever had.

The next morning we started for the outside. Never did water seem so blue, the forests of pines, spruce, and cedar warmly tinted and the fresh new leaves of the patches of wi and gray birch so vividly green as on these farewell days; when we finally boarded the train at Latchford, we car with us the conviction that although the going had b rougher than our most prophetic friends had anticipated, had seen the northland at the time when, barring the pest is at its best and when the angler finds his fondest dre come true.

Photo by Victor L. Alm

Cow Moose and Calf.

TREES

By IRENE WELCH GRISSOM

(Poet Laureate of Idaho)

Then said Jehovah unto men:
"I will set in the desert the green fir tree,
The pine and the box together shall be,
Where the fragrant boughs of the cedar swing
Shall dwell all the fowl of every wing;
Thou shalt not destroy, when the nations fight,
A tree good for food or pleasant to sight;
For this is the law of your earthly span,
The tree of the field is the life of man."
Thus spoke Jehovah unto men.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickin

The Last Muskie—A Warning

Photos of leaping fish taken by Dr. Carl A. Jackson

By MERTON S. HEISS
Executive Secretary of the I. W. L. A.

IT is during the month of October in the year 1932 and the scene is Main street in one of the pretty little cities of the Land O'Lakes country of Northern Wisconsin. We'll call it Eagle River just to make it sound better.

Fire bells are ringing, whistles are blowing, sirens are screeching and crowds of vacationists and native residents are flocking along the streets toward a little group of men about to pose before a battery of moving picture cameras. Local correspondents of metropolitan dailies are swamping the telegraph offices with vivid descriptive matter. Not for years had there been such a mass of "Day Press Rate, Collect" despatches before the operators.

It is a great day in Eagle River and already committees from the Chamber of Commerce and the Vilas County Resort Owners Association are planning a two days' celebration to wind up with a great banquet.

A group of tourists bound from some place to somewhere else untangle themselves from their luggage, pile out of the car and ask what it's all about.

"Muskie! Muskie!" shrieks a six year old boy, as he calls to his comrades to join him in witnessing some vague thing they had heard about but never seen.

"John Jones caught a muskie cut of Lost Lake."

"It weighed 29 pounds."

"It's the first one in four years and the largest in six."

"The last muskie in Wisconsin."

"It's a great day for Vilas County, won't Oneida be jealous?"

"Just like the ones we used to take every day."

These sentences and more like them were shot at the wondering tourists by the excited citizenry.

Imagine the pride and satisfaction of a group of ornithologists in the year 1924 if a passenger pigeon should have been suddenly exhibited at a convention. That's the spirit pervading Eagle River.

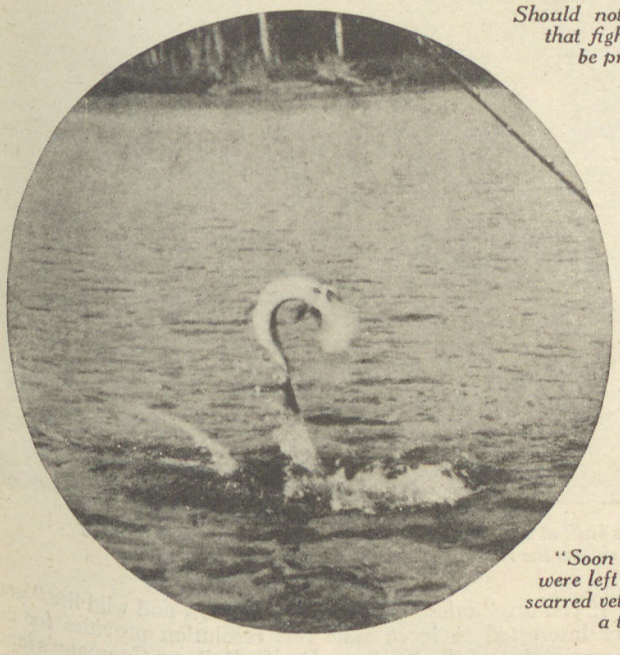
In a cloud of dust a big touring car drives up and out hops John Vandervort, Ed Gabe, William Baer, Harry Jones and a few other veterans of Lost Lake and vicinity. It has been four years since they have even seen a muskie.

"Seems to me I read once in an old railroad folder that Wisconsin was the land of muskies," ventured the tourist to one of the Lost Lake group. Then the story came out and it was told something like this.

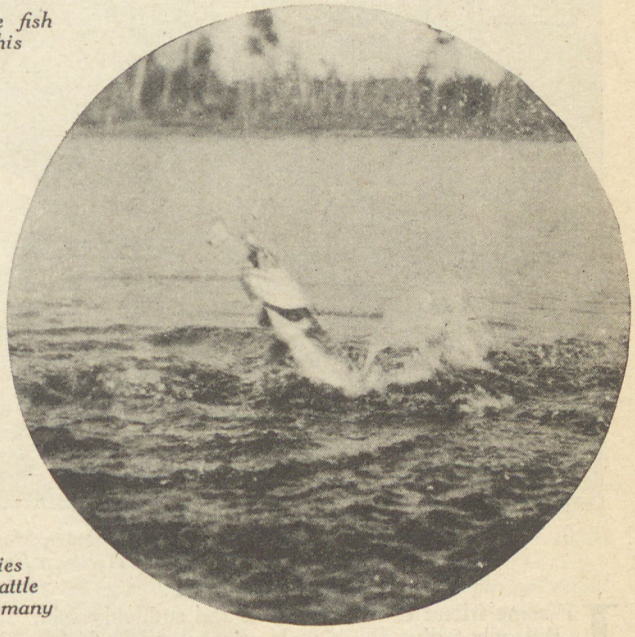
"Yes, we used to have lots of muskies. Guides would almost guarantee one a day to any fisherman who would follow instructions. Way back in those days there were no hundreds of miles of perfect roads nor were there thousands of visitors swarming into the lakes country. We had some good fish laws, of course, and among them was one which put a legal minimum weight of ten pounds on a muskie. No one worried much about the law for we did not want muskies of even ten pounds. Muskies being hard to take, the balance of nature was not seriously disturbed and there always was real sport.

"If you have not fought a muskie for an hour and matched your skill against his with appropriately light tackle you cannot fully appreciate my

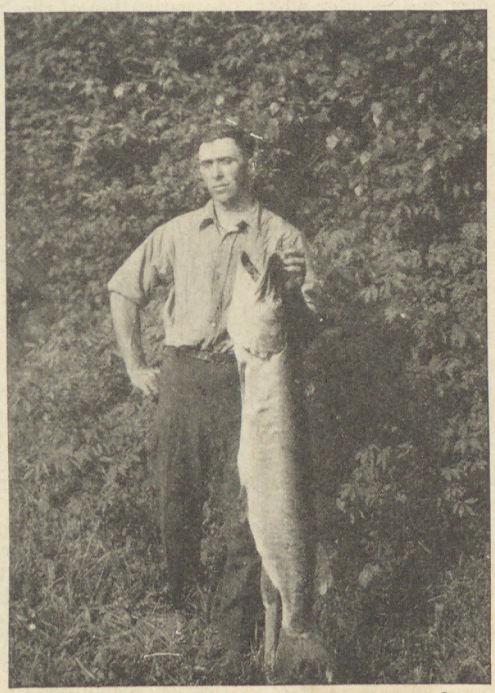
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 59]



Should not a game fish that fights like this be protected?



"Soon no muskies were left but the battle scarred veterans of many a tussle."



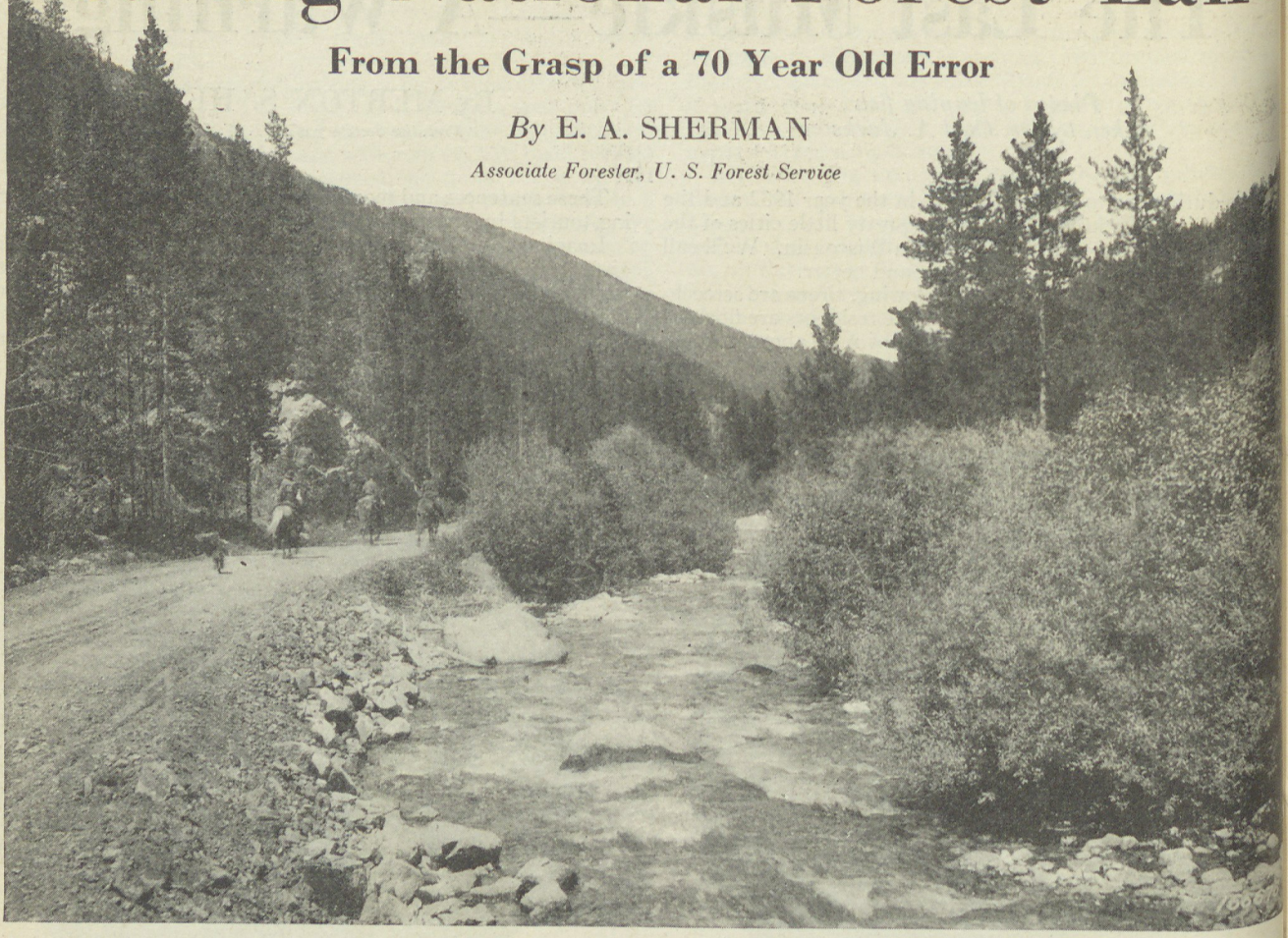
Here's John T. Vandervort, President of the Vilas County Chapter, I. W. L. A., with a 32 pound muskie taken in John's "front yard." Muskies face extinction in Wisconsin unless laws are changed.

Saving National Forest Land

From the Grasp of a 70 Year Old Error

By E. A. SHERMAN

Associate Forester, U. S. Forest Service



This road through the Jefferson National Forest in Montana was built at a cost to the government of $140,916 and a cost of $122,256 to the county. The Northern Pacific now claims the right to every alternate square mile

IF some friend came up to you and suddenly said, "Say, Bill, what d'ye think of House Joint Resolution 237?" it's ten to one you would stare at him and wonder what in blazes House Joint Resolution 237 was and why in the name of common sense you should have any thoughts concerning it, no matter what it was.

But suppose your friend were to say to you:

"Well, Bill, I see that the United States Forest Service is going to the mat with the Northern Pacific in an effort to retain public ownership of 3,000,000 acres of government forest land, which embraces some of the most valuable timber, finest fishing streams, and best big game country—including a part of the winter range of the Yellowstone National Park elk herd—in the Northwest."

Then I imagine you would reply:

"Fine business; I hope they win. I don't know anything about this deal, but it's my impression some of those birds have been allowed to get away with almost anything. I don't believe the government should give any more of its timber lands to any body. But what is this Joint Resolution thing anyway? Tell me about it."

If you are "a defender of woods, waters, and wild life," you are interested to learn that this resolution provides for an investigation of the Northern Pacific Railway Company's land grant by a joint committee composed of five United States senators and five members of the House of Representatives; that it marks an instance where officials of the Federal government have gone out of their way for the sole and express purpose of getting a square deal for Uncle Sam.

You find that back of this resolution is a long and interesting story; that it is one of the most intricate cases ever presented to Congress.

The issue arises through the effort of the Northern Pacific Railway Company to select about 3,000,000 acres of land in the National Forests of Idaho and Montana which the company alleges is due it in satisfaction of the grant of land given it years ago by Congress to aid railroad construction. These lands have been included in National Forests from fifteen to twenty years or more.

This land, which was considered almost worthless twenty years ago, is now estimated to be worth approximately $30,000,000. The 3,000,000 acres contain some of the most valu-

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FISH and game cannot vote; neither can they exist without fitting habitat. The natural environment of our most-sought species of game fish, birds and animals is the forest and we are already unconsciously mentioning the forests of America in the past tense.

A sound forest program in every state is essential to the interests of sportsmen; a sound national forest policy is the foundation on which the various state programs may be founded. OUTDOOR AMERICA will hereafter devote regular space to the consideration of forest problems from the point-of-view of the sportsman with the purpose of encouraging every chapter of the League to give careful consideration to its own local conditions in relation to those of its state and region.

This month we were to have discussed recent legislation but along came Mr. Sherman with this astonishing story of an attempt to despoil the Roosevelt-Pinchot National Forest policy. The news is like word of smoke sent in from a lonely ranger station. Basic considerations must be dropped until the red menace is driven out! No corporation must be allowed to appropriate one square foot of our National Forests. The Forest Service is fighting to prevent this sacrilege; the Izaak Walton League of America to a man is behind the forest!

HAROLD TITUS,

Future Forestry Editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

A ranger station in the disputed strip in the Beartooth National Forest. This may prove to be on an odd-numbered section and, unless the Northern Pacific is balked in its demands, would become the property of that corporation. Up to date the Star Spangled Banner still waves over the forest ranger who is holding the fort

This road was built by the Federal government and the county and the forest has been protected against fire by the Forest Service. Now the Northern Pacific Railroad claims every alternate square mile of this public forest reserve

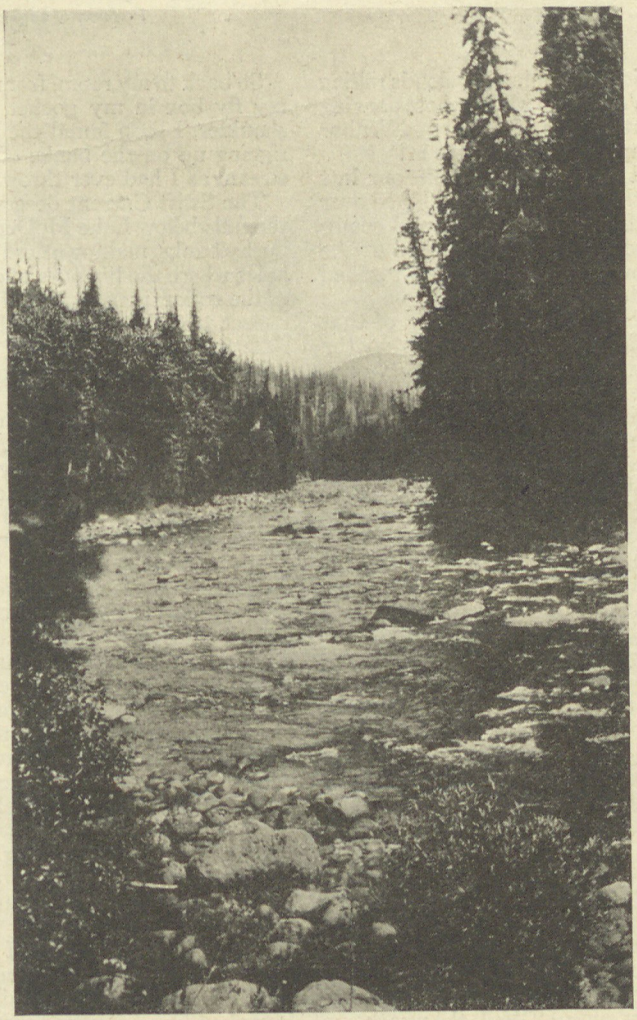
able stands of virgin timber on the continent—western white pine, for which the Forest Service has received under competitive conditions as high as $12.60 per thousand feet board measure on the stump. A king's ransom is at stake.

The Northern Pacific Railroad claims the right to these lands by the provisions of various acts of Congress enacted in its behalf. In a test case brought before the Supreme Court of the United States involving about five thousand acres of this land the company's claim was sustained. The plain English of the situation is that as the law now stands the railroad can get away with its contention in the courts. Consequently the company is strenuously urging that this is a matter which should be left to the courts to settle. In answer to this the Forest Service calls attention to the fact that, since this grant of land was made to the railroad, Congress has at its request passed seventeen specific amendatory acts favorable to the company and extending to it rights and privileges which it could not have obtained from the courts. The Forest Service now asks that Congress *exercise this same power in the public interest as it has in the past exercised it in the interest of the Northern Pacific Railroad.*

As the first step in defense of the public interest Congress has provided for a searching inquiry into the Northern Pacific land grant by a joint congressional committee and directs the Secretary of the Interior to withhold approval of the adjustment of the grant for a definite period awaiting the results of the investigation and action by Congress. Members of the Committee are Senators Ladd of North Dakota, Norbeck of South Dakota, Spencer of Missouri, Kendrick of Wyoming, Adams of Colorado, and Representatives Sinnot of Oregon, Williams of Michigan, Vaile of Colorado, Raker of California, and Driver of Arkansas.

The Forest Service contends that this investigation will show that instead of the government being indebted to the Northern Pacific Railroad for 3,000,000 acres of valuable forest land or any other amount of land it will be found that the railroad has already received from the government more than it was ever entitled to under the terms of its grant; that it has no equitable claim to any National Forest lands; but that the inquiry will show that *millions of acres now in the possession of the railroad should be returned to the government.*

The Northern Pacific land grant was the most lavish and colossal gift of land ever granted through the generosity of Congress. The much denounced Union Pacific grant gave that railroad every other section of land in a strip of country twenty miles wide each side of the road, but the Northern Pacific grant doubled the ante and made it forty miles. In addition the latter road was given certain rights of selection in two additional strips of ten miles each adjoining the forty-mile strip. The grant, therefore, extended a total of sixty miles each side of the road, making a *combined width of 120 miles.* These limits prevailed through the territories of Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington. In Oregon, Minnesota and Wisconsin the grant was one-half this width.



If the Northern Pacific Railroad's demands are yielded to, half this forest region—Kootenai National Forest—with its wonderful fishing streams, will pass from public ownership and control to the control and ownership of a great transportation company

As a land grab the Northern Pacific grant makes all other railroad land grants appear insignificant. The promoters of that grant operated in the golden age of looters of the public domain and got away with the capital prize. All others were second-raters. The grant of land to the Union Pacific, completed in 1869, amounted to only 12,119,-671.63 acres. The Northern Pacific was not completed until 1888; but under its grant it has already received 38,447,632.90 acres and is asking for approximately 4,000,000 more. Since the government now has no more public domain within the limits of the grant, the railroad company is willing to call it square by *taking the odd sections of national forests within such limits, amounting to about 3,000,-000 acres.*

The Forest Service is not founding its case either on the size of the grant, its value, or error on the part of Congress [CONTINUED ON PAGE 62]

"It was the nearest thing to Switzerland we had yet found and in a way finer because of the wildness, the vastness, the primeval throb of forest and stream."

A Big Trout *in th* Swift Current

By GEORGE W. HUNTER

Professor of Biology, Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.

AN August day—sky a vivid blue, billowing clouds rolling down over the Garden Wall, Lake McDermott dancing in the sunshine, the painted sides of Gould and Wilbur towering above me; a day to be really alive in!

The weather had been varied enough that week—our last days at Two Medicine had been threatening; we had hiked over Cutbank Pass in a downpour with flashing lightning and booming thunder as an accompaniment to our coffee, boiled at the camp ground just below the snow line; and when we reached Cutbank Chalets that night, drenched and tired, we were assured that cloudbursts were too much for the trout of that region. So we had given up the idea of a few days on the Cut Bank River and pushed on to Many Glacier. At once Dame Fortune smiled, the weather changed—it moderated, and from the west the mountains loomed, glacier clad and majestic, as we wound up that noble road past the Sherburne Lakes toward Many Glacier. It was the nearest thing to Switzerland we had yet found and in a way it was finer than Chamonix or Interlaken. Why? Because of the wildness, the vastness, the primeval throb of forest and stream. No little chalets peeping out, no well tilled bits of garden, no goats, no villagers, until suddenly we swept up a hill and around a turn and there we were right in a Swiss village. At least there were the chalets and yonder a great hotel facing a blue lakelet nestled in the rays of a sun fast setting in golden glory over the rocky wall of peaks in the west.

Glacier Park is full of surprises and this was one of its biggest thrills, the finding of a modern up-to-date hotel with baths and hot and cold water in a setting of immeasurable grandeur. No wonder Mary Roberts Rinehart raves over it all!

That riffling lake—I'm sure I saw a rise over there—and that wonderful Swift current River, it certainly looked a trout stream.

So the next morning, after a good breakfast, I strolled out to the rear of the hotel where parties of knickered maids and men were being herded prior to starting off on one of the regulation tours to Iceberg Lakes or the Grinnell Glacier. I soon found the man I was looking for, one of those splendid types of ranger whom the all-wise government has scattered through our national parks. In response to my query: "Well, the weather's against fishing—Lake Josephine hasn't been fishable for several days, too roiley; nothing doing on Lake McDermott either, I expect. You might try the river, they get big ones there sometimes. Take the trail out from the corral and fish downstream."

So back to my room, from which I soon emerged, rod in ha my fly box in my pocket and a small landing net over shoulder, I soon found the corral and in a few moments I rigging up on the banks of the Swift Current, as fine a tr stream as I had ever thrown a fly upon.

The Swift Current deserves its name. Plunging down o the falls below Lake McDermott, it eddies and rushes betwe bushy banks, making round sharp corners to form likely look holes where the big ones might be lying. I scanned the surf of the stream; ten o'clock of an August morning is not a time expect trout to rise—nor did I see one. However, I chos riffle for my first cast and almost at once a trout struck. rainbow, ten inches long, leaped and flashed in the sunlight in a moment or two was in my net.

I'm a bit superstitious in this matter of trout fishing. T many days spent on the Jordan or the Eosopus have made feel that a fish caught early in the day on a first cast mean light creel at night. It looked for a time as if my fears might realized. Cast after cast in likely spots elected no response perhaps a swirl, but no trout. Then in another riffle I struc beauty. Fifteen inches of rainbow leaped into the air. reel sang and then slack line. I'd lost my chance.

I looked at my watch—eleven o'clock. An hour before lunc and time for at least one more trout for supper. Yes, I'd wo downstream and tackle that wonderful pool just below Picture it, if you can, an embowered stream with pines a larches close overhanging the high shadowy banks. A swift of foaming, swirling water making a narrow point of white the surface of a wonderful emerald pool, deep and rocky shore a huge old tree trunk held close to the opposite bank. And be of it the sharp sides of Siyeh with an overhanging glacier j peeping over its crest. A wonderful pool, indeed, and I cre stealthily forward, bending low and keeping in the shado until I could reach the shelter of a friendly rock, from which could cast without fear of hanging up on the low lying pines a bushes.

Once, twice, three times I cast, lengthening out my line ea time, but no response. The surface of the pool, save for t point of foam, remained undisturbed. Again I tried and aga It looked like no more trout for supper. Then an old fishi story of Van Dyke's came to me. It was about the man w baited his fly with a grasshopper and caught his big tro Why not try it! Back I crept, scrambled up the bank a finally captured a refractory yellow grasshopper and impale him on my Maginty. This time I did not cast but let m

pseudo-bait float down the arrow of foaming water, into the green depths of the pool. Suddenly my line seemed to hang on something. I thought of the tree at the opposite side of the pool, said something under my breath, but like a good fisherman struck instinctively. The line came to life in a startling manner as a huge trout which looked three feet long at least, rose to the surface. I was fishing with a tapered leader, a 3½-oz. rod and a No. 10 hook and almost at once realized that if I was to save that fish it would take all the skill I possessed and all the luck the Red Gods would vouchsafe me. So jumping off the rock into the shallow water, I stood ready for action.

It came in an unexpected way. The fish came straight for me and before I knew it, he almost had slack line. I rushed madly upstream, holding the rod high above my head and hoping that I could run faster than he could swim. I saved him in that rush, and after a minute even retrieved some line. But my hope was short lived. After balancing himself for a moment in the rushing shallows, he gave a majestic flap of his tail and started downstream again. I went after him, letting the line go as slowly as I dared and praying the while that he would stop before he reached that tree on the other side of the pool. On he rushed, the line on my reel rapidly strumming. I put every ounce of weight I dared on the rod, the fish slowed up and began to sulk at a moment when I had no more than a yard or two left on my reel.

Another brief respite and on he came upstream again like a torpedo boat destroyer. For some reason best known to his troutship, he didn't jump but simply broke the surface now and again with his dorsal fin. And I, yelling like an Indian, hot-footed it again up the stream, hoping against hope that he'd stop before he got slack. Somehow each time I managed to keep the line taut and again he hung opposite me in the swirling waters. This operation was repeated three successive times and each time he came back again from the pool apparently as fresh as ever. Each run downstream I checked him when I'd all but given up hope and each time on his mad upstream rush I managed to keep far enough ahead of him to keep a taut line.

Now came a period of sulking. He lay in a riffle in plain sight, moving from place to place and boring into the gravel or stones covering the bed of the torrent. He was lightly hooked, I could feel that, and my fear was that by rubbing once too often against a sharp rock edge he would win the fight. One couldn't help admiring the old warrior. It was a case of matching my wits against the fight of an old stager for his life, and, much as I wanted to net him, I felt he must have every sporting chance there was. So I played a waiting game and stood prepared for the trout's next move, meantime putting all the pressure I dared on the bending rod. The new move did not come, holding the fish with his head to the rush of water was beginning to tell. He was weakening. I might yet win my prize.

There came a thought which gave a new turn to the encounter. My net lay on the stony bank a few feet off, but it was a small one in diameter, far too frail to safely lead this monster into. The bank was steep, I could not lead him there with any likelihood of success. He still had a lot of fight left, not once had he shown his gleaming side. So I must play my game wisely if I were to win. But how to land him and where—that was my next question.

Now I am a scientist—a biologist—and right then and there the method of the scientist asserted itself. Fish, I reason, are rheotropic, they head into the current automatically and are stimulated to swim against the current. Opposite to me, twenty yards away, lies a sandbar, surrounded by two channels of foaming water. But the downstream ridge of the bar slopes gently toward deep water, an ideal place to beach a fish. If I can fight my way across the torrent and still keep my fish headed against the swift rush of the main stream, he may, if guided into the shoal of quiet water, have enough momentum to beach himself. A scientific working hypothesis: to think it out was one thing, to try it out quite another matter.

However, time was flying, every additional moment's strain made the hole in the jaw worn by the fly bigger. If I were to land my trout it must be soon or not at all. So I determined to venture all on my plan and proceeded to put it into execution.

It's easy enough to write of crossing that rapid, but it was much harder to actually make the crossing. As I fought my way diagonally across the stream, the water foamed higher and higher, nearing my waist as I reached mid stream. I must keep my balance. I could not lose my fish now. I slipped off a rock, almost stumbled, was swept downstream like a leaf, but fortunately right side up and with the rod still high over my head. It was only an instant's slip but it seemed an hour before I brought up, still standing, against a sunken limb of a tree caught in the bottom. This gave me the poise I needed, and it was only a step or two before I was in shallow water. Was my trout safe? Yes, there he was still swimming strongly against the current twenty feet below me. So far, so good. I worked him upstream with the utmost caution and then, picking my spot, I suddenly threw all the weight I dared to the right in order to swing him out of the current and on to the bar. He hesitated a second, then gave a majestic flap of the tail and with more momentum than I had dared hope for, beached himself in the shallows at the outer and lower edge of the bar. I threw myself on him, scooped

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 60]

"The Swift Current deserves its name."

Stories and Reminiscences Of Jacob M. Dickinson

J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

A Two Spot Chief Justice

IT was told to me that Chief Justice Waite was entertained by the Virginia Bar, and that when the stimulated merriment was rather high, the Chief Justice said to Judge Keith of Virginia: "Judge, do you recall what I said when I drank that mint julep?" He replied, "I certainly do, for I mixed it, and the compliment gave me very great pleasure. You said, 'It went right to the spot.'" "Yes," said the Chief Justice, "but I want you to know that I have more than one spot."

Judge Keith was a great jurist, and presided over the court of last resort in Virginia from 1895 to 1916.

He had an experience that probably never before came to any judge. A decision which he had made as circuit judge came up on appeal. At the request of counsel on both sides he participated in the decision in the Court of Appeals, and fully justified the confidence placed in his impartiality, for he rendered the opinion of the court reversing his own decision as circuit judge. He fully measured up to the standard which, in an address, he fixed for the "Ideal Judge":

"Not only ought a judge to know the law which he administers, but he should understand the spirit of the institutions of which the laws are but a part. He should be in touch with the people and know their history, their present needs and their aspirations for the future. Justice requires that her ministers should so live as to bring no reproach upon their high calling. Thrice happy and blessed he of whom it may be said, when after life's fitful fever he appears before the final searcher of hearts, as was written of one who filled and adorned the position which I now occupy: 'He was learned without pedantry; grave without austerity; cheerful without frivolity; gentle without weakness; meek but unbending; rigid in morals, yet indulgent to all faults but his own'. . .

"Last, and above all, judges should be absolutely impersonal in the discharge of their duties. They should faithfully investigate whatever question is submitted to them, whether of law or fact, and follow with 'cold neutrality' the dictates of their judgment thus enlightened. Much is sometimes said in praise of the merciful judge. I much doubt whether it is a quality greatly to be commended. . .

"Wherever . . . it does not touch the sphere of judicial duty, mercy and charity are virtues in a judge as in others, and may, I trust, serve to hide faults which the ermine and silk robe might make all the more apparent. Judges and juries should not court the cheap applause which follows generosity at the expense of causes submitted to their decision, nor be merciful to the injury of society; otherwise it is a vain boast which proclaims ours to be a government of laws and not of men."

The Antiquity of Jokes

ON September 24th, 1910, at Pekin, China, the "Chinese Returned Students from America" gave a banquet in honor of the Secretary of War of the United States. Dr. Yen, who was a graduate of the University of Virginia, made a very clever after-dinner speech. His style of oratory, delivery, fluency and pronunciation were quite equal to that of our best American speakers.

The United States Minister to China, the Honorable William J. Calhoun of Illinois, himself a distinguished orator, pronounced the speech of Dr. Yen to be of the highest character. Dr. Yen, in concluding, acknowledged the vastness of the debt of the Orient to the Occident for all modern progress, but reminded the Americans present that long before their country was discovered, China had art, civilization and culture that would always command the respect and admiration of the ages. In speaking of that ancient race, he said that it went back to a time so remote, that a chronicler, in recording the pedigree of one of its first families, after he had filled four large volumes and was finishing the fifth, put a footnote saying "About this time the world was created." On returning to Washington, the Secretary of War chanced to look into "The Jest Book" by Mark Lemon, and the second anecdote on the first page was as follows:

Sir Watkins Williams Wynn, talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom of yesterday. "How so, pray?" asked the baronet. "Why," continued the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me. It filled five large skins of parchment, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin—'About this time the world was created.'"

I never found time to investigate whether Mark Lemon had purloined this story from Marco Polo, or whether Dr. Yen was indebted to Mark Lemon, but it well illustrated the remark made in a discussion upon the antiquity of jokes, that "the Irish bulls were nothing but calves in the days of the Greeks."

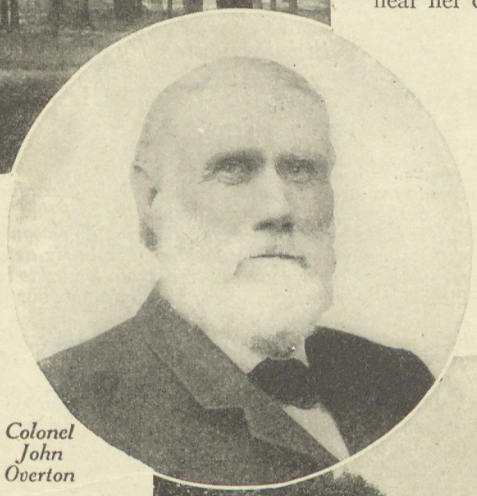
Uncle Claiborne and Uncle Frank

THEY were twins, but Claiborne seemed to be the older, possibly because he was more dependable in that he never used liquor, which Frank did, though never to intoxication or neglect of duty. They were born in Virginia. Both were small and black and wrinkled.

Col. John Overton was one of the best known and most highly esteemed men of Tennessee from the early fifties to his death in 1898. His home was Travellers Rest, a large plantation six miles south of Nashville. He inherited it from his father, Judge John Overton, who came from Virginia prior to 1780. The house was built about 1780. For over a hundred years under father and son it was known for its open hospitality. Judge Overton was the closest friend and adviser of General Jackson. Although they came to Nashville at the same time as young lawyers, had a common office and roomed together, many existing letters show that they addressed each other as "My dear Sir," and subscribed as "Your obedient Servant." They had many land transactions together and among other enterprises founded Memphis in co-operation with General Winchester.

When Jackson was President he sold a piece of land and Overton signed the deed as his attorney in fact. There was a failure to record the power of attorney. A lawyer, examining the title on discovering the hiatus, wrote to Jackson asking

Driveway leading to Travellers Rest.



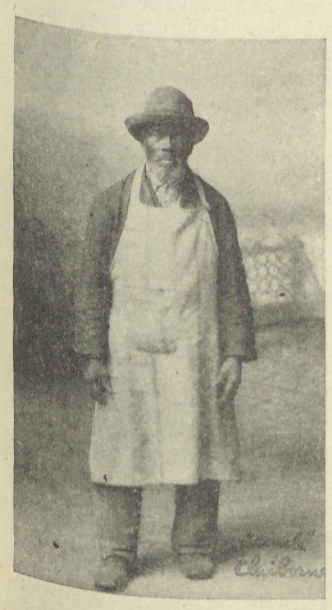
Colonel John Overton

ratification. He executed and sent a paper as follows:

"Know All Men By These Presents, That, I, Andrew Jackson, hereby ratify and confirm all acts that John Overton has ever done in my name."

Colonel Overton was a Union man and voted against secession, but when Mr. Lincoln called on Tennessee for troops to coerce the seceding Southern States, he, in common with John Bell and many other Union men, changed his attitude, voted for separation and followed the fortunes of his State. The heaviest fighting of the battle of Nashville was on his place and Travellers Rest was General Hood's headquarters. Colonel Overton accepted the results of the war without reservation and devoted his life and great influence toward establishing complete reconciliation.

The New England editors visited Travellers Rest in the seventies, headed by Mr. Dingley, a brother of Congressman Dingley of Maine. When they gathered in front of the old mansion, Colonel Overton gave them a cordial welcome and in closing said, "This house was built a hundred years ago of lumber sawed in the woods with cross-cut hand saws, and of wrought iron nails made in a blacksmith shop. It might burn down, but like our glorious Union, it can never be torn asunder."



Uncle Claiborne.

Frank came to Colonel Overton in the sixties and was his carriage driver over thirty years and until his death. For a long time he drove two famous horses, Pelham and Stuart, named for those Confederate leaders. No man of any time or any race was more truthful, reliable and honorable in the discharge of duty. On one occasion a young horse was led to the place by a white man, riding another horse. A negro youth mounted him and the horse in a frenzy of rage threw him so violently that he had concussion of the brain and became unconscious. Colonel Overton, on hearing that the man had assured the boy that the horse was well broken and gentle, reproached him so severely that he made a complete denial. Colonel Overton asked who was present, and on learning that Frank was, then sent for him and questioned him. He entirely corroborated what had been said. The man entered a fierce denial. Frank, with great solemnity, removed his hat and said, "Marse John, I heard him tell the boy that the horse was broken and gentle." Colonel Overton said to the man, "Frank never lied to me in his life and I believe him. If this boy suffers serious injury I will prosecute you." In the sixties Mrs. Overton was going to Nashville. A wagon stopped near her carriage and the driver lifted his hand to halt. Mrs. Overton said, "Frank, have you a brother?" He replied, "Miss Harriet, I had a twin brother but have not seen him since I was a child." She said excitedly, "Frank, there is your brother," pointing to a negro sitting in the wagon. She grasped the reins, Frank got out and the brothers fell into each other's arms weeping. This was "Uncle Claiborne," as all the family called him except Colonel Overton, who alone called him "Claiborne." Mrs. Overton invited him to a seat by his brother and from that time until his death, for more than thirty years, Travellers Rest was his home. His principal work was driving wagons to the city. No one ever knew him to fail one iota in the performance of his duty. He was genuinely pious and was a practical Christian throughout every day of his life. Other people had whiter skins, for he was as black as a man could be, but no one ever had a whiter soul. Gen. Dabney Maury, of Confederate fame, had a son at school in Nashville and he frequently spent week-ends at Travellers Rest, riding out often with Uncle Claiborne. His mother wrote him that he was missing religious services too often, and he replied that he did not need it, for the talk of Uncle Claiborne was the best religious training one could have. Every night, year after year, the old man knocked on the window blind of Colonel Overton's room and the following took place: "Well, Claiborne?" "Any orders, Marse John?" Instructions, if needed, were given, and then, "Goodnight, Claiborne." "Goodnight, Marse

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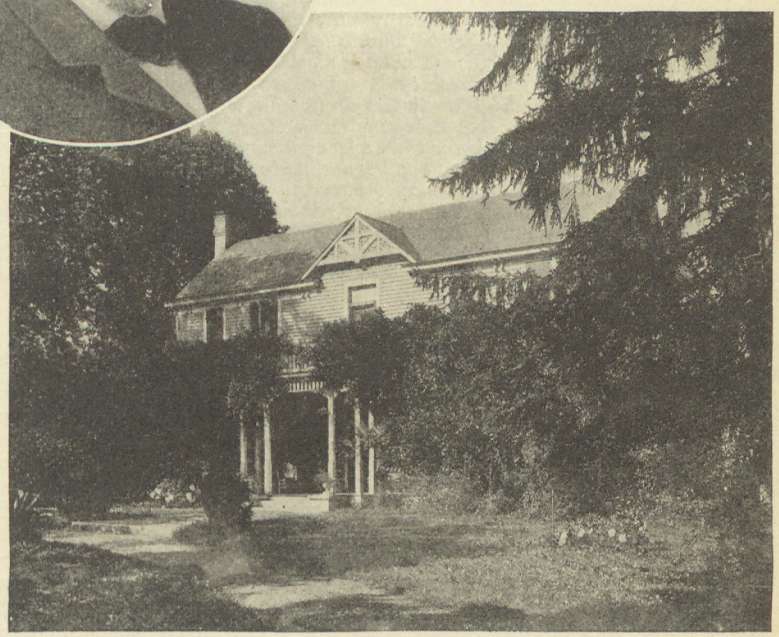

Travellers Rest, built in 1780.

The Barbless Hook in Britain

By Brig.-General LIONEL T. BANON, C. B.

with introduction By

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

President of the Outlook—

GENERAL BANON'S article seems to me an admirable statement of the advantages and disadvantages of the barbless hook. The chief advantage of the barbless hook, to my mind, is the fact that it can be made a powerful aid to the preservation of fish life. I believe that it is both practical and effective but I do recognize the fact that it adds a new element of skill to the game of fly fishing and therefore it cannot be said to be absolutely as effective as the barbed hook,—neither is the modern choke bore as effective on a flock of ducks as the old swivel gun loaded to bursting with powder and the surplus ironmongery of the nearest blacksmith's shop! If we were trying to exterminate our fish I would certainly not recommend the barbless hook for the job.

General Banon's experience with the corkscrew hook is my experience. Unless the strike is hard it does not penetrate beyond the bend and is less effective than the plain needle-point barbless hook. If it penetrates beyond the bend it is frequently harder to remove than a hook with a barb.

I believe that General Banon's article shows clearly that even when the barbed hook is used a great deal could be accomplished if the present commercial barb were greatly reduced in size. With the larger hook used in American waters the barbless can hold fish that jump well out of the water. I have caught more than one land-locked salmon on a barbless hook and I know that Will Dilg has gathered in many an unwary bass on the same humane instrument.

A word of caution to those who are trying out the barbless hook for the first time. Let them remember that the barbless hook is a teacher of good angling and that if its use is persisted in it will cure them of careless faults which are sometimes unnoticed where dependence is placed upon a barb. You can sometimes slack off a fish on a barbed hook without serious consequences. With the barbless hook a moment's carelessness is more likely to spell the loss of the fish.

Not long ago I had a letter from Sir George Aston and he told me that he knew of at least one London dealer who was going to carry needle-point barbless hooks this coming year. There have been some additions to the list of American stores handling barbless hooks. It may not be so long as General Banon thinks before his test number three can be easily satisfied.

H. T. P.

WHEN asked by the President of the Izaak Walton League to contribute an article on the use of the barbless hook on this side of the Atlantic I was glad to do so, not only because I was in sympathy with Mr. Dilg's wish to further its use in this country but also in the hope that others might be induced to give their views and experiences on the subject.

We have for many years manufactured millions of barbless hooks of the Lacey-Williams and other patterns for the American market but these have never been popular with British anglers. I cannot mention any retail fishing tackle dealer who stocks these hooks at the present time and I have asked for them without success at many of our best known dealers in England and Scotland during the past fishing season. Owing to the difficulty in obtaining these hooks, comparatively few fishermen have used them, or known of their existence, but Allcock & Company, the wholesale manufacturers of Redditch, inform me they will shortly be making and advertising barbless hooks, suitable for trout and grayling in English waters. With these in the market our dry fly and other anglers will have no excuse for not putting them to the test in the fishing season 1924.

We are a conservative race and if the barbless is to replace the barbed hooks now in use it must show on balance that its advantages outweigh its disadvantages. Most fishermen will probably agree that a good hook should possess the following qualities:

1. Good powers of hooking and holding a fish.
2. The necessary strength and temper to avoid the hook breaking or straightening out.
3. Easily obtainable and not unduly expensive.
4. Easily extracted without serious damage to the fish. It will be admitted on both sides of the water that the barbed hook has proved its good hooking and holding qualities. The better quality barbed hooks have also no difficulty in complying with conditions two and three, but where condition four is considered, this hook is on its trial. All who have fished several seasons must recall many cases of trout which would have been returned as undersized, if the hook had been extracted without damage, but which have been knocked on the head because the hook was deep in the gullet and resisted withdrawal, or so firmly fixed in the mouth that the hook in extraction has broken part of the underjaw. Fishermen, as a body, are a kindly race and would like to do away with these incidents, even though fish appear little sensitive to pain.

We can therefore sum up for the barbed hook by saying that it complies with all the qualities required in a good hook, except that of easy extraction.

It is in this last quality that the barbless has its great advantage, especially in the hook without a corkscrew bend such as that used by the Japanese and by a few anglers in this country who file off the barb from the normal hooks in use. I have never used the barbless hooks of the Lacey-Williams or other corkscrew patterns, but if driven home over the corkscrew bend their extraction would appear likely to damage a fish, though probably to a less extent than if the hook had a barb.

The disadvantages of the barbless hook should not be great under conditions two and three provided there is a big demand for them in this country and that there is no tendency in the corkscrew bend type to snap at the bend. There will, however, never be as big a demand for the barbless here as there is with you till the barbless has shown it can both hook and hold a fish well. It does not follow that a hook that suits American anglers will appeal with equal force to their British brethren and even allowing that American anglers are satisfied with the hooking and holding qualities of the barbless, its claims to these qualities are not yet recognized here. Though I have certain views on the subject, formed partly on my own, partly on other anglers' experiences, I

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A Courtship of the Wild

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Illustrated by David M. Newell

FROM one verdict which has descended to us out of antiquity there really seems no appeal: it is that the passion of love is the master instinct of human nature. Toward it ambition, hope, fear, joy, and sorrow converge; and to it they are secondary and subject. It honestly appears to be the only thing in which all people are profoundly interested, by which they are infallibly fascinated. Greater than the instinct for self-preservation is the instinct for the preservation of the race through the mystic continuance provided by the Creator. God created Man; but, in a sense, man creates himself. "The reproductive powers," says Emerson, "lay hold on immortality." Whether immortality be conferred on us is an enigma on the gods' knees; but there can be no question of the power of endless life inherent in our transient mortal existence. Thus considered, love seems not only the most powerful instinct, but also the one to which is due the supreme obeisance and reverence of the heart.

But the might of this instinct and its universal quality are not apprehended until we appreciate that its sway sceptres creation itself. No living creature but is, at some time, touched and made to tremble under its magic wand. The human heart has no option on this almighty cosmic emotion; for whatever has life has, in some degree and in some kind, capacity for love. However, only in the higher forms of created things is the study of it interesting; tinged with the soft radiance of romance, the luminous glamour of intellect and of spirit, its manifestations there lose that purely physical aspect which, to the sensitive and reflective mind, can often be repellent. The reactions of highly organized creatures to the supernal magic of this emotion is perhaps the most diverting phenomenon in the world. Especially is this true when we consider certain creatures essentially wild; for with them is a grace and a wildwood spirit, a verve and a dash that in their refinement appear more like the ministers of love than do the heavy, bovine, domestic qualities of the farmyard. The love-life of some people is far less interesting than is that of many mere creatures. To be definite, the love-life of the deer is more fascinating by far than is the tawdry romance of people whom Kipling describes as being of the "beefy face and grubby hand" (not to mention beefy heart) variety. In all temperate latitudes the whitetail deer—and the rest of his great family—falls in love when the harvest moon sheds its gold-and-silver glory over the autumnal landscape.

This most romantic of wild courtships begins at the close of a long separation—a parting evidently arranged by nature. In December and January the bucks and does separate; this is at the end of the mating season. In the deepest thickets the does immure themselves; and for company they are drawn to one another. Droves of twelve or fifteen does may often be seen in midwinter in good deer-country. The bucks, dropping their antlers, become timid solitaries; and until the late summer, when their new horns begin to harden, they live to themselves. Two old bucks will sometimes consort—possible more. Meanwhile, the does, from April to August or September, are busy with the exacting and peremptory cares of motherhood.

This separation of the does and bucks appears to be one of those marvellous provisions of nature whereby the species is

Author of *Plantation Game Trails*, etc.

continued. "Journeys end in lovers' meetings" is true here, as always and everywhere. But I have come to be persuaded, through long years of observation, that there is, during the fawns' infancy, another reason than the apparent one for the segregation of the sexes. The reason is that the bucks would probably kill the fawns if they had their hard horns when the fawns came.

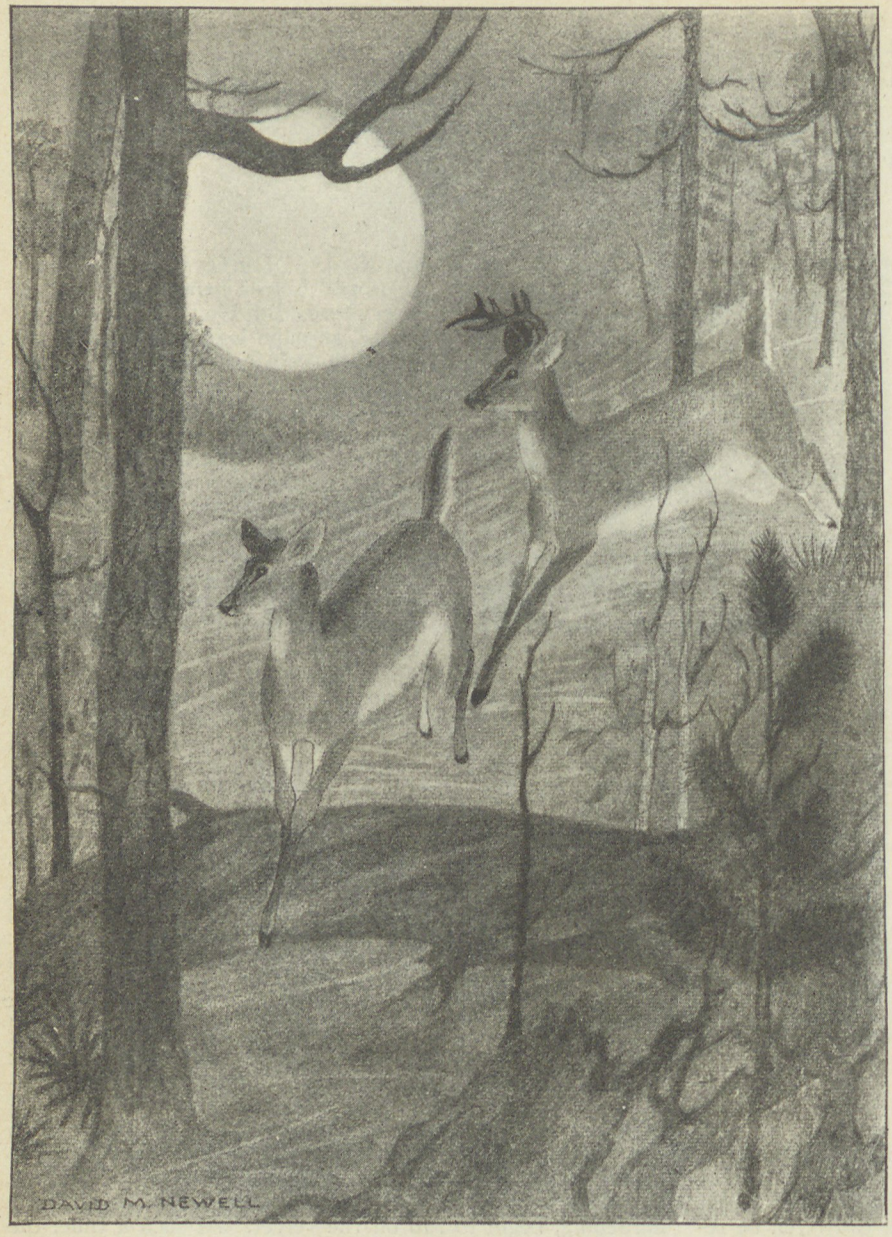
As has been said, the bucks shed their old antlers as soon as the mating season is passed. Bucks that are the most physically fit will carry theirs longest, just as bucks that are at the zenith of their physical powers will wear the kingliest crowns. By the first of March all the bucks are butt-headed. But no sooner has the old set of horns dropped than the new horns, a most wonderful growth, exquisitely sensitive, begin to bud. When the does drop their fawns, in April and in May, the bucks, their new antlers their chief concern, are timidly retired. They are eager to avoid company. At such a time, were their horns hard and sharp, many would be the helpless fawn impaled upon them; for the normal buck has a truculent temper. In the character of the buck at different seasons we observe Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. Throughout the mating season he is combative, treacherous, merciless among his kind; yet at that time when his offspring would be defenseless before him, he is shy and fugitive. Has not nature wrought with a subtle hand in this remarkable arrangement? She has merely provided that the bucks be excluded from the nursery.

By late August, the stags, their horns full-grown and fast hardening, begin to rub off the velvet. At such a time, the death and drying-up of this strange hairy skin-sheath of the antlers causes intense itching, which is the exciting force for the cleaning and the polishing of the new horns. It is early in the mating season that antlers are sharpest, brightest, most polished. The wildwood knights are now eager for their forest-tournaments, upon the outcome of which shall depend the awards of love.

And now it is that the bucks, in a lordly mood, and the does, freed from household cares, meet in that wild courtship which has about it much of the faerie glamour of high romance.

One October day I was walking along the dewy-sweet border of a deep bay thicket in the wasteland of the great Carolina coastal country. The sun was not yet up. Hale airs made the great pines murmur and wave, shedding with their melodious music aromatic odors—primeval forest-fragrances that the heart is fain to dream may be the very breath of life, of death, or of love. Those three are, after all, the great trinity.

Down a dim forest-pathway, overhung with misty grasstops, I suddenly saw a doe coming. She had not seen me. Indeed, she was in full flight; and naturally she was chiefly concerned with what was behind her rather than with what was before her. Lithe, exquisite, a veritable palpitation out of the great forest's heart, feminine in that mysterious sex's indefinable delicacy, on she came. She did not run as a deer runs from dogs or men—in mad incontinent flight, with tail high and nervously jerked from side to side with the rocking of the haunches. The flight of this doe, beautiful to behold, was merely a part of the ancient hide-and-seek game of the female and the male. Having in it no fear, it yet possessed an alluring



"The buck pursued her long and arduously."

imitation of timidity—purposeful in its shyness, fatal in its modesty. Here was suddenly divulged the passionate, exquisite, infallible lure of Beauty's shadowy feigned avoidance.

Love's fugitive passed me; rocked lithely through a golden breasthigh sedgefield; trotted through a red copse of huckleberry; paused; dodged through a small myrtle-bordered pond; passed up an old lumber-road; paused once more to look back. Was this a flight? It was full of sweet delays, of feigned escape. Hers was that flight which yearns for pursuit. She wanted to be followed, perhaps followed fast; but she didn't want to be overtaken—not yet. While unqualified to venture an opinion on so wide a subject, I believe it universally true of the feminine that capture is sweeter after long, arduous, dangerous, oft-frustrated pursuit. The game, at any rate, is one of stunning contradictions; and perhaps is not yet fully mastered by far wiser men than I. It has to do with frantic wild denials, with impetuous intimate surrender. It has to do with much that is mystic. Some things are not meant to be explained.

The doe that I had been watching faded into the distant forest—vanishing in that silent and eerie fashion which is characteristic of deer. Of the tremulous spirit of the virgin wilderness are they; and I never see one without feeling that the ancient inscrutable forest has for a moment uttered a beautiful secret—a secret usually held inviolately within the deep wood's wise mothering heart. And now a second secret that heart was to tell; fast on the track of the doe came the stag.

In this rapturous season of love and of mating, the presence of a doe renders inevitable the presence of a buck. He may be miles behind, but he will follow. Sometimes, several does will herd, possible feeling a sense of security in so doing. And for days and nights, for weeks—indeed, in some cases, for months—the long pursuit will continue. The virgin does hold out longest.

The buck that was following my doe was a handsome fellow—sheeny in his fresh dun coat, regal in his tall antlers. He was swiftly and shrewdly drinking up the alluring scent that lingered on the trail—"fair speechless messages," relayed by the dewhung bushes. It was odd to see him running with his head low, and with an intentness of purpose almost human. He came very close to me. He saw me. Of all living things, I was his fellest and most ancient enemy. Did he swerve from his direction? Did he quit the game? . . . One of the Elizabethan dramatists, I believe, poignantly describes death as the mere giving over of a game that must be lost. But love is a game that must be won; it is not in the heart to give it over. Only a glance of haughty indifference the pursuing stag gave me—such a look as he might have employed to pierce a rival. His broad black nose, with red nostril-pits wide, never left the trail. He recognized me as something living which did not represent the goal of his passionate search. Less than nothing was I in his proud consideration. . . . It is written, "Perfect love castest out fear." Even so. I have seen it with my own eyes.

WITH reason it might be supposed that one feature of this forest-bridal, this woodland romance, that would lend a peculiarly alluring charm to it would be the fact that the courtship takes place in those dim hours of twilight and of dawn, and in the silver hours of moonlight and of starlight. True, the deer is of the night; and during the gaudy hours of day is usually serenely couched in some lonely thicket. Much mating is done during that time of the day and night when the deer are usually feeding and moving. But so urgent is the impulse of the mating season that the bucks pursue the does throughout the day. I have, in mid-October, in the very heyday of the deer's courtship, observed a twelve-point stag, in all the bald literalness of bright sunshine, in all the utterly trite obviousness of high noon, pursuing in stern passion an elusive acquaintance. The doe I did not see; but she had not been gone long. He would overtake her; perhaps for a week he might follow. But in this kind of game, nature dooms one to lose. Or do both win? Or does the fugitive win? The course of the male is cave-mannish, obvious, gauche, overweening; that of the female is subtle, smacking of sorcery, witching in perverseness. I think she wins.

And now the scene changes, and we are among the wild Tuscarora hills of southern Pennsylvania. This is a strange region—close to the hoof-hearted hurry of civilization, yet intimately retired mistily among old mountains haunted by silence and by peace. Across one line of hills can be heard the roar of a Pennsylvania creeper; across another, a fellow freight-train on the B. & O. shrieks for a crossing. The air tingles with these blatant voices of Progress. Yet the same air, here in this fastness, is aromatic with the dusky fragrance of dewy hemlocks, with the odor of ripened wild grapes, with those vague but penetrant woodland spiceries of which, assuredly, nectar must be made. The tattered gold of yet-unfallen leaves forms fragmentary arras marginal to mystery. Though an amethyst light is fast suffusing the lonely forest, heralding dawn, one great white star trembles like a gleaming jewel in the dark crown of foliage worn by a mountain pine. Still is the forest with primeval stillness; there is no wind, but

the woodsy fragrances themselves seem to be breathing, utter- the poignant aromas of the fulfilment of nameless longings. Definitely I smell shellbarks, damp pine-needles, wet mosses beside a tiny rill, and a profusion of odors sweet as that of an "indolent misty peach," heavy with summer's sweetness stored.

But it is of the love-story of the wild deer that I am wishing to tell; and on this quiet wooded hillside, here is the tale written indelibly. No man who runs can read it; but one who walks slowly, and who pauses long to observe, will translate somewhat as follows the silent but eloquent language of tracks.

Down the side of this shadowy glen, probably late yesterday afternoon, there came a stag. He must have been a sprightly fellow. His stepping was all on edge. His hoof-prints, see, are shallow, and they are inclined to tip forward. An old buck is more likely to walk flat-footed. This cavalier is, in effect, walking on his toes—adopting an anciently approved approach to the lady of his adoration. Here, either something startled him or else the urge of the mystic season impelled him; for, look, he has taken a vibrant leap—eighteen feet by measurement. "How far can a deer jump?" I once inquired of a grizzled swamp-hunter. "As far as he needs to," came the comprehensive reply. A horse in an English steeplechase has cleared 36 feet; a man has jumped more than 25; a deer has been known, rather unconcernedly, and over no obstacle, to leap 32. A jump of 18 is therefore merely a little frisk. I have measured the casual jump of a doe from her bed; airily she sailed 16 feet. Think of that, from a lying-down position—and without the training of daily-dozen exercises!

Here our buck, reaching the open flat area of an old charcoal hearth, has stood for some time. A stag loves an open place in the woods. I have known deer to stand for hours on sand-dunes, gazing at the sea. They like clearings, especially at night—and old roads, and pathways that offer clearance for horns. On the north end of this ancient woodland hearth, telling of a departed race of mountaineers, a wildgrape had let down a tapestry of vines, loaded now with frosted purple clusters, deep in bloom. Lusciously they drooped—an affluent offering by the primitive mother. On some of these bunches the stag had champed negligently. But he was not interested in eating. He was not hunting grapes.

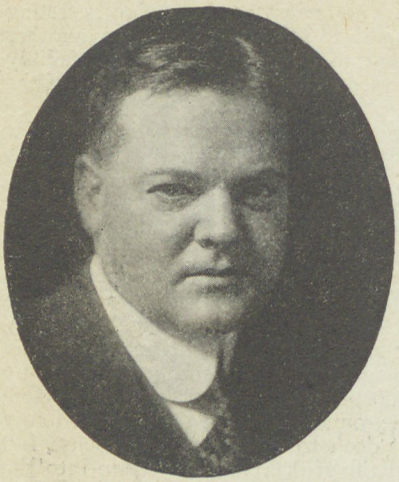
Leaving the hearth, he has followed the fragrant glenside to the lowest bench of the mountain. Here are secret thickets, the mournful beauty of an old clearing, now fast being reclaimed by the forest; here, under the girlish grace of silver birches, shimmering in the dusk, under the stubborn hardihood of many a mountain ash and towering poplar, there is a delicious glade. It is a deer-rendezvous. I think it beyond dispute possible for creatures of the high intelligence of the deer to prearrange meetings. For example, I once had two stags come straight for me as I stood on a road. They saw me and checked up to reconnoiter. Separating, they passed me like lightning, one running on my right and the other a hundred yards away on my left. A half-mile beyond the road they swung together again. And this happened where there was no regular deer-run. Of the comings together in the mating season, perhaps the custom of being together in a certain place at a certain time of day has its determining power. But these secret children of the forest have resources of which we do not dream. A deer's sense of locality and of direction is perfect. He is not at all likely to have a wide range. A deer undisturbed, with a sufficient food-supply offered on his range, will likely live and die near where he was born. In home-woods, a deer knows every tree and every thicket, every bypath and every road. A doe, secreting her fawn, may go miles away to feed, may return by another route. But her reapproach to her little one is as infallibly accurate as the flight of a bird to its nest, as the turning of the mother toward her child.

In our mountain glade our sprightly stag had expected a doe. Here, you see, on the glimmering edges of it, he has paused, listening, looking, scenting the hale sweetness of the air.

Circling the glade, let us discover the doe-track. Yes, here it is. After a long and palpitating pause, she minced timidly out of the bosky thicket. This buck had pursued her long and arduously, and she had ever eluded him. But such play comes to an end. She has at last relented; perhaps she cannot help herself. Here she has been nervously stamping her dainty feet. Why did not her lover come straight across to her? See, in her restless hope-and-fear mood, she has reached up and caught and broken that hickory twig that you see dangling about five feet above the ground. Many a time have I found such telltale evidence of a doe's tremulous sweet suspense, full of anxiety and of the delight of delay. Let us step into the arena of the glade. Now you see what has happened. This has been indeed an arena.

For a space of twenty yards the ground is torn up by vicious tramplings. The piles of gaudy leaves have been tossed about. Young shoots of maple [CONTINUED ON PAGE 53]

"For a long time they fought—perhaps for an hour."



Secretary of Commerce.

Hoover *and* O'Malley Conservationists

By E. C. KEMPER

Washington Representative of the League

Chief U. S. Bur. Fisheries

THERE are at least two high government officials in Washington who are Conservationists, not from expediency, but from the promptings of the spirit within. Herbert Hoover is one of them. It is not necessary to describe him. Here in Washington he is known as a real executive who does things, and makes others do things, without indulging in self-laudatory conversation while the process is going on. He is an outspoken, determined sort of an individual and those who love outdoor America should be thankful that he is for them and not against them.

It so happens that O'Malley is one of Hoover's right-hand men. He is the Commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries, a unit in the Department of Commerce. Thank God he knows that some species of fish have higher purposes than to serve as food. O'Malley is the best type of fighting Irishman. He has the spirit of public service, cannot be browbeaten or improperly influenced, is loved by his friends, and cordially hated and respected by his enemies.

These two public servants are responsible for the passage of legislation through Congress at the last session which comes in the nick of time. It is a first step towards saving the salmon of Alaska from extinction. And they are also largely responsible for the favorable action taken by the Senate on the treaty with Canada, which provides for the protection of halibut in the North Pacific Ocean.

Of course most of us have a detached sort of interest in salmon. It's a long way from the tin-can point of view to the rushing rivers of Alaska where these fish spend their brief lives of beauty, adventure and tragedy. As yet they have no great significance to us as game fish, but what real angler has not read with sadness of the devastating hand of commercialization which has been laid upon these wonderful fish in the past decade? Their commercialization has been carried to the nth degree. Great companies, representing vast capital and thousands of men, have relentlessly pursued the salmon from the moment he left the deep water of the ocean to the very spawning grounds of the mountains of the interior. Had there not been some effective championship from those in power the salmon would have been wiped as clean from the slate as some of the other groups of American wild life about which you know. There is no need of going into detail about what has been happening in Alaska. Every sportsman who is fortunate or unfortunate enough to see moving pictures of life in that country has been stunned by what he has seen—apparently an unending procession of great salmon passing from their natural habitat by way of nets and wheels into long shanties filled with men and machinery and coming out at the other end in untold quantities of gaily decorated cans. This does not mean that the salmon should not be used for food. It does mean that the old policy of extermination was criminally wrong.

We Americans are prone to criticise our public officials, not only for wrongdoing, but for failure to do the right thing at the right time. Let us be fair now, as good sportsmen, voicing our thanks and our understanding appreciation to Hoover and O'Malley. They are the officials who worked for the new Alaska salmon conservation measure (H. R. 8143), and they were largely instrumental in bringing about the ratification of the treaty for the protection of halibut.

Of course both these measures were enacted by Congress. This is in no sense an intimation that Congress has not performed a great public service. But those who know legislative procedure in Washington realize only too well that all such measures as these must have sponsorship; must have enthusiasm and untiring energy back of them or they fail.

From now on there is going to be conservation in the salmon industry, and just what that means to the salmon and to the industry itself can be quickly grasped by some random illustrations taken from the new regulations issued by O'Malley under the authority of Secretary Hoover. These regulations divide Alaska into fishing areas. Let us see what has been done in specific cases:

The Bristol Bay area includes all the territorial, coastal, and tributary waters of Alaska from Cape Menshikof to Cape Newenham. In this district fishing for salmon is limited solely to drift gill nets. The use of salmon traps, beach seines and purse seines is prohibited. Gill nets are limited to 200 fathoms in length, and fishing for red salmon is limited to thirty days. There is also a provision for a 36-hour closed period and closed areas provided at the mouths of two of the large bays which gives the salmon an opportunity to escape.

From this section we pass into what the Department terms the Alaska Peninsula, which includes the territory between Cape Menshikof on the north and Castle Cape on the south of the Peninsula. For the protection of this district in the vicinity of Nelson Lagoon and Herendeen Bay the fishing has been reduced to eighty-four hours per week, and in the balance of the district the closed period has been increased from thirty-six hours as formerly to sixty hours. The drastic action of closing the fishing area to half-time fishing has been made necessary by the known depleted condition of the area. The closed period of sixty hours in the balance of this district is due to the fact that it is known from tagging experiments conducted by the Bureau of Fisheries that the fish are migratory in character and a reduction in the fishing permitted is necessary so that the entire run may not be destroyed when it passes through districts where it may be heavily fished.

The valuable fishery at Chignik is safely guarded by the provision which Congress has made whereby 50 per cent of the fish may be permitted to reach the spawning beds. At this place the Bureau of Fisheries maintains a weir across the river and the salmon are counted as they pass through this barrier and the fishermen are permitted to take only their allotted share.

Kodiak area, which has within its boundaries the once famous Karluk River, is cared for by permitting only half of the fish to be taken. This same principle is applied to the south end of Kodiak Island. In other sections of the island fishing is entirely prohibited, while in all the waters the use of floating traps and purse seines is forbidden. The waters of Uganik Bay, which lies at one end of the island, once boasted of producing the largest and finest salmon, but is now in such a depleted condition that a closed period of sixty hours has been applied.

Cook Inlet, that body of water which indents the south central coast of Alaska for nearly 180 miles, has in the past been without regulations, but this year there will be a forty-eight hour closed period in effect as well as a closed area at the upper end of the inlet so as to permit the fish to enter the river unmolested.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

The fishery in southeastern Alaska is declining. Here a closed period of twenty days has been provided in the heart of the fishing season, and a prohibition placed on fishing of any character in twelve bays.

Hoover and O'Malley have succeeded in securing a fishery law, the first since 1906, which it is hoped and believed will save our salmon fisheries to the American people for all time to come.

THE HALIBUT TREATY

During the past session of Congress the Senate ratified the treaty providing for the protection of the halibut in the North Pacific Ocean. This treaty provides for a closed season of ninety days from November 15 to February 15, which is in the height of halibut spawning season. Statistics show that during these ninety days the catch has averaged from three to five million pounds. This closed season will not prevent that large quantity of halibut from being taken and shipped to market, and will permit the fish to aid in the propagation of its species. The total annual catch in the past has approximated forty million pounds, but investigation has shown this level could not be maintained unless action was taken to provide a future supply.

It will be the duty of the International Commission to conduct investigations and at the end of three years make recommendations to its governments for the further protection of this industry and food supply. This treaty marks a highly progressive step toward conservation of this food fish which, taken with the salmon conservation program, is fairly comparable with the work done for the protection of our forests by Theodore Roosevelt.

In view of all this the Izaak Walton League should be well pleased with two of its active members, and it should give on behalf of the whole membership the recognition and the praise so well earned by Hoover and O'Malley—fighting Conservationists!

Salmon ascending an Alaskan River.

The new regulations greatly restrict this wasteful form of fishing.

Buck o' the Blizzard

By AL EVANS

Illustrations by Frederick H. Siemsen

STRAIGHT from the North a late October wind ripped its way through clouds of swirling snow, scattering the wet flakes broadcast, like a mischievous pup's attack on a feather-stuffed tick, and howling with petulant fury that sounded strangely like the weird cry of a hungry pack on the trail of its prey.

Half a mile below Prescott, where the loitering waters of Lake St. Croix are greedily gulped by the Mississippi in its undue haste toward the sea, Bob Eaton's flat boat shifted uneasily on the eddying current in the lee of a wing dam to which it was anchored. He stood well astern, his feet braced apart to maintain his balance, and cast out his line with a deft snap of his wrist. With a flash at the tip of his rod, a small, bright spinner was carried into the swirling white maze by a heavy sinker of lead. At twenty-five rods his line slackened, then ran taut again as the spinning lure dropped through the swift current. Presently there came a sharp tug. The boy hesitated a moment, then struck fiercely, and his fish was hooked. His rod trembled as he reeled in slowly against the current until he slipped his landing net under a five-pound wall-eyed pike and lifted the fish into the boat, where it set up a great commotion.

"Nice one," young Eaton approved aloud; "but he certainly ruined that minnow."

There were more live minnows in the wooden bait bucket, but a thin coat of ice was forming on top and the boy was not disposed to disturb it.

"Too confounded cold," he decided. "I'm goin' t' play quits."

Two hours earlier the season's first snow had not interfered with his plan to try his luck with the Fall "run" of pike. But the temperature had dropped markedly since then, and the wind, which recently had forced him from the channel to the wing dam's protection, had been far less furious.

It was blowing fiercely when the boy drew anchor and attempted to buck it. Away from the wing dam's shielding influence his boat struggled hopelessly against wind and current. The progress he made was not worth the effort, so he tied up to shore and decided to walk.

He had made little progress through the swirling storm when his uncertain sight revealed an object moving in the snow. Perhaps it was only a prank of the wind—no, by straining his eyes in the gathering dusk, the object took form—a bundle of fur; yes, something alive. A puppy!

"Poor little devil," the boy sympathized as he approached to lift him up in his arms. "Where did you come from, anyhow?"

Probably the pup was too much bewildered for recollection, but even if that had served him, he was without means of communicating the information to the boy, so he replied by rubbing against Bob's ungloved hand a little, damp muzzle which was very cold.

"Poor little devil," the boy repeated; "what kind of a dog's life is this, anyhow? And you, only a baby!"

And a baby he was; probably six weeks old. A white, clumsy baby with a pair of black patches over his eyes and ears, a black saddle, a splotch at the base of his tail and a few miscellaneous markings that were not revealed until Bob had brushed off the snow. Yes, and a very patient and courageous baby he was, too. The storm bewildered but failed to daunt him. He was bucking the drifts for all he was worth and attending strictly to his own serious business when his rescuer's eyes fell upon him; which was all that saved him from being passed by in the storm, for not once he whimpered. It would seem, so far as he was aware, to be lost in an unseasonable blizzard was no more nor less than the usual order of things in a puppy's life, of which he had lived so little, and he was making the best of it, with the least possible fuss, when the boy lifted him up. Bob liked that quality from the beginning. There was character behind it.

Nor was there occasion for surprise in the fact that by one chance in a thousand he had been plucked from the storm's fury to be tucked away comfortably in the boy's sheep-lined coat. He accepted the situation purely as a matter of course, and if any emotion stirred in his baby breast it was merely that of contentment. Now he was snug and warm, and no longer chilled and weary. He might not have reasoned to that extent, but all was well as matters stood and that was sufficient. His past was a closed book, his future of no concern, so he tucked his muzzle close under the boy's arm and slept.

Safely housed in the Eaton kitchen an hour later, a saucer of warm milk was set before him. He accepted without sign of apology for his intrusion, and, having lapped the saucer clean, he retreated to an improvised rag carpet next beneath the hearth of the kitchen stove, circled laughably, as his forebears had done for countless generations, and settled down with a satisfied baby grunt.

Critical inspection had revealed no sign of casualty, which supported the boy's belief that the puppy's exposure had been brief, so his rest was undisturbed.

His chair tilted back at a precarious angle, his heels resting on the hearth, Dad Eaton twitched his stockinged toes in the warmth of an open grate, puffed leisurely at his corn cob pipe and, with eyes focused between the crooks of his legs, regarded the stranger with mild curiosity.

"Reckon he dropped outa somebody's car, do ye, Bob?"

The boy glanced up from a half-scaled fish and looked toward the hearth rug.

"Like as not, Dad," he replied. "Come t' think of it, a car stopped for a few minutes opposite Sand Island. Somethin' wrong, I suppose. You don't reckon they'd lose him a-purpose, do you?"

"Pretty nice puppy," Dad Eaton appraised. "They'll likely be lookin' fer him."

"Mebbe"; and in the same breath, "I hope not."

"He's a nice puppy," Bob's father repeated.

But whether the youngster had been dropped in the snow by accident or design, or from whence he had strayed of his own free will, neither Bob nor his dad were to learn. The bluffing fury of Squaw Winter melted under the restraining smile of a late Indian Summer, which, in turn, capitulated to the white hordes of Boreas himself, and there was no demand for the pup in spite of the fact Bob conscientiously heralded his find.

"Guess he's my dog, Dad," the boy hopefully conjectured.

"Our dog," his father replied with a grin.

"I hope so, Dad. What shall we name him?"

"What d'ye reckon 's his breed?"

"Pretty young," said the boy, regarding the awkward puppy sprawled at his feet. But in spite of his awkward youth there were unmistakable signs of breed; breed of one kind or another, if not both. "Mostly pointer, I guess."

"Shouldn't wonder," confirmed the older man, appraising the pup with an experienced eye. "Mebbe not all pointer, though, likely mongrel."

But there was something about that word that clashed with the boy's growing appreciation of his new friend; something delicately suggestive of inferiority, to which he objected. Little did he care whether the pup was of pure strain or otherwise; if his lineage was divided, the boy felt certain that he was endowed with most of the good points of both branches, and that he was the better dog by reason of it.

"Cross-breed," he corrected.

"He's born o' th' storm," Dad Eaton reflected. "Squaw Winter, at that."

"Papoose is awkward," said Bob, "let's call him Buck."

So as Buck he was christened.

Throughout their discussion, Buck had been eyeing the two of them with a whimsical look of idle curiosity, his interest no doubt stirred by their fixed gaze in his direction and an instinctive understanding that somehow he was concerned in the topic of conversation. Now that it was all over and the issue decided, Buck dropped his muzzle between his out-

"The chair tilted back at a precarious angle while Dad regarded the stranger with mild curiosity."

stretched paws, and, with a sigh of abandonment, decided to sleep.

"The name suits him, I guess," Bob mused. "He offers no protest."

Born of the storm, so far as his master could trace him, Buck preferred his warm corner by the kitchen stove to the rigorous blasts of Winter, and through the ensuing months he spent much of his time indoors. But at the approach of Spring the lure of adventure called him forth from seclusion. His was a good range, affording plenty of exercise—which he needed—and many an hour he passed in light-hearted frolic, following the maze of scent with which the thawing earth was written over. And faint, indeed, was the scent that escaped him. His was the long, wide and blunt muzzle of the pointer, and its fine sensibilities as well as its physical characteristics were those of that breed. How quickly he solved the intricate trail problems freshly created! His sturdy legs and gracefully arched loins were of the active type, and, in his joy of the chase, he measured distances with great bounds that brought him quickly to the end of a trail.

Endowed with an inherent love of water, singular to his dominant strain, Buck quickly learned to retrieve, and this trait caused much speculation as to the probable cross with his pointer blood and how far back it had occurred. Whatever the strain, long intercourse with human kind had left its stamp of friendliness and loyalty on this offspring, and between Bob Eaton and his dog there grew a bond of deep affection. The boy talked to Buck like a pal, and the dog learned to understand—not his language, perhaps, nor to reason its meaning, but to sense what was meant without reason. His might have been intuition, but it served him with rarely an error. And at times, Buck showed signs of mental gifts not readily fathomed by man; a form of wisdom that came to him in a way that puzzled his master. The comparative psychologist is handicapped by only a human point of view, but at times dogs seem to move freely across that intangible boundary between the environment of reason and that of instinctive understanding.

Buck's more striking characteristics were those of apparent instinct and habit inherited from forebears of many generations and gradually acquired and perfected by long association with mankind. First of all, and regardless of incidental strain, Buck was a pointer, and at no time was he better than when following the popular bent of his breed.

On a bright September morning, when Buck was about one year old, he accompanied the boy on a trip afield to meet with a sorry adventure. Halfway up the river slope, he suddenly halted—his nose alert and his body rigid. As Bob cautiously advanced, his gun raised and set for action, a ruffed grouse flashed from the stubble ahead, inviting both barrels in rapid succession. About midway between boy and bird, yes, directly over Buck's unsuspecting head, the first charge ripped its way through an ominous, gray bundle that hung suspended from a scrub oak limb. Two weeks later the incident might have been of no consequence, but up to this time the first hard frost had not yet come to drive the wasps from their summer home. Naturally, Buck was blamed for the entire affair, and, fleet as he was, he could not quite outdistance the angry horde that opened a flank attack. *With painful realization that the enemy had concentrated on vulnerable quarters, Buck suddenly bethought himself of the river below and hastily sought its protection.*

Perhaps he didn't reason it out; as a matter of fact, he didn't have time. No doubt his course was guided by the age-old instinct of self-preservation. But there is no denying it was the sensible thing to do, and Buck did it.

Not until the outraged army had abandoned the field could Buck be induced to venture forth, and it was a sorely wounded youngster that eventually responded to the boy's earnest coaxing and, apologetically, emerged with a shake that failed to rid him of his smarting wounds. Because of the number of poisonous stings, Buck really was a sick dog when the boy assisted him home, where he applied a solution of warm water and ammonia, thereby averting what might have been serious consequences.

It was some time before Buck fully recovered from that experience, and thereafter he was very careful to avoid gray, paper-like bags suspended from low-hanging branches.

Early one frosty November morning the boy and his dog crossed the thin ice over the backwater to Sand Island, hoping to intercept the belated flight of a few tardy ducks. The channel was open, but for a distance of eight or ten yards from shore a ledge of new ice rested upon the water. Awaiting the warmth of the rising sun, Bob and his dog were sharing the comfort close company afforded when a small flock of stragglers appeared, flying low.

"Mark North!" breathed the boy, as the ducks veered out toward the channel.

Perhaps North and South were the same so far as Buck might interpret the words, but the meaning of Bob's signal was readily sensed, and the dog crouched low and motionless, awaiting the shot. Impulse was quicker than instinct when a single bird dropped to the water, and Buck had scrambled to the edge of the ice before he sensed his danger. Bob's warning also was tardy, and almost as his voice rang out on the crisp morning air the ice gave way beneath the sprawling dog. For breathless moments Buck struggled against the current while the boy shouted encouragement to him. Then Bob grasped a heavy pole and endeavored to break open a channel to his companion. Near shore the ice held fast, but farther out it crumpled again and the boy was immersed to his waist. Wading deeper into the river to grasp his dog, whose efforts were growing more feeble, Bob felt the icy water swirl at his arm

pits. But he caught the exhausted Buck by his collar and dragged him to shore.

Twelve days later, after a night-long vigil during which he had witnessed the crisis of a battle for life, the family doctor turned hopefully to Bob Eaton's mother and announced a change for the better. Pneumonia had passed its worst stage, he said, and the patient would likely recover.

Buck lay at the open doorway with just the tip of his black muzzle across the threshold at which all trespassers had been barred. As motionless as the rag carpet on which he lay, he had remained for hours just as close to the forbidden chamber as he dared approach. At the sound of the doctor's voice, he perked his glossy ears, puckered nis brow ever so slightly, and, observing the hopeful light in Mother Eaton's eyes, thumped his stiff, tapered tail in a way of understanding that could not well be questioned.

Hours afterward, when the doctor and others had gone from the room, a pale arm, hanging limp at the side of the bed, came in contact with a glossy head that withdrew very gently to unlimber a loving tongue.

"Good, old pal," the boy murmured. And Buck understood.

Even in a growing lad of nineteen years, strength builds slowly after pneumonia, and Bob Eaton was not his old self until Spring. In the meantime his physical condition was mirrored in Buck's restrained spirit, and although at times the dog endeavored to lead his master into some wild caper, he never abandoned the boy to romp by himself when his effort failed. And because Bob had risked his own life for his dog, he prized him more highly than ever. Inseparable was their companionship now, and when another Autumn rolled round and the boy, in restored health, planned a duck-hunting trip to Storm Lake, it was certain that Buck should go with him.

On a Saturday night, late in October, they left for the North, arriving the following morning. There was a six-mile trip by motorboat, which brought them to Bear Island, where they took possession of a small cabin that stood apart from the main hunting lodge.

Followed three days of disappointment; ideal "duck weather," but for some unaccountable reason, few ducks. Early on the morning of the fourth day the sky reddened in the East, then faded to dull gray, heavy and sullen. Both sky and water were pervaded with a marked hush, and the slow-moving clouds were prophetic. Something unusual seemed in store, and both Bob and his dog were aware of it. Forecasting a storm, the boy hesitated before pushing out in his boat, and he might have turned back had it not been for the noisy quacking of the great flocks that had descended during the night. The shooting promised to be the best of the season, but for some time Bob was undecided whether to follow the wild fowl lure or to acknowledge the foreboding uncertainty betrayed by his hunting companion. When it was certain the boy had fully decided to row out to the rice beds, Buck plainly appraised his judgment with scorn, but declined to remain behind.

There was wonderful shooting in the rice that morning, and the dog's light-hearted zest in the sport reflected the boy's good humor. Gradually, however, the distant shore line faded behind a thin white veil that crept upon the boat, and although the boy at first ignored the idling, scattered flakes that dissolved before reaching the water, Buck plainly was apprehensive. In size and numbers the flakes increased, and presently, the snow began falling steadily—straight down at first, b gradually slanting to the Southwest as the wind took a ha in the storm. All distant objects faded; even the wood shores of Bear Island soon were shut out from view. Bu lust was upon the boy. The ducks were circling in wild co fusion. Never before had Bob had such shooting. Conscio of the ascending storm, still he believed that instinctively could find his way back to shore when he wished to do so.

But the storm grew thicker and thicker, wrapping a curta about the boat and stalking ghost-like across the trouble water. The ducks had settled to water now and were lo from view, while even their loquacious quacking in the blindi storm was muffled to only a wraith of sound.

Ordinarily reliant upon his master's superior judgme Buck now was troubled by an instinctive realization that was not well. Uncertainty showed on the boy's face as h pulled in a haphazard course through the bending reeds, an Buck lay very quiet. Still the storm continued to rise. Th air was becoming bitter cold, and masses of snow had begu to form and to freeze on the water's surface. In the wild ric beds, where the waves failed to riddle the snow, it drifted s lently with the ebb and flow, and meeting with obstruction a the roots of the stalks, folded and piled up there and resiste progress.

Darkness came on; a premature darkness, consistent onl with the storm, and not with the time of day. And the bo was lost. He knew it now Unless the storm shou abate before nightfall, h might not get back to th island at all. The lure o the wild fowl that ha swayed his earlier judg ment now threatened hi doom. And Bob wa sorry; sorry for Buck, g well as himself, so he tri to apologize.

"It's all my fault, ol man," he acknowledge "We're lost, and—I'm sorry."

Buck, the good-natured was quick to forgive. He indicated as much with a few thumps of his conve sational tail in spite o the fact he was ill at ease not because Bob ha spoken, perhaps, but be cause of apparent condi tions.

Out on the open wate the boat might hav drifted to shore. In the great beds of rice it was different. Most of the time the boy pulled blindly, without sense of direc tion, but always the dry rattling stalks hemmed him in. If only his dog could talk! Surely Buck must instinc tively know direction—but not how to point the way. The wild conflagration of wind and snow wrapped them about like a spectral blanket, and the boy suddenly was obsessed with a fear that his dog might be whisked from his company.

"Come, Buck," he called, pleadingly, and as the dog drew nearer the boy patted his head affectionately with one hand and with the other he pulled spasmodically on one oar. His effort was strained and unnatural. Then something happened. The free oar, swinging around on its pivotal lock, struck Bob a sharp blow on the right forearm. It stung like a thousand needles, then grew numb. The boy became nauseated, and when he attempted to lift the injured member it failed to respond to his will.

"Broken," he surmised.

Although physically incapacitated by the accident, his misfortune tended to sober the boy. Sometimes a sound head serves better than a strong body, and up to this time Bob had been dangerously rattled. Now he was cool and collected. He suffered little pain for the moment, and he was able to think clearly. Lifting his gun to his shoulder, he fired the

Kinsmen

By LEW SARETT

A MOUNTAIN pool is brother to the sky:
It mirrors every gray owl flapping by,
Holds on its silver all the traceries
Of clouds and over-arching trees.

THE wash of water and of wind is one;
And any lapsing pond gives back the sun,
Doubles the ragged scarlet in the West,
And holds the stars upon its breast.

EVEN as tranquil water in a hollow
Mirrors the fleeting shadow of a swallow,
Oh, even so am I—content to be
Kinsman of the sky and wind and sea.

"Fleet as he was Buck could not quite outdistance the angry horde."

shells it contained. But his signal, drowned in the noise of the storm, was unanswered.

With the encroachment of night, their white-flaming amphitheater grew smaller and smaller; their range of vision was more restricted. Minutes were precious now, for danger lurked in the coming of night. There was need for immediate action. When the boat lodged in a thick clump of rushes the boy made no effort to free it. It was hopeless now to try to escape; succor must come to him, by chance, perhaps, or—strange the thought had escaped him before. What of Buck?

If ever his dog really understood—as Bob thought he did; if ever his instinctive mechanism was coupled with power of thought; if he possessed even a trace of that subtle perception often accredited to dogs and not infrequently implied by their unaccountable conduct; if he were capable of performing an almost human service through the medium of pure instinct, free choice, or a mental gift not clearly defined; then now—now, of all times, he should prove it.

Bear Island, perhaps, was not more than a half mile distant. The nose of Buck's forebears should point the way. There were anchored bogs where Buck might rest, and the matted roots of the marsh growths at times might serve as footing. And Buck could swim. But he must travel direct and hold to a purpose, carrying his message of distress to an intelligent delivery. Was it too much to expect? Too far beyond a dog's ability?

An inside pocket produced a pencil stub, and on the margin of his hunting permit Bob scribbled his message:

"Lost in the rice off Tamarack point. Send help." He glanced at his watch and added "6 P. M." and the date.

From the floor of his boat he recovered an empty shotgun shell, crammed his message into the open end which he sealed with a wad of paper, then fastened the shell to Buck's collar. An affectionate caress—a few mumbled words of confidence; then with a sweep of his sound arm, Bob commanded:

"Fetch 'em, now, Buck. Go fetch 'em!"

Theirs may be only impulse, and not the power to reason. They may do human deeds without human thought. Their course may be guided by that which is stamped on their minds only with infinite patience—sometimes. But the dog is not always a creature of habit. It is not always easy to understand their flashes of comprehension.

Buck arose with a shiver, stretched his stiffening limbs and prepared to leap. Then, hesitating a moment, he turned his eyes to the boy as if somewhat uncertain and wishing to verify the command.

"Go fetch 'em, old pal!" with a nod of assurance.

A spring and a flash. Bob saw him scramble through the bulrushes, then leap again; and the storm had swallowed him up.

* * *

In the snow-filtered light from the hunting lodge windows, Buck followed an obscure path. It led from the beach to the kitchen door—the end of an arduous trail. But now, with his goal so near, the dog was strangely afraid. There were signs of a wolf in the snow, and the smell of a wolf in the air. Buck didn't know how recently that wolf had been frightened away. He didn't suspect a trap. He was timid merely by instinct.

Of a sudden the door flew open, and a rifle flashed in the lamp-light. Buck was not gray like a wolf, but form, in the sheeted frost-flame, meant more to the man than color. Now came a spiteful crack, and Buck lurched heavily forward.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature; with the brute, an age-old instinct. Buck was not mortally wounded. The leaden pellet from a small bore rifle had ripped its way through his left foreleg, but he held his ground without thought of fleeing. His was a faithful mission, and even in mortal terror of a second shot from the rifle, he lay very still in the snow, grimly determined to carry his message—all the way!

The hunter approached him with caution, tense for immediate action. But he held his fire, for Buck did not stir until he discovered his error.

"It's a dog," he informed his companions. "From the Chippewa Indian camp, I guess. No, it's that young fellow's pointer. . . . . Poor fellow, come here, and let's see what's happened."

* * *

By seven o'clock the storm had abated. Only a few dilatory flakes fell silently to the cotton-like sheet spread on the land and water. The course of two boats laboriously poled through the floating snow was revealed by a flickering lantern. Now, just ahead, the dancing light fell on the spectral form of another boat, partly concealed by the rushes. His hunting coat removed, and wrapped about him like a blanket, the boy lay with his head pillowed on one arm, beneath a snowy coverlet. Cold often induces sleep, especially when one is weary, and the boy was hurt and tired. They roused him to painful consciousness, wrapped about him the warm blankets they had brought from camp, and turned their boats toward the island.

With his arm bound to an improvised splint, and his dog's injury attended, Bob basked in the warmth of a glowing hearth and recounted his day's adventure.

"And you think your dog reasoned it out?" someone asked.

"Who can say?" the boy countered. "Who knows what inspired his purpose?"

Buck pressed his cold muzzle under Bob's hand.

"Good old pal," the boy soothed. "Somehow, it's plain, you did understand."

And Buck thumped his tail good-naturedly while his eyes brightened in a smile.

Habit, perchance, may induce a smile, but does one learn to smile without *reason?*

When September Comes to the Little River

By
EL COMANCHO
(*W. S. Phillips*)

AUGUST went out in a last flurry of sweltering heat and September was two days old; you could tell the difference by the look of the air if you lived along the Little River regularly, for August air is transparent, but it swirls with heat like a river of clear water, while September air is smoky-blue and quiet, like a lake on a windless day.

If you lived up town you'd say the first of September was just as hot as the last of August, but if you lived every day along the Little River you'd know it was different.

You see August is still summertime and it lets you know it in a dozen ways; you don't get a chance to forget it, for you see it and feel it on all sides, but just as soon as September comes, why, then, summer is done and fall has begun and you know it, too, right away.

If you look at the Little River you'll find that it is bluer today than it was yesterday and the little waves sparkle like a box of diamonds—and August river water never does this; it is drab-gray and drowsy and green.

Another thing: if it is still August the Purple Grackles will be chattering like a lot of people all talking together over in the cottonwoods, and if it is September they will have finished their talk and be scattered far and wide over all the fields.

The soft-shelled turtles always crawl out on the river bars all the time during August, and just as soon as September comes they crawl out only on the hottest days and a little while later they are gone entirely and you won't see them again until next summer.

You wouldn't know that if you lived up in town, but you would if you lived along the Little River all the time just like you'd know that Turtle Doves hatch two young ones at a time and have two broods a year (and sometimes three) and that the second brood is full grown and feeding in the stubble fields along with the Meadowlarks and the Quails in September.

The way you'd know for sure, though, that August is gone and September has come would not be from these things at all but from the Grasshoppers! Yeah, Grasshoppers!

You know, those fat yellow ones that you always find teetering and hanging upside down on the willows along the Little River, don't you? Well, they are full grown and can just fly by the time the first of September comes—and all they do in August is to hop—did you know that?

Another thing: August winds are gentle, happy little breezes just wandering around with no place particular to go, like a lot of little girls picking daisies in a meadow, and September has winds—real winds that whoop and bellow and roar across the empty sky for three days at a time.

Then, if you live along the Little River, you will get out your fish rod and look at the joints to see that they are all solid and you'll take a li'l piece of the oldest, wornest, greasiest, old emery paper you can find around the shop and you'll rub the ferrule ends that slip into the joints until they shine like new silver, then you'll wipe them clean with a soft piece of wool rag and try 'em just to see 'em slip down tight and true and solid into the joints.

Then you'll reel the line off—yards of fine, small line strong as steel wire, and you'll look it all over for kinks and flaws and maybe wipe it with a soft wool rag wet in real boiled linseed oil (no don't oil it—just wipe it thro' a soft wool rag wet in real boiled linseed like I tell you, as you wind it back on the reel again), and don't let 'em give you cottonseed oil for linseed either.

Then you'll wipe the rod over with a rag wet in spar varnish just the same way and you'll set it aside in the warm sun where the wind can blow on it while you rummage your tackle box and dig up a string of big, fat Yellow-May flies, that were tied as Bass flies, but are big as those big, fat yellow grasshoppers that are just learning to fly today.

And all this time, while you are doing these things you'll be whistling, maybe, "Sousa's March," or "Ta rah rah boom de aye," or sompn' or other that you used to know the last time before this that you was on earth—(seems like)—or else you'll, maybe, juss hum a little, kinda, chanty thing without any words, same as an Injun does when he has a glad heart, which is same way I do when I'm goin' fishin', and which is juss what I'm goin' to do inside of ten minutes!

But shucks! What I wanted to tell you about was the willows and those fat yellow grasshoppers juss learnin' to fly on first of September, and the south wind that blew for three days at a time.

It always blew then right straight across the Little River where it ran east, down over that place where the high water made the "step off" holes and built the bars.

Out there on the bars there were big, flat limestone rocks that always had crawfish under 'em when you turned 'em over and sometimes little eels, and sometimes fat pollywogs, with their frog legs just beginning to grow out, or maybe, grown enough already so they could hop a little bit—you know, frogs with a tail, not really frogs yet you know, but maybe would be in two, three days.

And, sometimes, under the rocks you'd find a water snake all quirled up and he'd run out quick and make you jump and by the time you'd get a rock to hit him with he'd be gone.

Then sometimes, remember, you'd find one of these big, long, gray Dobson-bugs with lotta legs and an awful pinchy pair of horns on his head—get your finger if you didn't look out—but gee! Wasn't he good catfish bait? You tell the world he was! Most as good as a little spotted frog three inches long; mustn't be bigger than that either—oh—well—maybe a li'l bigger wouldn't hurt, but not so very much! You know what I mean, don'tcha?

And soft-shell Crawfish, sometimes, under the rocks too—but darn it, there I go again! Whadda y' int'rupt me for alla time when I wanta tell you 'bout where the river runs east so the south wind can blow right across it and whip down over the high bank on the south side to shake the willows up and down to beat the band!

And then, you know, was when the fat, yellow grasshoppers got shooken off and landed, kersouse! Right in the water, maybe ten feet out from the edge of the bank, right square, slap-dab over the deep holes and the rapids n' everything so they drifted off down stream and kicked with their long hind legs trying to swim out.

Just as likely they'd swim in circles as any other way 'cause a grasshopper hasn't got any sense in the water like a frog has and he just kicks himself ahead and the current drifts him off down stream. Now a frog knows right where he's goin' even under water, but a grasshopper doesn't.

Right away you'd see why I told you how to fix your rod and your line so it would work fine and dandy and why I told you to dig up the big Yellow-May bass flies 'n everything, because, if you watched a yellow grasshopper, got blowed offa a willow by the south wind, and he went driftin' away down stream, why, pretty soon—maybe when he'd drifted ten feet, kickin' way he did, or maybe before he'd drifted anywheres al all, why, up 'd come a channel catfish and there he was—that fool grasshopper—gone!

Now, then, a fish can't think of only one thing at a time, so all you had to do was put a big Yellow-May fly on your line after you'd cut off, oh, say half of the wing-length, and you'd cast this right in where the wind was blowing the grasshoppers off of the willows and you'd let it drift down stream, but you

wiggled it, kind of jerky, so it looked like a grasshopper trying to swim, and then up 'd come a catfish and your Yellow-May fly would be gone! Oh gee-whillikins!

Maybe it was a little one pounder; or it might be a ten pounder got it; or, once in a long time, it might be a twenty pounder, or even a fifty pounder! Gosh!

'Nen Gee! Didn't you have a fight on hand! Oh boy! No place but on the Little River could you catch catfish with a fly and no place else could you find any fish that would fight as hard and as long as a Channel Cat five-pounder on a fly! You know it!

That is, if you lived, every day, along the Little River, like any fellow had ought to, you knew it; course if you lived up town you didn't know it, like 's not, any more 'n you knew how could a snake get through little bitta thin, skinny places, like cracks between rocks, 'cause he can make his ribs lay right straight out from his backbone till he's two inches wide and only quarter of an inch thick so he can get into li'l places where you'd never think he could.

"—you'll get out your fish rod and rub the ferrule ends until they shine like new silver—"

But I wanta tell you 'bout the Channel Cats and the yellow grasshoppers.

They'd be as thick on the willows as flies, and all day they got shooken off by the south wind into the current, all day the catfish laid there waitin' for em' to come driftin' long down, then they got caught by the fish an' et up. The fish got so fat and lazy they wouldn't bite, and by that time September was over and they swum away to the deep, still holes in the Little River, where you could look down thro the clear ice when you went skating and see 'em just as still as could be like they was dead. Only they wasn't, you'd find out, when you chopped a hole in the ice, and tried to snare 'em maybe; then they'd wake up and cut for some hole 'nunder the bank where you couldn't even see 'em and they would be only a hole in the ice left and it would freeze over rough, so you'd have to skate all 'round it till the fellows played shinny there long 'nough to make it smooth.

Of course if you lived up town you'd not know about any of these things any more'n you'd know about how squirrels built their leaf-nests up in the trees so they'd have a place to live in summer-time and not have to live in hollow trees like they did in winter.

In September you could always begin to find these leaf-nests easy because you could see 'em.

But if you played hooky most of the time so you could live along the Little River, 'stead of in a stuffy schoolhouse where they'd make you study readin', and writin', and 'rithmetic, (and grammer like as not), why, then, when you wanted to find a squirrel's nest, you wouldn't go lookin' up in the trees alla time, breakin' your neck, 'cause all you hadda do was look for a Grape vine (wild one I mean) runnin' up into a tree that wasn't too big.

Oh, of course, sometimes, the squirrels made their leaf-nests 'way up in a big Cottonwood where they was a big big Grape vine all over the top, but the best kind was always built in a little Oak tree forty, fifty feet high if it had a little Grape vine runnin' up into the branches.

You'd be sure to find a leaf-nest up there and then all you hadda do was jerk the Grape vine and out would come the squirrel 'nen you could shoot his head off with your rifle, if you was quick enough.

Squirrels never built in trees that didn't have a Grape vine in if they could help it.

Lots of times you'd find 'em in big Oak trees, but they'd be in the hollow limbs, 'stead of buildin' a leaf nest, and when you come along they would lay over on the other side of the limb so you couldn't see 'em and you'd, maybe, think there wasn't one single squirrel in that tree—that is, if you lived up town you would.

But if you lived along the Little River alla time you'd know by the looks of the tree that they had oughto be squirrels in it.

So if you played hookey a good deal, and camped along the Little River all the time, and didn't want anybody to find you, why, then you dug two, three caves in the bank, and built a pole roof, and fixed the front up with logs, and then you planted Wild Cucumbers so they grew up and covered everything and nobody could find your cave then!

But if they did, why you could get out like a Pirate Chief. One way led into the thick brush up on the bank and the other way you crawled out through a tunnel that led down to the river where you could slip into the water and swim down stream like a muskrat does, right up close to the bank, and nobody would ever think to look for you there in the water that way.

So you just went right on down, that way, to where you had another cave-camp built, same way, on the island and there you was—juss as comf'ble as anything and nobody knew where to look for you.

Then all you had to do was catch a mess of fish when you got hungry; or maybe you'd catch a mess of big Crawfish and boil 'em in salt water till they turned bright red so they was good to eat, like a Lobster, or you went and dug you a few P'tatoes outta Zimmerman's field and et 'em.

Or if you didn't, you dug some Artichokes, and they was just as good as any old p'tato—that is, in September they was.

If you lived along the Little River like that why, you lived like a King does, 'cause you was independent like him, and you knew all about everything, and you didn't have a bit of trouble.

September was always the nicest month of all along the Little River 'cause then you could catch Walleyed Pike and shoot squirrels and gather nuts and get wild honey or dig p'tatoes, if you didn't dig too many, so as to make the farmer that owned 'em mad about it, or you could get a hat full of his tomatoes he didn't care about, 'cause he had lots of 'em, or maybe you could hook one watermelon, or a hatful of apples, and he didn't care; and if he did, you could go some place else, little ways off, and find anything you wanted that way, specially in September, so you was all right; and you could still go swimmin', warm days, in the sunny bends, just like summer, even if it was September.

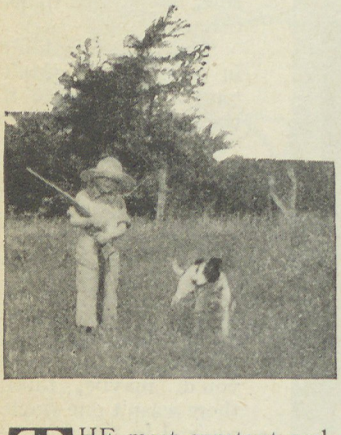
When Game Was Tame

Second half of the Hunting Story Contest

Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

A Boy, a Dog and a Gun

By J. C. EDWARDS



PREFACED by an introduction as rare in beautiful expression as it is rich in the boyhood lore of a nimrod, J. C. Edwards of Webster Groves, Missouri, has given you two memory gems that are truly delightful.

Replying to my letter of appreciation for these stories, brother Edwards writes: "My head is full my boyhood capers—for I had a wonderful boyhood as a tousled-headed hill-billy who grew up in the open with the birds, fish, wild animals, wind, rain, sunshine and shadow occupying a large place in my life. As a boy I never felt lonesome when roaming all day long through the woods alone. Being by nature a shy chap and being the oldest child in the family I turned to nature for companionship—and always found her a wonderful pal."

These well told tales should awaken memories in the hearts of every nimrod reader and flood this department with the wealth of "boyhood capers" and deviltry that have heretofore been latent in the minds of every boy of yesterday. Reflect! oh you money-grabbers, "Shandy" only cost a dollar!

M. L. G.

THE most constant and congenial couple in the whole world is a boy and his dog; death alone can disrupt this union. As a rustic urchin I was blessed at different times with several dogs: Peter, Shep, Bose, John L. Sullivan, Pie, Penny, and Tristram Shandy, Esq. All were great dogs—but the greatest was Shandy, a brown and white pointer.

One spring morning in my tenth year I was given a dollar by my father with the instructions to go over to old man Goslin's and buy one of his pups. No more delightful errand was ever set out upon by any boy. Two hours later I came steaming home proudly bearing in a small box, a fat little puppy, whose skin was so loose on him that it looked as if he was in danger of slipping out of it. This was not my first dog—but it was my first pup.

To my two younger sisters and me this wabbly little creature was a most hilarious object. At every little caper on his part we would split our sides with laughter. "Ain't he just too cute for anything," cooed Kate, when I condescended to allow her to cuddle him up under her chin. My mother cast the first shadow across my face by announcing that Pup would have to sleep in the woodshed a few nights till he got over his crying.

"But why will he cry, Ma?" I inquired, incredibly.

"I can't tell you why the little scamp will cry—but he'll cry, and he'll keep it up all night long for several nights—guess it's the nature of the little brute."

That no pup would cry without a reason I was sure; and I was going to make doubly sure that my pup had no reason for any such unpuppy-like carrying on. To that end a box was provided and furnished with a piece of discarded quilt; holes were bored in the sides for ventilation; and Pup was introduced to his bed during the afternoon in order that he might become reconciled to it. Of course, while my sisters and I were bubbling over the sides of this box, Pup showed no lachrymose inclinations. But, alas, I had something to learn about the perverseness of a pup.

When bed-time came, with many protestations against putting Pup out into the lonesome, dark woodshed, I tried to overcome my mother's objections to keeping him in the house. Failing in this, I carried Pup away in his box. Patting him on the head goodnight, and telling him to show Ma that he was not going to cry like common puppies, I put the lid on the box, laid a sledge hammer on the lid for safety, and started to the house. No sooner had the darkness hit Pup in the eye and the stillness had yelled into his ear that he was all alone, than he turned loose. Half way to the house I paused; I thought I heard symptoms of a whine—and I did. Hard on the heels of these symptoms came efforts surpassing symptoms till within a few seconds the whole woodshed was reverberating with one unceasing stream of wailings. Back I hurried to give succor. The instant Pup felt my reassuring hand on his back his wailings became whines, his whines faded away into little whimpers and then rippled away into silence. Three times I repeated this operation, my indignation rising several degrees at each repetition. Pup was showing remarkable possibilities of proving himself just an ordinary pup after all and of giving Ma a chance to say, "I told you so!" For the fourth and last time I quieted the perverse little rascal and set out for the house. When his wail again pealed forth I hurled back at him: "Well, you little goose, if that's all the gumption you've got, you can just yell all night!" At daybreak, when I went to see Pup, he had so habituated himself to wailing that it took him several minutes to taper off. Three days of this and Pup became a subdued member of the household.

Naming Pup was the next momentous problem. This could not be done off-hand. Every member of the family submitted names, all the way from "Cutie" by Mary to "Snipe" by Father; but Pup should have neither a sissy nor a menial name. It happened at this time that I was reading a stray copy of "Tristram Shandy," and as I had chuckled over Tristram so much it came to me to name my pup after this renowned character. From my mother came protestations—it was a name too ugly for even a dog to go through life burdened with; but my choice prevailed, and thereafter Pup became Tristram Shandy, Esq., which was reduced to Shandy for short.

While the most congenial couple in all the world is a boy and his dog, for unalloyed bliss there needs must be a trio: a boy, his dog and a gun. The world can't beat this combination!

After my father had trained Shandy to be an expert hunter, he bought me a gun. A most remarkable gun it was: an obsolete Springfield musket bored out to transform it into a shot gun. It still retained its clumsy stock and huge hammer of bellicose days—and retailed for the sum of three dollars and fifty cents. The loading of this gun was a test of one's acumen. There were no ounce and dram measures to supplant the judgment, nor wads of varying thickness and texture to insure perfect combustion of the powder. By none of these impedimenta was I hampered! My hand sufficed for a measuring cup, and an old newspaper furnished the wadding. From my powder horn I would pour into my palm a cone of powder, and run it into the muzzle of my gun. On top of this would be rammed down a wad of paper. Here was where the loader displayed his deftness; the paper on the powder would be driven home till the ram-rod on its rebound would leap clear of the muzzle. This accomplished, the load of shot was poured into the hand and thence into the gun; a light tamping of paper on the shot, a bright percussion cap on the tube, and all was ready for another explosion. My perseverance at loading put me soon in the expert class.

No prouder hunter, though arrayed in all the modern equip-

ments, ever set forth than did I with my three-dollar-and-fifty-cent gun on my shoulder, my powder horn and shot pouch slung at my side, and with Shandy cutting gleeful circles around me in eager anticipation. Many a day we ranged up hill and down hill, kicked into brush heaps, searched hedge rows, wasted much ammunition—and came home empty-handed.

My First Quail

The bagging of my first quail was an event of great moment in my life. One winter day Shandy and I were hunting down a hedge row with a corn field alongside. While Shandy was thrashing through the corn he stopped suddenly, picked up a scent and followed it to the hedge. Here he slowed down to a creep and I looked around to see if I was backing him up. Excitement I knew was forthcoming. Cocking my gun and coming to "ready," I began admonishing Shandy: "Steady there—steady, now—hold—hold!" At each of my cautions the tip of Shandy's tail would vibrate like a silencing finger as if it were saying, "Can't you be still?" As Shandy advanced his movements became slower and more cautious. Presently he made a stand. To see my dog take a perfect stand, so tensely motionless, one forefoot lifted, tail as straight as a ram-rod, nose pointing toward the hidden covey—this sight thrilled me. It is one of the exalted moments vouchsafed a hunter. I tiptoed forward and craned my neck this way and that, trying to get a pot-shot. Taken by a boy of ten, just learning to shoot, and in "days when game was tame," a pot-shot was not frowned upon as a serious breach of sportsmanship. But my eye could not compete with Shandy's nose; before I could get sight of the game there was a flutter, a whir among the hazel brush, and out came a dozen quail pell-mell.

Pointing my gun in the general direction of the confusion, I shut both eyes and pulled the trigger. I came to just in time to glimpse a bird falling to the ground—my first bird. It hit the ground running. I saw that I had only winged it. Dropping my gun in the snow, I set out with Shandy in mad pursuit. Down the hedge row we went, ducking in and out through briars and hazel brush, for a good hundred yards, before Shandy finally caught my bird and held it till I came up. Immediately, I gave the wounded bird its death stroke as I had often seen my father do. Back to my gun I walked on air, caressing my bird as I went, with Shandy leaping proudly at my side. But no more hunting that day. With my bird dangling in the sling, I headed for home as proud as a young head-hunter bringing home his first trophy. A congratulatory dialogue was indulged in between Shandy and myself on the way home—I using my tongue and Shandy his tail.

As I swaggered into the house, my father caught sight of the bird and inquired, "Why, hello, son, where did you find that frozen bird?" "Frozen bird, nothin'!" I challenged, "Just wait till I get it picked; I'll show you how I got it!"

With this I hastened to the back yard to pick my quail. That feat accomplished, sufficiently to satisfy the exactions of a boy, I marched proudly back into the house to exhibit, to my incredulous father, the wounded wing. He examined it, and with a chuckle at the sight of the lone shot said, "I'll give in, son; you got your bird fairly and squarely—but by a mighty close shave."

The "close shave" didn't disturb me a bit—I had got my bird.

My First Skunk

Shandy and I grew up as boys together, or as dogs together, depending on the point of view; to me we were boys together, but to my patient and long-suffering mother, we were dogs together. Shandy was not only a wonderful bird dog but was also a good sport, ready to indulge in any kind of mischief I proposed.

Among numerous other adventures that Shandy and I took part in there was one that resulted in our being almost cast into outer darkness. In the vicinity of my home there dwelt in happy contentment—except when disturbed by Shandy and me—several colonies of those docile and attractive creatures known by the name of skunks. There is no other word in the English language quite so suggestive as the word "skunk," especially when it is pronounced with that disgusted kick through the nose that can be given only by one who has had intimate dealings with one of these "pesky critters." At the opening of this episode Shandy and I were blissfully ignorant of most of the calamitous possibilities wrapped up in "skunk."

It happened that one summer day when I had tired of loafing I resolved to take Shandy and give battle to these peaceful "varmints." Shouldering my father's long-handle shovel, with Shandy at my heels, I fared forth in search of adventure. A few minutes' walk brought us into the enemy's country. It was a prosperous little colony we found; there was no garbage in sight; the premises were spick and span; no odor could be detected to indicate the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the dwellers therein.

After looking over the ground, Shandy and I selected the largest hole for our attack. Shandy began scratching and barking, and I began plying the shovel. The ground was hard, and the edge of the shovel was sharp to my bare feet, but the hope of reward spurred us on. Work had not proceeded far till we were aware that our labors were not to be in vain. After we had excavated eight or ten feet we knew that excitement would soon be forthcoming; Shandy was barking wildly, bristling ferociously, sneezing and coughing frequently, and the air was becoming surcharged with pungency.

After a few more shovelfuls of dirt were pried loose by my and thrown by Shandy in a spray between his hind legs, Shandy gave a mighty lunge into the hole and backed out with his antagonist in his teeth. It was wholly evident to my astonished eye that we had unearthed the patriarch of the flock. Mr. Skunk loomed almost as large as Shandy. Retreating beyond the danger zone—so I thought—I urged Shandy to do his best—and Shandy did—and Mr. Skunk returned the compliment—and then some.

After a few minutes, Shandy became seasick and staggered to the top of the bank for a whiff of breathable air. Mr. Skunk was too nearly done for, to retreat—even if he had wanted to—but he still had a little more life left in him—and a little more fight. A short respite, and Shandy, urged on by me, returned and finished his job—and he seemed mighty glad when it was through. Going to the tall grass, he lay down in it, rolled over countless times, wriggled along the ground on all four sides, snorted, sneezed, coughed, and showed every dog sign he knew to emphasize his disgust with his plight.

Being ignorant of the clinging propensity of skunk odor, I thought that if I did not touch the animal I would be immune from contamination. So, pushing the shovel under our trophy, I started home, dragging the shovel and its load behind me, while Shandy, tail at half mast, covered the rear as chief mourner. Oversaturation had deadened my olfactory nerves, until I was oblivious of the fact that Shandy and I were heralding our approach home like a trumpet of old. Nor did I know that the wind was scurrying past us and wafting ahead the glad tidings.

As we neared home, I saw my mother come to the door, gaze fixedly a minute in our direction, jerk her hand to her nose and disappear, just as I was ready to wave my hand and shout triumphantly, "Hey, Ma, we've got him!"

When we reached the yard gate, Mother appeared again: "Jack, stop right where you are! Don't you dare come inside this yard! My goodness! What have you and that dog been doing?"

"Why, Ma, what's the matter? We've caught the skunk that's been eatin' your chickens. Don't you want to see it? My, but it's a buster! I'll bet he's the one that killed the old rooster!"

"Have you got that nasty thing there? Get it back down the road as fast as you can go! And don't you let that dog in the yard!"

"Well, but, Ma, I want to bury it," I pleaded, wondering why my mother was throwing such a duck-fit.

"Why didn't you bury it where you killed it, then?"

"But I want to dig it up and skin it. Bill Creasey told me if I would bury a skunk three days all the stink would leave it."

"And you are crazy enough to believe what he told you! Take that thing down in the woods and bury it without another word from you—it's making me sick!"

"It made Shandy sick, too, Ma."

"Go on, I tell you!"

Without more ado, Shandy and I retreated into the woods and buried our trophy. This rite performed, we drew up again at the yard fence and I called, "O, Ma, what do you want now?"

Ma, still unmollified, appeared with a cake of home-made soap. "Take this soap," she snapped as she tossed it to me, "go into the calf-lot, take off your shirt and overalls and hang them on the fence at the back lot, and then you and that dog get out to the pond back of the orchard and scrub yourselves!"

"Aw, Ma," I whined, "do we stink as bad as you are lettin' on? I can't smell us very much."

"Smell as bad as I am lettin' on? Goodness gracious! You smell so bad that I bet old Bobby Mack can smell you clear over to his cabin, as dirty and filthy as he is! Go along now and scrub yourselves—and don't you dare come back till you are clean!"

Shortly there was seen stealing through the orchard a boy clad only in olfactory vestments, with a cake of soap in one hand and a rope in the other leading an unwilling dog, who seemed to have a presentiment that something direful was impending.

Thus ended for Shandy and me our first adventure with a skunk—and also our last—we trapped them after this.

While this little incident culminated for me tragically at the time of its happening, the years, that have sped by since, have transformed it into a most delightful comedy; and among the many pictures of my boyhood escapades that hang in the halls of my memory, one that I still enjoy greatly, and one that stands out just as clearly today as it did the day it was made, years ago, is "My First Skunk."

If any Waltonian, in his boyhood, missed an experience akin to this, I feel sorry for him. There is still a chance, however, for him to have an experience with almost as many thrills—just fall into one of our polluted streams. But I must hasten to beg sacred skunk's pardon for the malodorous comparison.

The Bittern Remembers

By C. M. MORGAN

The contributor of "Gander Enoch," which appeared in the August issue, has sent in another nature story that reads better than most of Aesop's, and Morgan says it's true. Maybe it is the mirages and monotony of the desert about Phoenix, Arizona, that conjure up these interesting memories. Morgan promises he will start a chapter in Phoenix. We need more Morgans, Chas. M.'s as well as J. P.'s.

M. L. G.

WILD things do not forget. This is an axiom that has been impressed upon us from the time of the fable about the man who took the thorn out of the lion's foot. But here is a true one. It is an experience of "Bill" Holder, well known to many sportsmen of the middle west. Bill lives in Battle Creek, and is one of Michigan's best known fishermen and hunters. Ten years ago Bill was fishing in a bayou of the Kalamazoo river, between Battle Creek and Augusta.

There was a bittern (we used to call 'em "shikepokes" when I was a boy) standing by a muskrat mound. Bill was working over that way, casting in the direction of the bird, and got quite close to the big bird, yet it remained immobile. The unusual actions of the bird aroused Bill's curiosity, and suggested the effort to see how near he could get to the stately creature before it took wing. He rowed right up to the bird, and found that it was caught in a muskrat trap.

The great bittern as you know, has considerable bill, and could make a nasty dig if he were so inclined, so Holder approached with caution, slowly held out his hand, and touched the bird on top of his head. Naturally, tne bittern ducked, and scrutinized his visitor, but displayed no belligerency. Again Bill reached out carefully, and this time was allowed to touch the bird's head, stroke its neck, and gradually work down and smooth the gorgeous feathers on its back.

At length, believing that the bird was convinced of his good intentions, Bill released the majestic flier from the trap, which had gripped high up on its leg. The slender leg was broken and all but severed.

With his jack knife, Holder amputated the leg, chewed up a quid of tobacco, the only antiseptic at hand, tore up a handkerchief and made a crude bandage for the stub. The bittern lay quiet during the entire operation.

The emergency operation completed, Holder set the bird in his boat and started down the lake. The shikepoke stood on one leg in the bottom of the boat, calmly inspected Bill's surgical efforts, but made no effort to remove the bandage, and remained standing in the boat while it was rowed half a mile down the lake. Then, without demonstration of any kind it took wing and departed.

Holder frequently saw the bird that summer, standing on its one foot. When alone he could approach within a paddle length of the bird, but if Bill had human company, his feathered friend took wing at the regulation distance.

The next year the same bird was back, and again he would allow his one-time rescuer and surgeon to come quite close but no one else. The original incident occurred in the summer of 1914, and Holder has met his feathered friend every year since.

Our feathered and furred friends of the wild places do remember their friends, and this incident makes it seem worth while to have a few wild friends, other than those of the human species.

My First (and Only) Deer

By ELTINGE ELMORE

Eltinge Elmore, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, rises with a deer story that will make all you big game hunters itch at the trigger finger or the shutter thumb. Of course, this department does not countenance or recommend the twenty-two as a deer rifle, although a moose and black bear have fallen victims to it. Withal, this is a real story, well told.

M. L. G.

TO tell you that I shot a deer; that it weighed two hundred forty-seven pounds; that I was the only one of a party of five who had the good fortune to bring down a deer during the four days in camp, and that it was my first (and unpremeditated) experience in hunting large game would give my readers only the barest outline of a most interesting hunting trip which I had in Northern Michigan.

As I again recall to my mind the memories of those four wonderful days, I breathe once more the odors of damp earth, mouldy log, pungent pipe and fragrant balsam: I hear again the hooting owl, the high sweet piping notes of the white-throated sparrow, the rushing wind through the tree tops, the crack and crash of falling branches from some dead trunk in the forest, and again comes the soothing sound of rippling waters in the trout stream that ran through our camp, murmuring, gurgling and whispering along the bed of the stream over stones, around boulders, under logs and driftwood, lodged at the bend of the little river. I see again the circle around the great fire place where we gathered in the evenings to relate Munchausen tales of our skill and prowess in the fields of hunting and adventure, and again I smile at the echoes of the great booming laugh of the post-master and the shrill cackling cacophonous giggle of the "infant" (who was five feet six and weighed 254 pounds)—but this is not telling you how I shot my deer and excited the envy of the whole party!

I had not joined the party for the purpose of deer hunting, for my only gun was a .22 calibre Magazine Winchester chambered for Long Rifle Cartridges, while all the others had nothing less than the 30-30s. It was on the second day of our stay in camp that my good luck came. I remember how our jolly host awakened us that morning with his shout of "All out—daylight in the swamp," and how I hated to leave my warm blankets, for the mercury had dropped during the night to ten above zero, and ice had formed on the pail and wash basin in the cabin.

Immediately after breakfast the four deer hunters started out with the guides and I was left to my own devices. Nothing was further from my thoughts on the bright, clear November day than the idea of shooting a deer. The doctor had told me that Tamarack Lake, a short distance from camp, contained plenty of bass and pickerel and that I would find good fishing grounds at the lower end near the thoroughfare which led into another small lake. Soon after the party had gone, I started out with rod, tackle box and my .22 Winchester, thinking that possibly I might find a stray duck on the lake, or a partridge in the woods, or that I might do some target shooting, but with nothing definite in mind, excepting, perhaps, casting and trolling.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

The shore line on each side was on a level with the water, composed of a thick black muck and decayed vegetation with innumerable bunches of roots, small piles of dead branches and driftwood, while here and there a few elm trees lay prostrate with their enormous roots radiating from their bases like the arms of a great octopus. I had made about a hundred yards into the thoroughfare, occasionally pulling in my line to rid the hook of its accumulation of weeds, when, on turning my head in a casual manner, I saw over my shoulder, about twenty-five yards away, a deer, lying down in a bunch of roots.

I was not surprised. I remember that I did not think for the moment that it was anything to be surprised or excited over. I looked the deer in the eyes, and he looked at me. The boat slowly drifted by and I reeled in my line, the buck's big eyes following me, his head slowly turning as I passed. When his head was turned so that his nose was in line with the rear of my boat, he slowly rose and began to walk very daintily and gingerly through the muck and morass under his feet. Even then I did not seem to realize the fact that there was a magnificent nine-pronged pair of antlers, fastened to a two hundred fifty pound buck, walking away, and that any one of my friends, out in the woods at that moment just looking for such a specimen, would have given a week's salary if he could have been in my place. My only thought was "What a beauty! Just look at those dainty feet and legs! How can such a set of 'pipe stems' ever support his body and carry him with the speed of an express train?"

While these thoughts were floating through my head, the deer continued on his way, and he had gone, perhaps fifty yards in a straight line in front of me, when he started to trot. Then, all at once, I came to. Picking up my gun from the bottom of the boat I called out, "Say, old fellow, I'm going to tickle your ribs a little," and with that I fired. I saw a tuft of hair fly from off his rump, and the deer suddenly turned at right angles and made for the water of the thoroughfare, with the evident intention of swimming across. I then had a broadside chance at him. The range was about seventy-five yards, and I gave him two more shots before he plunged into the water. By that time I was really awake and I rapidly fired three more shots, two of which took effect, as I afterwards found, one penetrating his backbone. Upon reaching the further shore he plunged through the muck and mire, sinking to his knees at every jump, and then disappeared behind a clump of bushes about thirty feet from the water. I saw the top of his antlers for a moment, as he rose to the jump which he made over a log in his path. Then a muffled crash! Quiet for about five seconds! Then a sound like "blub-blub-blub!" And absolute stillness!

Intensely excited by that time, I picked up my oars, turned the boat about and rowed rapidly toward the approximate location of the last sound, to begin my search. The shore was such a quagmire that I could find no footing, and there was no way of pushing my boat through the muck. There was not a sound to be heard excepting that "lap-lap-lap" of the water against the sides of my boat. I knew that that deer was not hiding. There had been no crashing through the bush after that last plunge. I had a feeling that he was "My deer." But after a half hour of fruitless effort to reach the spot where I felt sure I would find him, I turned back and rowed to camp. The entire party was waiting on shore, anxious to know what "all that popping down at the end of the lake was about."

I told them in a casual way that I had shot a buck, weighing probably two hundred pounds, but could not get at him without help. Of course, my story was greeted with uplifted eyebrows, derisive laughter and sarcastic remarks about my little pop gun. When I had told all the details and assured them that I had good grounds for my belief, the more credulous doctor said, "I believe he got the fellow, and I am going to take Jim along and hunt around." About three hours later, when they returned with the carcass of the deer in the boat, I was vindicated.

My theory, now perfectly established, had been, that the deer was mortally hurt when he reached the further shore and in jumping over the log had pitched head first into the muck. Being weakened by loss of blood (internal hemorrhage), he was unable to extricate his nose, and had thus hastened his own death by smothering. Of course, the boys philosophized about "A fool for luck, and a poor man for children," "and a fellow's falling into the lake and coming out dry," etc., but they were compelled to give me credit for being "high gun" for the week and congratulated me on my wonderful luck in killing so large a deer with so small a gun.

Benjamin Franklin Park

On beautiful Isle Royal

By DR. E. H. GOERING

PICTURE, brother Waltonian, the public spirited sentiment and wholeheartedness of men who are big enough to be willing to give to the U. S. Government a tract of 21,243.24 acres situated on Isle Royal in Lake Superior. This tract of land, if accepted by the government, is to be used for park purposes, and it is the intention of these pioneers to have the name of Benjamin Franklin Park allotted to this territory.

Not only that, but they will give an additional acreage to make a sum total of 56,000 acres if their first offering is accepted. The history of this historic island dates back to the time when Benjamin Franklin at the treaty of Ghent secured for the United States for all time to come Isle Royal. Franklin, who was in Paris during the Revolution, caught a hint from the French records that Isle Royal was rich in copper, so he determined to get it included in the American holdings. Without that thought, the boundary might very naturally have been the St. Louis River instead of Pigeon River. Aiming to get for America an island of copper, Franklin got for it, as a by-product of this effort, the greater riches of the Mesaba and Vermilion iron ranges. Not to name this park after him would be manifestly a blunder. Of course, the whole island should be a national park. If the government could buy the rest of it, before the timber in the western half of the island is cut, it would get not only a park and playground but a valuable addition to its forest reserves. But at least the opening offered by this chance to get the most beautiful part of the island as a national park, which would be the second national park east of the Mississippi and the largest should by all means be snapped up by everybody concerned.

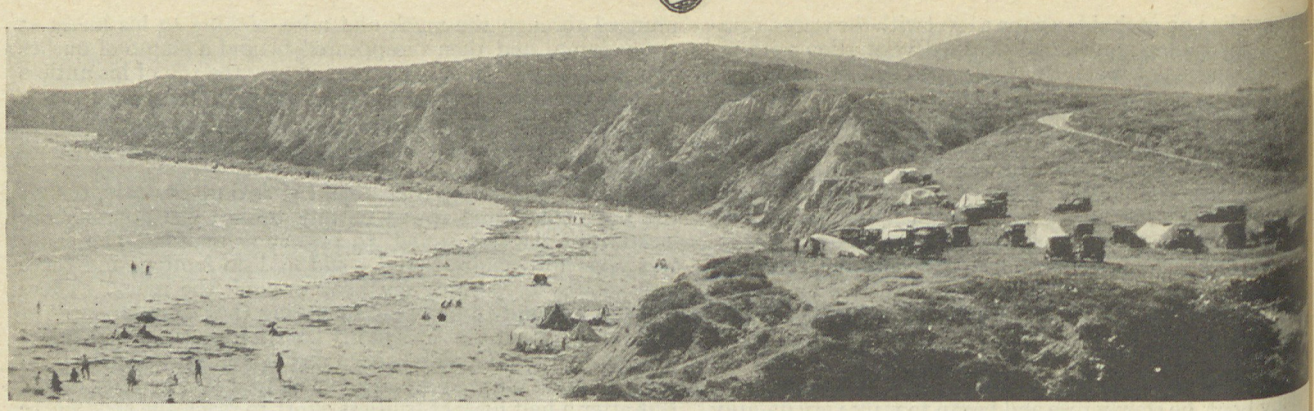
The Island Copper Company, of which Mr. Alfred Merritt and Thomas F. Cole are the principal owners, is responsible for this wonderful gift to mankind. The first grant comprising 21,243 acres, takes up that part of the island that is the most scenic and beautiful. It runs roughly from McCargos Cove on the north side of the island to the head of Rock Harbor on the south side. East of this the island splits itself off into timbered ribs of rock, separated by deep fjords, steep precipices and innumerable beautiful islands. In addition to the scenic value the moose have increased, until it is estimated that nearly 2,000 moose are on the island. This conservation may be credited to the State of Michigan as no killing of moose is allowed on the island. It is one of the very few places in the United States in which there are any woodland caribou left, and it is naturally protected by a vast amount of Lake Superior water on all sides. It is in its natural, wild environment. These men are giving the timber with the grant. Fostered by men who have seen the destructive methods of man in our North country and who are big enough to preserve for those to come a playground in its natural state, my children and your children's children will thank them for time to come.

Isle Royal, only a few hours distant from Duluth by boat, is 45 miles long and nine miles wide, and will furnish a splendid game preserve and an ideal playground.

It is said to be the only known place where chlorastrolites (green stones) are found, and from a geologic viewpoint offers rich opportunities for investigation and research. There are heavy stands of virgin balsam, fir and spruce and some red or Norway pine, while poplar, birch and hard maple are to be found in the higher reaches.

The moose on the island are said to number about 1800 with 400 mountain caribou. The only sharp tailed grouse in Michigan are to be found here and the island is the breeding place of vast numbers of migratory song birds of all kinds, also gulls, terns and wild fowl.

Although this land has rich mineral deposits its formation is such as to make mining operations difficult and prohibitively costly. This accounts for the fact that the timber has not been despoiled for commercial purposes. Many harbors and bays indent the shores of the island.



Outing parties on a Southern California beach at grunion time.

The Moonlight Dance *of the* Silver Grunion

By GEORGE LAW

OF all kinds of fishing none is quite so novel and exciting as grunion catching. Properly speaking this rare sport, limited to a half dozen moonlight nights on a few beaches in Southern California, is not fishing; angling and seining do not apply to it; hooks and lines are worthless, nets of only secondary service. The grunions, or little smelt, are not taken out of the water: they are picked up off the sand, literally, food cast up by the waters,—a flopping, wiggling silver horde, for all the world like tiny glistening sprites dancing in the moonlight.

Notwithstanding that the runs of these little fish have been occurring regularly each year and that the Spanish-Californians long since found a name for them, until quite recently little has become known either about their habits or their clan.

It is now established upon the authority of Dr. P. S. Barnhart of the Scripps Institution of Biological Research that they are a sort of smelt bearing the scientific name of *Leuresthes tenuis*. In an article contributed to "California Fish and Game" he says: "The nightly run begins within a few minutes of the time when the tide is at its highest point and lasts for several hours. The fish shoot in with an incoming wave, sometimes forcing themselves up the slope of the beach by wiggling and flipping until a favorable place is found, rest quietly a moment while depositing milt or eggs, begin wiggling again in the sand and finally flip back or shoot back with the next high wave that reaches them."

To this may be added the evidence of many observers that the runs occur in March, April, May and sometimes also June, only by moonlight; that is, on those nights during full moon, or shortly after, when the time of high tide coincides with the rising of the moon. This apparent dependence of the spawning upon the tide and the moon limits the runs to a few hours on three or four nights out of each of the three or four months. In the event of fogs or cold, stormy weather the runs may not occur as scheduled; they may even be skipped entirely and not take place until the following month. On the other hand, the bright bonfires and lanterns of the expectant watchers have been known to lure the schools out in spite of fogs, as well as often ahead of moonrise.

This curious invasion of the sands is limited, so far as is known, to beaches along the coast of Southern California between Point Loma and Point Firmin. The most favorable places are near the small estuaries or mouths of rivers and freshets which empty their flood waters into the sea. Channels are usually open at this time, and the grunions seem to delight in crowding into the shallows where the salt and fresh waters blend.

Dr. Barnhart found that the males were greatly in excess of the females,—an item that may slightly palliate the raids of grunion picnickers. The spawning in the sand is a necessary means with this little fish of securing the fertilization of its eggs. When the run takes place the sand is literally alive with thousands of silver glinting fish; with[out] doubt it is well saturated with milt, and [al]though but a few seconds may intervene [be]tween waves, the likelihood is that not many eggs are was[hed] back unfertilized into the sea. The eggs are heavy and sink [to] the bottom where they remain until hatched, or eaten [by] prowling crab or shellfish.

At San Juan point near Capistrano lives an old fisherm[an] whose voluminous and readily accessible knowledge of [the] creatures is of the first hand sort, derived without book mod[i]cation direct from experience. Carl Free (happy name, [de]scriptive of the life he leads!) has spent much of a lifetime [in] the company of abalones, Pacific lobsters, barracuda and oth[er] offshore denizens including annual soirees with grunions. [For] railroad timetable information regarding the arrival and depa[r]ture of the grunion hordes, Carl is the man to apply [to]. According to him the grunion is a cross between a sardi[ne] and a smelt, partaking a good deal more of the former [in] of the latter. While it has the silveriness of a smelt it look[s] and tastes like a sardine. The peculiar strong smelt flavor [is] not there: on the whole the grunion is better eating.

Carl declares that the grunion is a deep sea fish; for not on[ly] is it firm like the pressure-resistant fishes, but it contains [in] the inside streaks of dark tissue, associated by Carl with th[e] slimes of the deep sea bottom. Moreover only at spawni[ng] time has he encountered it in shallow water. Then it rises [in] great schools which, pursued by hungry mobs of larger fishes, make their way to favorite moonlit beaches. There, only to [be] often, they leap out of the jaws of their pursuers into the fryi[ng] pans of the shore prowlers. The eggs, according to Carl, tur[n] into tiny fishes almost as soon as they reach the water; and [as] schools pursued by other enemies the newborn trail along th[e] bottom back to the deep sea homesteads.

There are sportsmanlike and unsportsmanlike ways of cap[-] turing grunions. Of the former the merriest is to don bathi[ng] suit or old duds and wade boldly in, scrambling for a mess [of] fish the way a gang of urchins scrambles for pennies. Th[e] elusive feature is not the competition (though this may [be] great on certain beaches) so much as the slipperiness of th[e] animate silver. A carrying net should be at hand into whi[ch] to place the captured quarry. It is sportsmanlike to use [a] small hand net of the butterfly catching order, not for th[e] scooping in of fish but to keep them from getting away wh[en] fairly captured.

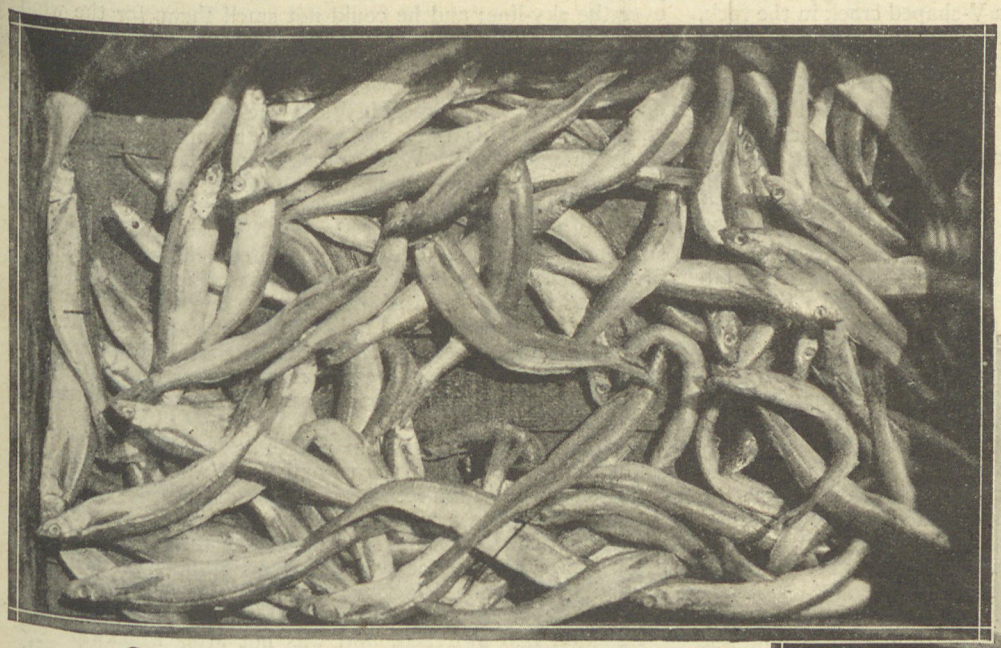
On the other hand it is certainly not sportsmanlike to op[er]ate with the help of others a long net to prevent the litt[le] smelt from flipping back down the beach into the water. [I] have seen a party of four make prodigious hauls in this unla[w]manner. As soon as the wave tossed the myriads of flappi[ng] fish high on the sand, the two managing the long strip of ne[t] quickly placed it tight against the sand between the fish an[d] the water. The other two then dashed in and scooped u[p] the helplessly bagged fish by the bucketful. Not a sing[le]

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

grunion in the length of the net got back to water. This is not only abusing a good thing, but it is making sordid business of what should be merry pastime.

By such unsportsmanlike practices the grunions will be altogether exterminated in a few more years, and the beautiful amazing spectacle of moonlit sands flashing animate silver will no longer be available. The grunions are threatened with a fate like that which hung over Southland holly, and it begins to appear as though similar protection must soon be afforded them.

According to Carl Free only carrying nets should be used as receptacles for the captured fish. For, while the fish are taken away, the spawn and milt will escape through the nets to the sand and thus perpetuate the species. But if the grunions are snatched up to be placed in sacks, buckets, baskets, cans and other solid receptacles, the eggs will be carried away also.



Grunions or Little Smelt, as picked up off the sand.

This moonlight dance of the grunions is now known to a good many people. Whereas before the cement highways of natives and ranchers were regularly on hand for the runs, now great numbers of campers and picnickers from the cities and all parts of California flock to the beaches at grunion time. Their tents and campfires dot and illuminate the shoes for miles at a stretch in those attractive places, fortunately still plentiful, where the coast is still a wild and free domain.

A plunge in the surf before sundown; an appetizing supper of steak grilled over the coals or hot-dogs roasted on the ends of sticks, accompanied by buns and plenty of strong coffee; an evening passed with ukulele, steel-guitar and singing, and the picnickers are ready for the midnight scramble. An hour before moonrise they begin to patrol the beach, watching with lanterns and flashlights for the grunions to appear. Finally a full moon, or one wearing an invisible hat tilted at a rakish angle, slowly tops the hills.

Before long a shout is heard down the beach. There is a general rush in that direction. Excited cries, shrieks of laughter and howls of wet dismay mingle with the rumble and clap of the surf as a half dozen barelegged boys and girls emerge with the first handfuls of slippery fish. The others arrive just as an out going wave carries the last of the grunions back to sea. For they ride in on one wave and slide back on the next, with but a short interlude of silvery dancing upon the sand. Usually as the people collect at one point shouts are heard somewhere else; and the groups disperse as suddenly as they assembled. In this manner persons without the "knack" may waste the whole night running back and forth, just too late at every gay soiree. The surest way is to wait for the fish to come to you. The schools spread out from fifty to several hundred feet when they make the runs, and every part of the beach is visited a number of times during the night.

It takes a good many fish to make a mess. Sardine like in size the most do not measure more than three or four inches. After being cleaned they may be fried, baked in damp paper, or broiled, according to the taste of the epicure. The favorite recipe of the Spanish-Californians is to roll them in corn meal and swim them to a crisp in plenty of sizzling hot lard. A French fry in olive oil prepares them to a queen's taste. In spite of being small the grunion makes most satisfactory eating. The flesh peels readily from the central spine of bones (there are no others), while the flavor is equal to that of mountain trout. Or, following the example of the natives, the crispy tid-bits may be held in the fingers and eaten like breadsticks, skin, flesh, bones and all.

But, after all, the eating is a secondary consideration with many grunion picnickers. The excitement and merriment of the sport take first place; the fish they will gladly give away. While with still others the novelty and beauty of the sight takes precedence over both. Always will a great many people be attracted to the mid-night scene wholly for the interest and pleasure of witnessing so unusual a spectacle. And indeed what could be more novel and beautiful than the sight of these little fish quitting their true element to dance and flicker like leaves of silver a few ecstatic moments on the moonlit sands!

Carl Free, the fisherman, "wise in grunions and ebb tide lore."

The Grizzly King

Illustrations by Leonard J. Cronin

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE sounds of the battle on the ledge reached Muskwa in his hiding place. The crevice was a V-shaped crack in the rock, and he had wedged himself as far back in this as he could. He saw Thor pass the opening of his refuge after he had killed the fourth dog; he heard the click, click, click of his claws as he retreated up the trail; and at last he knew that the grizzly was gone, and that the enemy had followed him.

Still he was afraid to come out. These strange pursuers that had come up out of the valley had filled him with a deadly terror. Pipoonaskoos had not made him afraid. Even the big black bear that Thor killed had not terrified him as these red-lipped, white-fanged strangers had frightened him. So he remained in his crevice, crowded as far back as he could get, like a wad shoved in a gun-barrel.

He could still hear the tongueing of the dogs when other and nearer sounds alarmed him. Langdon and Bruce came rushing around the bulge in the mountain wall, and at sight of the dead dogs they stopped. Langdon cried out in horror.

He was not more than twenty feet from Muskwa. For the first time the cub heard human voices; for the first time the sweaty odour of men filled his nostrils, and he scarcely breathed in his new fear. Then one of the hunters stood directly in front of the crack in which he was hidden, and he saw his first man. A moment later the men, too, were gone.

Later Muskwa heard the shots. After that the barking of the dogs grew more and more distant until finally he could not hear them at all. It was about three o'clock—the siesta hour in the mountains, and it was very quiet.

For a long time Muskwa did not move. He listened. And he heard nothing. Another fear was growing in him now—the fear of losing Thor. With every breath he drew he was hoping that Thor would return. For an hour he remained wedged in the rock. Then he heard a *cheep, cheep, cheep*, and a tiny striped rock-rabbit came out on the ledge where Muskwa could see him and began cautiously investigating one of the slain Airedales.

This gave Muskwa courage. He pricked up his ears a bit. He whimpered softly, as if beseeching recognition and friendship of the one tiny creature that was near him in this dreadful hour of loneliness and fear.

Inch by inch he crawled out of his hiding-place. At last his little round, furry head was out, and he looked about him. The trail was clear, and he advanced toward the rock-rabbit. With a shrill chatter the striped mite darted for its own stronghold, and Muskwa was alone again.

For a few moments he stood undecided, sniffing the air that was heavy with the scent of blood, of man, and of Thor; then he turned up the mountain.

He knew Thor had gone in that direction, and if little Muskwa possessed a mind and a soul they were filled with but one desire now—to overtake his big friend and protector. Even fear of dogs and men, unknown quantities in his life until today, was now overshadowed by the fear that he had lost Thor.

He did not need eyes to follow the trail. It was warm under his nose, and he started in the zigzag ascent of the mountain as fast as he could go. There were places where progress was difficult for his short legs, but he kept on valiantly and hopefully, encouraged by Thor's fresh scent.

It took him a good hour to reach the beginning of the naked shale that reached up to the belt of snow and the sky-line, and it was four o'clock when he started up those last three hundred yards between him and the mountain-top. Up there he believed he would find Thor. But he was afraid, and he continued to whimper softly to himself as he dug his little claws bravely into the shale.

Muskwa did not look up to the crest of the peak again after he had started. To have done that it would have been necessary for him to stop and turn sidewise, for the ascent was steep. And so, when Muskwa was halfway to the top, it happened that he did not see Langdon and Bruce as they came over the sky-line; and he could not smell them, for the wind was blowing up instead of down. Oblivious of their presence he came to the snow-belt. Joyously he smelled of Thor's huge footprints, and followed them. And above him Bruce and Langdon waited, crouched low, their guns on the ground, and each with his thick flannel shirt stripped off and held ready in his hands. When Muskwa was less than twenty yards from them they came tearing down upon him like an avalanche.

Not until Bruce was upon him did Muskwa recover himself sufficiently to move. He saw and realized danger in the last fifth of a second, and as Bruce flung himself forward, his shirt outspread like a net, Muskwa darted to one side. Sprawling on his face, Bruce gathered up a shirtful of snow and clutched it to his breast, believing for a moment that he had the cub, and at this same instant Langdon made a drive that entangled him with his friend's long legs and sent him turning somersaults down the snow-slide.

Muskwa bolted down the mountain as fast as his short legs could carry him. In another second Bruce was after him, and Langdon joined in ten feet behind.

Suddenly Muskwa made a sharp turn, and the momentum with which Bruce was coming carried him thirty or forty feet below him, where the lanky mountaineer stopped himself only by doubling up like a jack-knife and digging toes, hands, elbows, and even his shoulders in the soft shale.

Langdon had switched, and was hot after Muskwa. He flung himself face downward, shirt outspread, just as the cub made another turn, and when he rose to his feet his face was scratched and he spat half a handful of dirt and shale out of his mouth.

Unfortunately for Muskwa his second turn brought him straight down to Bruce, and before he could turn again he was enveloped in sudden darkness and suffocation, and over him there rang out a fiendish and triumphant yell.

"I got 'im!" shouted Bruce.

Inside the shirt Muskwa scratched and bit and snarled, and Bruce was having his hands full when Langdon ran down with the second shirt. Very shortly Muskwa was trussed up like a papoose. His legs and his body were swathed so tightly that he could not move them. His head was not covered. It was the only part of him that showed, and the only part of him that he could move, and it looked so round and frightened and funny that for a minute or two Langdon and Bruce forgot their disappointments and losses of the day and laughed.

Then Langdon sat down on one side of Muskwa, and Bruce on the other, and they filled and lighted their pipes. Muskwa could not even kick an objection.

"A couple of husky hunters we are," said Langdon then. "Come out for a grizzly and end up with that!"

He looked at the cub. Muskwa was eyeing him so earnestly that Langdon sat in mute wonder for a moment, and then slowly took his pipe from his mouth and stretched out a hand.

"Cubby, cubby, nice cubby," he cajoled softly.

Muskwa's tiny ears were perked forward. His bright eyes were like glass. Bruce, unobserved by Langdon, was grinning expectantly.

"Cubby won't bite—no—no—nice little cubby—we won't hurt cubby——"

The next instant a wild yell startled the mountain-tops as Muskwa's needle-like teeth sank into one of Langdon's fingers. Bruce's howls of joy would have frightened game a mile away.

"You little devil!" gasped Langdon, and then, as he sucked his wounded finger, he laughed with Bruce. "He's a sport—a dead game sport," he added. "We'll call him Spitfire, Bruce. By George, I've wanted a cub like that ever since I first came into the mountains. I'm going to take him home with me! Ain't he a funny looking little cuss?"

Muskwa shifted his head, the only part of him that was not

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

as stiffly immovable as a mummy, and scrutinized Bruce. Langdon rose to his feet and looked back to the sky-line. His face was set and hard.

"Four dogs" he said, as if speaking to himself. "Three down below—and one up there!" He was silent for a moment, and then said: "I can't understand it, Bruce. They've cornered fifty bears for us, and until to-day we've never lost a dog."

Bruce was looping a buckskin thong about Muskwa's middle, making of it a sort of handle by which he could carry the cub as he would have conveyed a pail of water or a slab of bacon. He stood up, and Muskwa dangled at the end of his string.

"We've run up against a killer," he said. "An' a meat-killin' grizzly is the worst animal on the face of the earth when it comes to a fight or a hunt. The dogs'll never hold 'im, Jimmy, an' if it don't get dark pretty soon there won't none of the bunch come back. They'll quit at dark—if there's any left. The old fellow's got our wind, an' you can bet he knows what knocked him down up there on the snow. He's hikin'—an' hikin' fast. When we see 'm ag'in it'll be twenty miles from here."

Langdon went up for the guns. When he returned Bruce led the way down the mountain, carrying Muskwa by the buckskin thong. For a few moments they paused on the blood-stained ledge of rock where Thor had wreaked his vengeance upon his tormentors. Langdon bent over the dog the grizzly had decapitated.

"This is Biscuits," he said. "And we always thought she was the one coward of the bunch. The other two are Jane and Tober; old Fitz is up on the summit. Three of the best dogs we had, Bruce!"

Bruce was looking over the ledge. He pointed downward.

"There's another—pitched clean off the face o' the mount'in!" he gasped. "Jimmy, that's five!"

Langdon's fists were clenched tightly as he stared over the edge of the precipice. A choking sound came from his throat. Bruce understood its meaning. From where they stood they could see a black patch on the upturned breast of the dog a hundred feet under them. Only one of the pack was marked like that. It was Langdon's favorite. He had made her a camp pet.

"It's Dixie," he said. For the first time he felt a surge of anger sweep through him, and his face was white as he turned back to the trail. "I've got more than one reason for getting that grizzly now, Bruce," he added. "Wild horses can't tear me away from these mountains until I kill him. I'll stick until winter if I have to. I swear I'm going to kill him—if he doesn't run away."

"He won't do that," said Bruce tersely, as he once more swung down the trail with Muskwa.

Until now Muskwa had been stunned into submissiveness by what must have appeared to him to be an utterly hopeless situation. He had strained every muscle in his body to move a leg or a paw, but he was swathed as tightly as Rameses had ever been. But now, however, it slowly dawned upon him that as he dangled back and forth his face frequently brushed his enemy's leg, and he still had the use of his teeth. He watched his opportunity, and this came when Bruce took a long step down from a rock, thus allowing Muskwa's body to rest for a fraction of a second on the surface of the stone from which he was descending.

Quicker than a wink Muskwa took a bite. It was a good deep bite, and if Langdon's howl had stirred the silences a mile away the yell which now came from Bruce beat him by at least a half. It was the wildest, most blood-curdling sound Muskwa had ever heard, even more terrible than the barking of the dogs, and it frightened him so that he released his hold at once.

Then, again, he was amazed. These queer bipeds made no effort to retaliate. The one he had bitten hopped up and down on one foot in a most unaccountable manner for a minute or so, while the other sat down on a boulder and rocked back and forth, with his hands on his stomach, and made a queer, uproarious noise with his mouth wide open. Then the other stopped his hopping and also made that queer noise.

It was anything but laughter to Muskwa. But it impinged upon him the truth of one of two things: either these grotesque looking monsters did not dare to fight him, or they were very peaceful and had no intention of harming him. But they were more cautious thereafter, and as soon as they reached the valley they carried him between them, strung on a rifle-barrel.

It was almost dark when they approached a clump of balsams red with the glow of a fire. It was Muskwa's first fire. Also he saw his first horses, terrific looking monsters.

A third man—Metoosin, the Indian—came out to meet the hunters, and into this creature's hands Muskwa found himself transferred. He was laid on his side with the glare of the fire in his eyes, and while one of his captors held him by both ears, and so tightly that it hurt, another fastened a hobble-strap around his neck for a collar. A heavy halter rope was then tied to the ring on this strap, and the end of the rope was fastened to a tree.

During these operations Muskwa snarled and snapped as much as he could. In another half-minute he was free of the shirts, and as he staggered on four wobbly legs, from which all power of flight had temporarily gone, he bared his tiny fangs and snarled as fiercely as he could.

To his further amazement this had no effect upon his strange company at all, except that the three of them—even the Indian—opened their mouths and joined in that loud and incomprehensible din, to which one of them had given voice when he sank his teeth into his captor's leg on the mountainside. It was all tremendously puzzling to Muskwa.

"At last his little round, furry head was out, and he looked about him."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

GREATLY to Muskwa's relief the three men soon turned away from him and began to busy themselves about the fire. This gave him a chance to escape, and he pulled and tugged at the end of the rope until he nearly choked himself to death. Finally he gave up in despair, and crumpling himself up against the foot of the balsam he began to watch the camp.

He was not more than thirty feet from the fire. Bruce was washing his hands in a canvas basin, Langdon was mopping his face with a towel. Close to the fire Metoosin was kneeling, and from the big black skittle he was holding over the coals came the hissing and sputtering of fat caribou steaks, and about the pleasantest smell that had ever come Muskwa's way. The air all about him was heavy with the aroma of good things.

When Langdon had finished drying his face he opened a can of something. It was sweetened condensed milk. He poured the white fluid into a basin, and came with it toward Muskwa. The cub had unsuccessfully attempted flight on the ground until his neck was sore; now he climbed the tree. He went up so quickly that Langdon was astonished, and he snarled and spat at the man as the basin of milk was placed where he would almost fall into it when he came down.

Muskwa remained at the end of his rope up the tree, and for a long time the hunters paid no more attention to him. He could see them eating and he could hear them talking as they planned a new campaign against Thor.

"We've got to trick him after what happened to-day," declared Bruce. "No more tracking 'im after this, Jimmy. We can track until doomsday an' he'll always know where we are." He paused for a moment and listened. "Funny the dogs don't come," he said. "I wonder——"

He looked at Langdon.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the latter, as he read the significance of his companion's look. "Bruce, you don't mean to say that bear might kill them all!"

"I've hunted a good many grizzlies," replied the mountaineer quietly, "but I ain't never hunted a trickier one than this. Jimmy, he trapped them dogs on the ledge, an' he tricked the dog he killed up on the peak. He's liable to get 'em all into a corner, an' if that happens——"

He shrugged his shoulders suggestively.

Again Langdon listened.

"If there were any alive at dark they should be here pretty soon," he said. "I'm sorry, now—sorry we didn't leave the dogs at home."

Bruce laughed a little grimly.

"Fortunes o' war, Jimmy," he said. "You don't go hunting grizzlies with a pack of lapdogs, an' you've got to expect to lose some of them sooner or later. We've tackled the wrong bear, that's all. He's beat us."

"Beat us?"

"I mean he's beat us in a square game, an' we dealt a raw hand at that in using dogs at all. Do you want that bear bad enough to go after him my way?"

Langdon nodded.

"What's your scheme?"

"You've got to drop pretty idees when you go grizzly hunting," began Bruce. "And especially when you run up against a 'killer.' There won't be any hour between now an' denning-up time that this grizzly doesn't get the wind from all directions. How? He'll make detours. I'll bet if there was snow on the ground you'd find him back-tracking two miles out of every six, so he can get the wind of anything that's following him. An' he'll travel mostly nights, layin' high up in the rocks an' shale during the day. If you want any more shooting, there's just two things to do, an' the best of them two things is to move on and find other bears."

"Which I won't do, Bruce. What's your scheme for getting this one?"

Bruce was silent for several moments before he replied.

"We've got his range mapped out to a mile," he said then. "It begins up at the first break we crossed, an' it ends down here where we came into the valley. It's about twenty-five miles up an' down. He don't touch the mount'ins west of this valley nor the mount'ins east of the other valley, an' he's dead certain to keep on makin' circles so long as we're after him. He's hikin' southward now on the other side of the range.

"We'll lay here for a few days an' not move. Then we'll start Metoosin through the valley over there with the dogs, if there's any left, and we'll start south through this valley at the same time. One of us will keep to the slopes an' the other to the bottom, an' we'll travel slow. Get the idee?

"That grizzly won't leave his country, an' Metoosin is pretty near bound to drive him around to us. We'll let him do the open hunting an' we'll skulk. The bear can't get past us both without giving one of us shooting."

"It sounds good," agreed Langdon. "And I've got a lame knee that I'm not unwilling to nurse for a few days."

Scarcely were the words out of Langdon's mouth when a sudden rattle of hobble-chains and the startled snort of a grazing horse out in the meadow brought them both to their feet.

"Utim!" whispered Metoosin, his dark face aglow in the firelight.

"You're right—the dogs," said Bruce, and he whistled softly.

They heard a movement in the brush near them, and a moment later two of the dogs came into the firelight. They slunk in, half on their bellies, and as they prostrated themselves at the hunters' feet a third and a fourth joined them.

They were not like the pack that had gone out that morning. There were deep hollows in their sides; their wiry crests were flat; they were hard run, and they knew that they were beaten. Their aggressiveness was gone, and they had the appearance of whipped curs.

A fifth came in out of the night. He was limping, and dragging a torn foreleg. The head and throat of one of the others was red with blood. They all lay flat on their bellies as if expecting condemnation.

"We have failed," their attitude said; "we are beaten, and this is all of us that are left."

Mutely Bruce and Langdon stared at them. They listened—waited. No other came. And then they looked at each other.

"Two more of them gone," said Langdon.

Bruce turned to a pile of panniers and canvases and pulled out the dog-leashes. Up in his tree Muskwa was all atremble. Within a few yards of him he saw again the white-fanged horde that had chased Thor and had driven him into the rock-crevice. Of the men he was no longer greatly afraid. They had attempted him no harm, and he had ceased to quake and snarl when one of them passed near. But the dogs were monsters. They had given battle to Thor. They must have beaten him, for Thor had run away.

The tree to which Muskwa was fastened was not much more than a sapling, and he lay in the saddle of a crotch five feet from the ground when Metoosin led one of the dogs past him. The Airedale saw him and made a sudden spring that tore the leash from the Indian's hand. (His leap carried him almost up to Muskwa.) He was about to make another spring when Langdon rushed forward with a fierce cry, caught the dog by his collar, and with the end of the leash gave him a sound beating. Then he led him away.

This act puzzled Muskwa more than ever. The man had saved him. He had beaten the monster with the red mouth and the white fangs, and all of those monsters were now being taken away at the end of ropes.

When Langdon returned he stopped close to Muskwa's tree and talked to him. Muskwa allowed Langdon's hand to approach within six inches of him, and did not snap at it. Then a strange and sudden thrill shot through him. While his head was turned a little Langdon had boldly put his hand on his furry back. And in the touch there was not hurt! His mother had never put her paw on him as gently as that!

Half a dozen times in the next ten minutes Langdon touched him. For the first three or four times Muskwa bared his two rows of shining teeth, but he made no sound. Gradually he ceased even to bare his teeth.

Langdon left him then, and in a few moments he returned with a chunk of raw caribou meat. He held this close to Muskwa's nose. Muskwa could smell it, but he backed away from it, and at last Langdon placed it beside the basin at the foot of the tree and returned to where Bruce was smoking.

"Inside of two days he'll be eating out of my hand," he said.

It was not long before the camp became very quiet. Langdon, Bruce, and the Indian rolled themselves in their blankets and were soon alseep. The fire burned lower and lower. Soon there was only a single smouldering log. An owl hooted a little deeper in the timber. The drone of the valley and the mountains filled the peaceful night. The stars grew brighter. Far away Muskwa heard the rumbling of a boulder rolling down the side of a mountain.

There was nothing to fear now. Everything was still and

asleep but himself, and very cautiously he began to back down the tree. He reached the foot of it, loosed his hold, and half fell into the basin of condensed milk, a part of it slopping up over his face. Involutarily he shot out his tongue and licked his chops, and the sweet, sticky stuff that it gathered filled him with a sudden and entirely unexpected pleasure. For a quarter of an hour he licked himself. And then, as if the secret of this delightful ambrosia had just dawned upon him, his bright little eyes fixed themselves covetously upon the tin basin. He approached it with commendable strategy and caution, circling first on one side of it and then on the other, every muscle in his body prepared for a quick spring backward if it should make a jump for him. At last his nose touched the thick, luscious feast in the basin, and he did not raise his head again until the last drop of it was gone.

The condensed milk was the one biggest factor in the civilizing of Muskwa. It was the missing link that connected certain things in his lively little mind. He knew that the same hand that had touched him so gently had also placed this strange and wonderful feast at the foot of his tree, and that same hand had also offered him meat. He did not eat the meat, but he licked the interior of the basin until it shone like a mirror in the starlight.

In spite of the milk, he was still filled with a desire to escape, though his efforts were not as frantic and unreasoning as they had been. Experience had taught him that it was futile to jump and tug at the end of his leash, and now he fell to chewing at the rope. Had he gnawed in one place he would probably have won freedom before morning, but when his jaws became tired he rested, and when he resumed his work it was usually at a fresh place in the rope. By midnight his gums were sore, and he gave up his exertions entirely.

Humped close to the tree, ready to climb up it at the first sign of danger, the cub waited for morning. Not a wink did he sleep. Even though he was less afraid than he had been, he was terribly lonesome. He missed Thor, and he whimpered so softly that the men a few yards away could not have heard him had they been awake. If Pipoonaskoos had come into the camp then he would have welcomed him joyfully.

Morning came, and Metoosin was the first out of his blankets. He built a fire, and this roused Bruce and Langdon. The latter, after he had dressed himself, paid a visit to Muskwa, and when he found the basin licked clean he showed his pleasure by calling the others' attention to what had happened.

Muskwa had climbed to his crotch in the tree, and again he tolerated the stroking touch of Langdon's hand. Then Langdon brought forth another can from a cowhide pannier and opened it directly under Muskwa, so that he could see the creamy white fluid as it was turned into the basin. He held the basin up to Muskwa, so close that the milk touched the cub's nose, and for the life of him Muskwa could not keep his tongue in his mouth. Inside of five minutes he was eating from the basin in Langdon's hand! But when Bruce came up to watch the proceedings the cub bared all his teeth and snarled.

"Bears make better pets than dogs," affirmed Bruce a little later, when they were eating breakfast. "He'll be following you around like a puppy in a few days, Jimmy."

"I'm getting fond of the little cuss already," replied Langdon.

"His leap carried him almost up to Muskwa."

"What was that you were telling me about Jameson's bears, Bruce?"

"Jameson lived up in the Kootenay country," said Bruce. "Reg'lar hermit, I guess you'd call him. Came out of the mountains only twice a year to get grub. He made pets of grizzlies. For years he had one as big as this fellow we're chasing. He got 'm when a cub, an' when I saw him he weighed a thousand pounds an' followed Jameson wherever he went like a dog. Even went on his hunts with him, an' they slept beside the same campfire. Jameson loved bears, an' he'd never kill one."

Langdon was silent. After a moment he said:

"And I'm beginning to love them, Bruce. I don't know just why, but there's something about bears that makes you love them. I'm not going to shoot many more—perhaps none after we get this dog-killer we're after. I almost believe he will be my last bear." Suddenly he clenched his hands, and added angrily: "And to think there isn't a province in the Dominion or a state south of the Border that has a 'closed season' for bear! It's an outrage, Bruce. They're classed with vermin, and can be exterminated at all seasons. They can even be dug out of their dens with their young—and—so help me Heaven!—I've helped to dig them out! We're beasts, Bruce. Sometimes I almost think it's a crime for a man to carry a gun. And yet—I go on killing."

"It's in our blood," laughed Bruce, unmoved. "Did you ever know a man, Jimmy, that didn't like to see things die? Wouldn't every mother's soul of 'em go to a hanging if they had the chance? Won't they crowd like buzzards round a dead horse to get a look at a man crushed to a pulp under a rock or a locomotive engine? Why, Jimmie, if there weren't no law to be afraid of, we humans'd be killing one another for the fun of it! We would. It's born in us to want to kill."

"And we take it all out on brute creation," mused Langdon. "After all, we can't have much sympathy for ourselves if a generation or two of us are killed in war, can we? Mebby you're right, Bruce. Inasmuch as we can't kill our neighbors legally whenever we have the inclination, it's possible the Chief Arbiter of things sends us a war now and then to relieve us temporarily of our blood-thirstiness. Hello, what in thunder is the cub up to now?"

Muskwa had fallen the wrong way out of his crotch and was dangling like the victim at the end of a hangman's rope. Langdon ran to him, caught him boldly in his bare hands, lifted him up over the limb and placed him on the ground. Muskwa did not snap at him or even growl.

Bruce and Metoosin were away from camp all of that spying over the range to the westward, and Langdon was to doctor a knee which he had battered against a rock previous day. He spent most of his time in company Muskwa. He opened a can of their griddle-cake syrup by noon he had the cub following him about the tree straining to reach the dish which he held temptingly just of reach. Then he would sit down, and Muskwa would half over his lap to reach the syrup.

At his present age Muskwa's affection and confidence easily won. A baby black bear is very much like a hu baby: he likes milk, he loves sweet things, and he want cuddle up close to any living thing that is good to him. is the most lovable creature on four legs—round and soft fluffy, and so funny that he is sure to keep every one a him in good humour. More than once that day Lang laughed until the tears came, and especially when Mus made determined efforts to climb up his leg to reach the of syrup.

As for Muskwa, he had gone syrup mad. He could remember that his mother had ever given him anything it, and Thor had produced nothing better than fish.

Late in the afternoon Langdon untied Muskwa's rope led him for a stroll down toward the creek. He carried syrup dish and every few yards he would pause and let cub have a taste of its contents. After half an hour of manoeuvring he dropped his end of the leash entirely, walked campward. And Muskwa followed! It was a umph, and in Langdon's veins there pulsed a pleasurable which his life in the open had never brought to him be

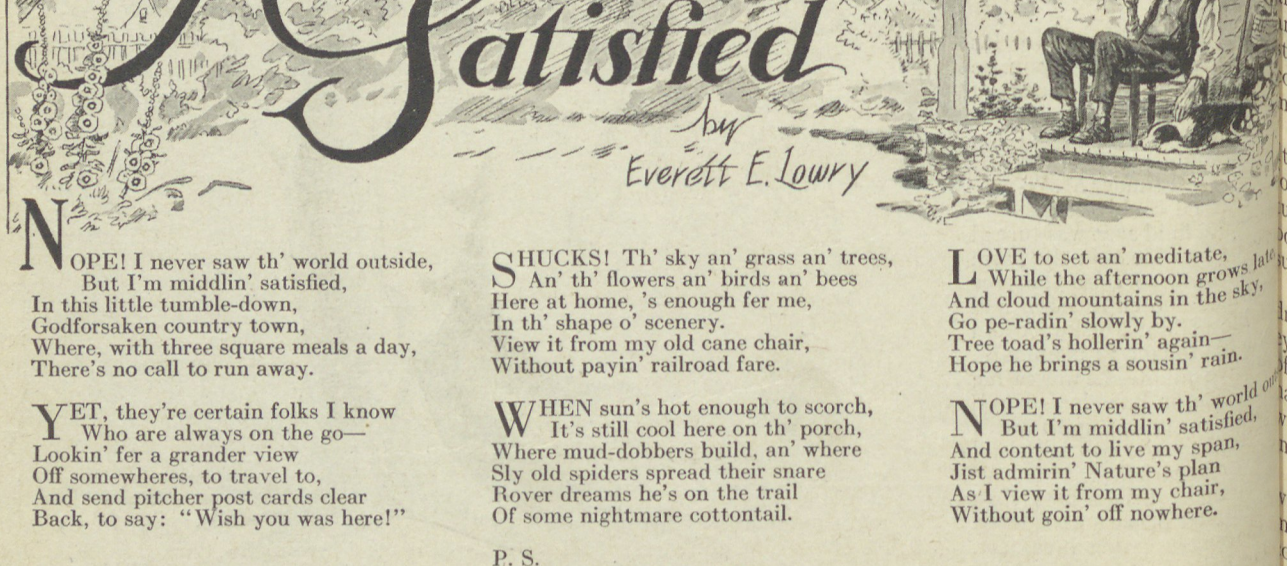
It was late when Metoosin returned, and he was quite prised that Bruce had not shown up. Darkness came, they built up the fire. They were finishing supper an later when Bruce came in, carrying something over his s ders. He tossed it close where Muskwa was hidden be his tree.

"A skin like velvet, and some meat for the dogs," he "I shot it with my pistol."

He sat down and began eating. After a little Muskwa tiously approached the carcass that lay doubled up thr four feet from him. He smelled of it, and a curious thrill through him. Then he whimpered softly as he muzzled soft fur, still warm with life. And for a time after tha was very still.

For the thing that Bruce had brought into camp and at the foot of his tree was the dead body of little Pipoonas

TO BE CONTINUED



NOPE! I never saw th' world outside,
But I'm middlin' satisfied,
In this little tumble-down,
Godforsaken country town,
Where, with three square meals a day,
There's no call to run away.

YET, they're certain folks I know
Who are always on the go—
Lookin' fer a grander view
Off somewheres, to travel to,
And send pitcher post cards clear
Back, to say: "Wish you was here!"

SHUCKS! Th' sky an' grass an' trees,
An' th' flowers an' birds an' bees
Here at home, 's enough fer me,
In th' shape o' scenery.
View it from my old cane chair,
Without payin' railroad fare.

WHEN sun's hot enough to scorch,
It's still cool here on th' porch,
Where mud-dobbers build, an' where
Sly old spiders spread their snare
Rover dreams he's on the trail
Of some nightmare cottontail.

P. S.
'Less they're bitin' at th' dam—
Then that's generally where I am.

LOVE to set an' meditate,
While the afternoon grows late
And cloud mountains in the sky,
Go pe-radin' slowly by.
Tree toad's hollerin' again—
Hope he brings a sousin' rain.

NOPE! I never saw th' world out
But I'm middlin' satisfied,
And content to live my span,
Jist admirin' Nature's plan
As I view it from my chair,
Without goin' off nowhere.

Outdoor America

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly
Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the U. S. and Canada. Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

WILL H. DILG, EDITOR

SEPTEMBER, 1924

Hidden Values

YESTERDAY'S newspaper, considered from a standpoint of educational merit or mental stimulus, is a doubtful asset—yet yesterday's newspaper bulks large in the problem of conservation, and to burn it is not only an economical error but a blow to posterity.

It is an open secret that men who have been willing to accept public condescension while gathering waste paper and other refuse from the alleys have amassed large fortunes and subsequently eluded their social stigma through the medium of a country place and lavish entertainment.

There is nothing unusual in this. It is basically sound. The demand for material with which to manufacture paper cartons and other cardboard commodities far exceeds the supply furnished by our forests.

The paper box in which the laundry returns one's linen furnishes the eye with little of the natural beauty of a tree but its relative value, perhaps enhanced by the collection of a week's old newspapers, is far greater in the eyes of a paper mill owner.

These men contend that a ton of waste paper is equivalent, in raw manufacturing material, to two cords of wood or the average yield of one acre of timber land.

Paper boxes are permanent units in the shipping industry. This is well because they take the place of wood boxes and consequently reduce the amount of timber needed in our commercial life.

Mill manufacturers assure us that if each member of the Izaak Walton League would conserve waste paper we would be making a seven-league stride toward our goal of national conservation with a minimum of effort.

Little Things

IT'S a busy world—with most of us still on the road to our first million and deeply engrossed in its acquisition—too deeply, perhaps, to note the changes around us.

Our perspective shifts daily. Things that are of paramount imimportance at twenty-one become meaningless at twenty-two. Yet we do not pause to consider the vast difference in our process of reasoning or sense of values at, say, forty, fifty or sixty.

Sixty years is quite a space in the time allotted for a sojourn on this earth and in most instances is crowded with great joys, great sorrows, great successes and glorious failures. Yet when the average man of sixty looks back over the years all that is commercial merges into a blur through which he sees his childhood.

He clearly remembers how Jimmy, the lad next door, once shot a female robin out of that old russet tree down in Jones' orchard. It was his first contact with tragedy, and a mental picture of the little robins in the nest craning their necks with mouths agape waiting for their mother was indelibly impressed on his mind.

He also remembers that this same Jimmy laughed when the little birds were mentioned and continued to use the same tactics throughout his career—in fact, a letter, bearing the postmark of a state prison, from Jimmy is now in his cabinet file.

Yet this was not Jimmy's fault. No child is naturally cruel. It was the fault of Jimmy's parents that he was not instructed in the value of true sportsmanship.

Little things are the really vital things of life and it is up to the parents to mould the plastic minds of their children along the right lines.

Regrets

OMAR, the old Persian tentmaker, in his deathless Rubaiyat, fired a barrage of permanent truths. One may take exception to some of his philosophy but one verse, we believe, is the final word:

"The moving finger writes: and having writ, moves on:
Nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

The moving finger with which real sportsmen have to contend is the ever-increasing destructive elements of civilization and commercialism that threaten total abolition of our out-of-door recreational facilities.

George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, said it all in a brief paragraph: "We have not only hunted our game but we have slaughtered it. We have not only conquered the wilderness but we have destroyed it. We have not only developed our country but we have gutted it. We have not only populated our land but we are trying to Chinafy it. *We are not building a great nation but destroying one.*"

When we read that, doesn't that last line of Omar's hammer home a point?

—"*Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.*"

Sincerity

AN exponent of the Thespian art is greatly admired for his or her clever portrayal of various characters. The technique of acting is acquired only through hard study, experience and strenuous effort. It is an honored profession and of vital necessity in relieving our minds of this world's stern realities.

Most of us have neither the actor's essential background nor the inclination to acquire it. Yet there are some who believe they can carry the Thespian theory into everyday business lives.

In other words, in a world adept at spoofing, they attempt to spoof themselves as well as their associates. In most instances their technique is bad and they are playing to an audience of super critics.

Insincerity is a vicious character destroyer. It seldom attains the height sought and leaves a bad taste in the mouth of the other fellow. It does not help but only offers another obstacle in the path to the millennium.

Insincerity has no place in the battle for conservation. A sportsman who advocates one creed and practices another when afield or astream is a detriment to the world at large.

We should be thankful that this type is fast becoming a memory—but in our thankfulness we should not relax our efforts toward a complete and final extermination of all hypocrites.

The Waltonian Nook—News of Our Chapters

Iowa Acts

THE state board of health today issued an order to city authorities and officials of industrial plants in Cedar Rapids, Waterloo, Waverly, Vinton and a dozen other Iowa towns and cities on the Cedar River instructing them to immediately begin preparation for the installation of sewage purification plants.

The order was an outgrowth of numerous petitions complaining of pollution of the river, and the finding of the board of health that health conditions along the stream were dangerous.

The board's action is declared largely due to the voluminous petitions and strenuous protests sent the board against the condition of the river by the Izaak Walton League and several cities including Cedar Rapids.

Narrow Escape

FRANK H. WIELANDY, State Game and Fish Commissioner and member of the firm of Blackwell & Wielandy, St. Louis, Mo., nearly lost the sight of his right eye while fishing in the Current River, near here, recently.

Wielandy and Gov. Hyde were angling in the river, when Gov. Hyde attempted to make a cast and the hook on his line struck Wielandy in the right eye. He was taken to Doniphan, where attendant physicians were of the opinion that he would lose its sight.

Gov. Hyde and Wielandy, who are close friends, left St. Louis recently on a fishing trip.

Gov. Hyde succeeded in returning Wielandy to Doniphan only after considerable time had been spent in attempting to start their motor boat. Wielandy was in great pain at the time. The fishing party finally reached Doniphan, where the injured angler was given medical attention. Loss of the sight of his right eye was feared then.

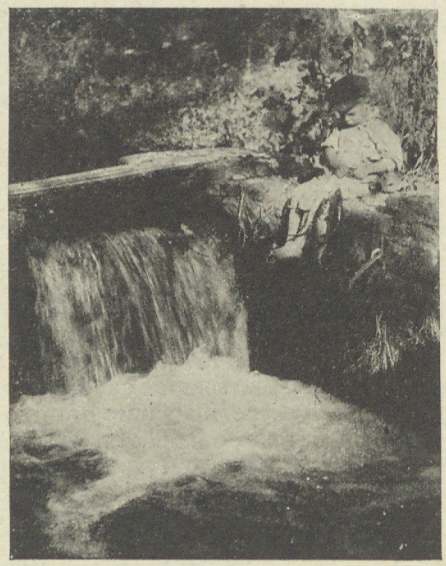
The party has been in this part of the state for some days and yesterday were casting for bass when the accident occurred. This is the second accident to mar the Governor's fishing trips. Last fall his party was forced to abandon a trip when their houseboat caught fire and portions of their clothing and supplies destroyed, causing considerable inconvenience.

In a letter from Mr. Wielandy, he assures national headquarters the eye will be saved—sufficiently he says at least to spot all violators of the I. W. L. A. creed.

The Junior Ike

By a Danville, Illinois Junior

GEE! but I'm glad I'm a Junior Ike
'cause it makes me feel like a man
To be able to talk of the great outdoors
like the big Ike Waltons can.
I'm studyin' all the tricks o' th' fish
so I never will have to bluff
Now when Dad asks me a question
he'll find that I know my stuff.



He bought me a kit with a rod an' reel
some boots an' a box of hooks
He has promised to give me the money
for a couple of outdoor books.
An' all the kids in my neighborhood
will soon be Junior Ikes
Then "Walt" will find us a place to go
afishin' on our bikes.

I am tryin' to live up to all the rules
wherever I am or go,
For I try not to cheat an' be unfair like
a lotta the folks I know.
I am gonna be honest and truthful
I'll travel the straight clean road
An' you won't hear me givin' excuses
'cause
I'll foller the sportsmen's code.

So I'm goin' to do my part for the League
an' get all the kids I can
To join and learn in the proper way
to become a great big man
'Cause Big Ikes help an' the Walton creed
holds all that a boy could like.
An' I wanna repeat for the rest o' the kids
I'm glad I'm a Junior Ike.

Sycamore Preserve

NORTH of Sycamore, Ill., about miles, on a side road through woods you may find a sign on a tree a gate that reads, "DRIVE IN: Pl NICKERS WELCOME." If you you are bid you will find a lovely, s spot with flowing well, fire places, s tables and toilets. This land is owne Mr. Lewis Lloyd who lives nearby, no one can possibly enjoy his hospit as much as he enjoys having people to rest in this natural resting place.

In the Spring flowers carpet the w and thousands of migratory birds sto their flight to rest for a few days. squirrels find here a natural haunt a many as sixteen have been counte one log by Mr. Lloyd.

There have been "NO HUNTI signs up on the boundary lines of place for several years, but some hu seemed to enjoy going into this s tuary to shoot everything in sight. has become such an annoyance in past few years that Mr. Lloyd decide try to have the State set aside a trac cluding this land as a game preserve. placed the proposition before the S more Chapter and they had petitions culated among the land owners who heartily in favor of the project.

August first will see the signs po around a territory of approxima 12,000 acres. Inside this preserve farmers have hatched this year pl ants numbering about 400 and the has promised Hungarian partridges Fall stocking. There is natural cover quail and prairie chicken which we to introduce as soon as possible. latter birds are practically extinct and the hope of all, farmer and sports is that within a few years they may their feathered and furred friends in natural state, away from danger and lessly happy.

Twenty-five thousand fish were pla in this stream last year, furnished by State, and before this article appears of fish from the Federal government have been planted. Pollution of this str has been practically stopped after a 30 fight and illegal fishing minimized. sentiment of the people here aroused the Izaak Walton League is respons for this improved condition. Our step in DeKalb County is the estab ment of a County Forest Preserve this must be done if our grandchildren to have enough country woods to p under.

Nebraska

THE Omaha Chapter of the Leagu tal City organized. With the he cooperation of the best sportsme Lincoln, a delegation from Omaha ally organized a chapter in Lincoln a charter membership of nearly members. This will be multiplied times the next few weeks, as the men signed the petition are all of the typ necessary in building up an organiza

The organization of this chapter marks a decided step for conservation of Nebraska Game and Fish. These men are so situated that they can keep informed on matters of legislation and law enforcement and we can look for a real awakening in the fish and game bureau. We can count on our brothers in Lincoln keeping us informed and they can certainly find us behind them in any correction of prevailing conditions which, through ignorance or carelessness, are causing undue sacrifices of our wild life. Nebraska is one of the few states with no pollution, one of the few states with a marked increase in tree planting, and one of the few states in which a man can still kill the limit in season of wildfowl, grouse or fish. We are fighting to keep it so and the support of the brothers at Lincoln will be a wonderful help.

In Memoriam

CLAD in heavy clothing and hip boots James Grout, 67 years old, president of Franklin County Chapter, was drowned July 2 when he slipped from a raft while fishing at Osceola, Wisconsin.

Mr. Grout, an ardent exponent of Waltonian sportsmanship, in company with his son Frank M. Grout and grandson, Wayne Grout of Minneapolis, was fishing from a large raft. One of the trio hooked a large fish and during the ensuing excitement, capsized the float.

Frank Grout seized his father and nearly made the beach when overcome by exhaustion. Both men sank. Wayne Grout managed to bring his father ashore but the grandfather was dead when his body was recovered.

Mr. Grout, a charter member of Franklin County Chapter, settled there in 1872. Known throughout the state as a real sportsman, his brothers of the rod and gun paid him the tribute of the largest funeral ever held in the vicinity.

Wisconsin

THE first county-wide chapter in northern Wisconsin came into existence during July when a group of the principled sportsmen of Vilas County met at Sayner and formed a nucleus which is rapidly developing into one of the most important chapters in the state.

John T. Vandervort of Forest Primeval, president of the Vilas County chapter, has worked hard and faithfully in spreading the gospel of the League, as have the other officers, and success is crowning his efforts. Harry Jones, of Pickerel Lake, is vice president, William Baer, of Lost Lake, is secretary, and W. J. Cepress is treasurer. Alternate meetings are held at Sayner and Eagle River, the principal cities of Vilas County.

Among the things the chapter will most emphatically urge will be a restoration of the size limit on game fish, a revision downward of the non-resident hunting license fee and the creation and maintenance of a prospective 92,000 acre wild life preserve (fishing not to be prohibited therein). The matter of seeking a closed period on deer for Vilas county will be discussed at later meetings.

At meetings held this summer in Vilas County attending members were unanimous in their demand for size limits. Guides and resort owners consistently try to enforce a sportsmen's code.

(Over) MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION (Over)

GRAND RAPIDS CHAPTER
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

President: Henry A. Schuil, 249-251 Pearl St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sec'y-Treas.: J. Russel Jontz, 231 Houseman Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Grand Rapids, Mich., ...192.....

I hereby apply for membership in the Grand Rapids Chapter I. W. L. of A., pledging myself to practice true sportsmanship in fishing and hunting, and to contribute to the welfare and furtherance of the objects of the League by giving whatever assistance I can. I understand annual dues will be $3.00; that this includes one year's subscription to "Outdoor America"—Izaac Walton League magazine—and that membership fee must accompany this application. (Fill out reverse side card)

Mark (X) Opposite Subject Interested in

Fishing ( ) Hunting ( ) Trap Shooting ( ) Conservation Work ( )

(See Other Side)

WRITE PLAINLY Date.....192.....

Name .....

Residence .....Phone.....

Business Address .....Phone.....

Firm .....Connection.....

Send Mail and Magazine to Home ( ) or Business ( ) Mark (X)

First Joined League.....City and State.....

OFFICE RECORD

This Card and $..... Handed ( ) Mailed ( ) Sec'y-Treas.....

By .....Phone.....

Button Given ( ) Mailed ( ) to.....Date .....

M. Card Given ( ) Mailed to ( ).....Date .....

Memb. Expires .....Mag. Expires.....

Name and $.....Sent Nat. Hdqtrs.—Date.....

Name and $.....Sent State—Date .....

There are scores of requests from chapters for individual membership application cards. This one is among the best we at national headquarters have ever received. It contains spacing for a minute detailed record of each new member, gives him a receipt and may be filed in a small desk file for the secretary's handy reference.

GRAND RAPIDS CHAPTER
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Date.....192.....

Received of.....

Membership Dues—Year..... $.....

Name .....

Address .....

NOTE

To be given applicant by member—and retained pending action of Membership Committee and receipt of membership card and button from Secretary and Treasurer.

J. RUSSEL JONTZ,
Sec.-Treas.

231 Houseman Bldg. Citz. 66552

Are You a Diamond Legionaire?

The National Board of Directors I. W. L. A. is now awarding a

Diamond Studded Lapel Badge

to every Waltonian who organizes a chapter before the first of October.

Scores have made application and the chapters are coming in. Full information will be given you upon request.

Do It Today

Enter the Diamond Legion I. W. L. A.

The Barbless Hook in Britain

(Continued from page 24)

recognize that they are based on insufficient data and may be modified with further experience.

My first experience took place on the Downtown Castle water on the Teme. Above the Castle, the river flows through a rocky gorge and here one summer's day after scrambling and wading I got within casting distance of a good trout feeding quietly on the opposite side of the rocky pool. Before casting, I examined my fly and found that the barb had broken completely off. My footing was so insecure that I did not want to change my fly whilst wading deep on slippery rocks, so I cast over the fish, which took the fly at once. As he played deep I was able to keep a tight line and soon had him in the net. Interested in this capture on an unarmed hook, I continued to use it in this deep pool and soon landed two other fish. Two more fish hooked later in stronger current shook free.

Recognizing that my own experiences are insufficient to carry conviction, I will give those of others qualified to speak on the subject. The first witness I will call is Mr. John Henderson, well known as a fisherman and an authority on all questions connected with fishing and the great exponent of dryfly fishing for the giant trout in Irish lakes—a subject on which he has written in Halford's last book. From Mr. Henderson I have learnt more about fishing than from any other angler it has been my good fortune to fish with. Mr. Henderson first tried the barbless hook half a century ago, obtaining them from Abbey & Imbrie in New York in 1873 or 1874. He has no good word for these early hooks, nor does he speak favorably of later patterns, especially of those with the corkscrew bend. The following extract from a recent letter may be of interest. "About twelve years ago I thoroughly tried out all the brands of barbless hooks, amongst them one very like the Lacey-Williams. I gave it a very thorough trial; it was a good hook for perch, etc., but no use for fly. You rose fish after fish but never hooked one sufficiently well to bring to the net. Amongst others I tried a Japanese hook that was simply a short shank round bend with no barb. It was all right if you hoisted your fish right out. In tying dressings of flies I now and then file the barbs so that the hook is easily extracted and it has shown me how little barb is really wanted."

There are two points of special interest made by Mr. Henderson—the corkscrew bend barbless being good for bait fishing but unsuitable for flyfishing and the unnecessarily large barb now made to our hooks.

Viscount Buxton, to whom we should be grateful for introducing, when Postmaster General, penny postage to the U. S. A., is not only well known as an authority on trade and political economy but also as a keen angler and the author of that wonderful book "Fishing and Shooting" so his experiences are of interest. Lord Buxton has kindly permitted me to quote from a letter written by him last September on the subject. "I have never tried them (barbless hooks) in the ordinary way of fishing and I am not sure that they would be as effective as barbed hooks but they would certainly save injury to the small trout. The only use I have made of them is in a spring fed moat which I have round my house in Sussex, in which I have trout. As I always turn the trout back when I catch them, I myself use, and I stipulate that my friends shall use, barbless hooks, which I supply when they fish.

I certainly do not find that more fish are lost by the fact of the hooks being barbless but then I have only tried them in the still water and of course it might be another matter in a stream and especially in heavy water." The hooks Lord Buxton uses are the normal hooks with the barbs filed off.

For many years I have had flies tied for me by Ernest Lock of Andover who not only ties flies which float, kill and stand rough usage better than any others I know but who is also the finest dryfly expert I have watched fish. Nor is this surprising as his father before him was a wonderful fisherman and the son was brought up and taught to fish by him under the eye of that pioneer of dryfly fishing, Mr. G. S. Marryat. Lock has fished on and looked after some of the best dryfly waters all his life. He informs me that he has no faith in the smaller sized barbless hooks for the big fish of the Test and other rivers. He writes "No doubt they answer in America where they use larger flies but they don't do on a 00 or 000 hook which is our usual size." Lock informs me that he bought a gross of barbless hooks some years ago of the corkscrew bend type, but not finding them answer, destroyed those unused only a few weeks back. Like Mr. Henderson, Lock thinks a hook with only the slightest suspicion of barb is all that is required and that there is no need for any nick to the barb.

Every angler must be in sympathy with the propaganda to further the use of the barbless, not only on account of the fish, but for his own sake. Most of us have suffered from a hook penetrating some portion of the hand or body beyond the barb and the subsequent unpleasantness in extraction. I have a vivid remembrance of hooking myself in the cheek, some twenty years ago on the Gunnison River in Colorado, with the triangle hook of a Devon minnow and walking some five miles with this wretched metal contraption dangling from my face till I met my fishing companion who cut the hook out with a knife that would make a modern surgeon shudder.

Sympathy for the use of the barbless is not sufficient to bring it into general use here where most fish are so highly educated that we not only use the finest of flys but the finest gut, 4X or even 5X at the point. This necessitates striking a heavy fish with the lightest touch. This condition alone would rule out the use of any hook with a corkscrew twist which necessitates hitting a fish with some force if the hook is to penetrate beyond the twist. No doubt the corkscrew type can be used for bait fishing but I would rule it out for fly fishing. This narrows our use to the barbless hook of the Japanese type, or to the normal type of English hook manufactured without barb.

The barbless is beginning to interest fishermen here. It is discussed in the Fly Fishers' Club where a member has recently presented a collection of flies tied on these hooks in Japan. There is a play being shown in London called "A Fisher's Festival," which depicts George Aston the author of that interesting book "Mostly About Trout" catching a trout on the dryfly, the fly, a Mayfly being dressed on a barbless hook, the hook being thrown on the screen, magnified to show the absence of barb.

The interest now being taken in the barbless would be increased if our manufacturers put on the market hooks such as the Model Perfect, or the wide gape fly hooks used by Messrs. Hardy but without the barb so that their qualities could be tried out during the 1924 season. In addition I should like to see manufactured a hook with the minimum of barb to give reasonable holding powers, yet without enough barb to make extraction difficult—in fact the type of hook recommended by Mr. Henderson—a hook which might be called the semi-barbless.

Unless something of the kind recommended be produced I fear our sport with British barbless hook in use in this country in the future will be the bent pin of childhood, with which so many of us began our fishing experience, and which is enshrined in a verse of the angler's song:

"The urchin with the pin and string
Can chum with millionaire and king;
Vain pride is a forgotten thing."

Out Angling.

I HAVE given flies tied on barbless hooks a good try out during the past season. I found no trouble in hooking and landing trout or salmon with them. When it came to releasing an undersized trout they were a great advantage. Most of them would unhook themselves when given a slack line, without having to touch them with my hands, which in these days of our depleted streams is a great advantage in the conserving of our game fish.

Fred N. Peet.

Town & Country

Leather Blouse

A Great Wind Breaker

made of feather-weight, durable, flexible leather, with knitted neck, wristlets and waistband.

It combines the wind and cold protection of an all-leather coat with the ease and freedom of a shirt.

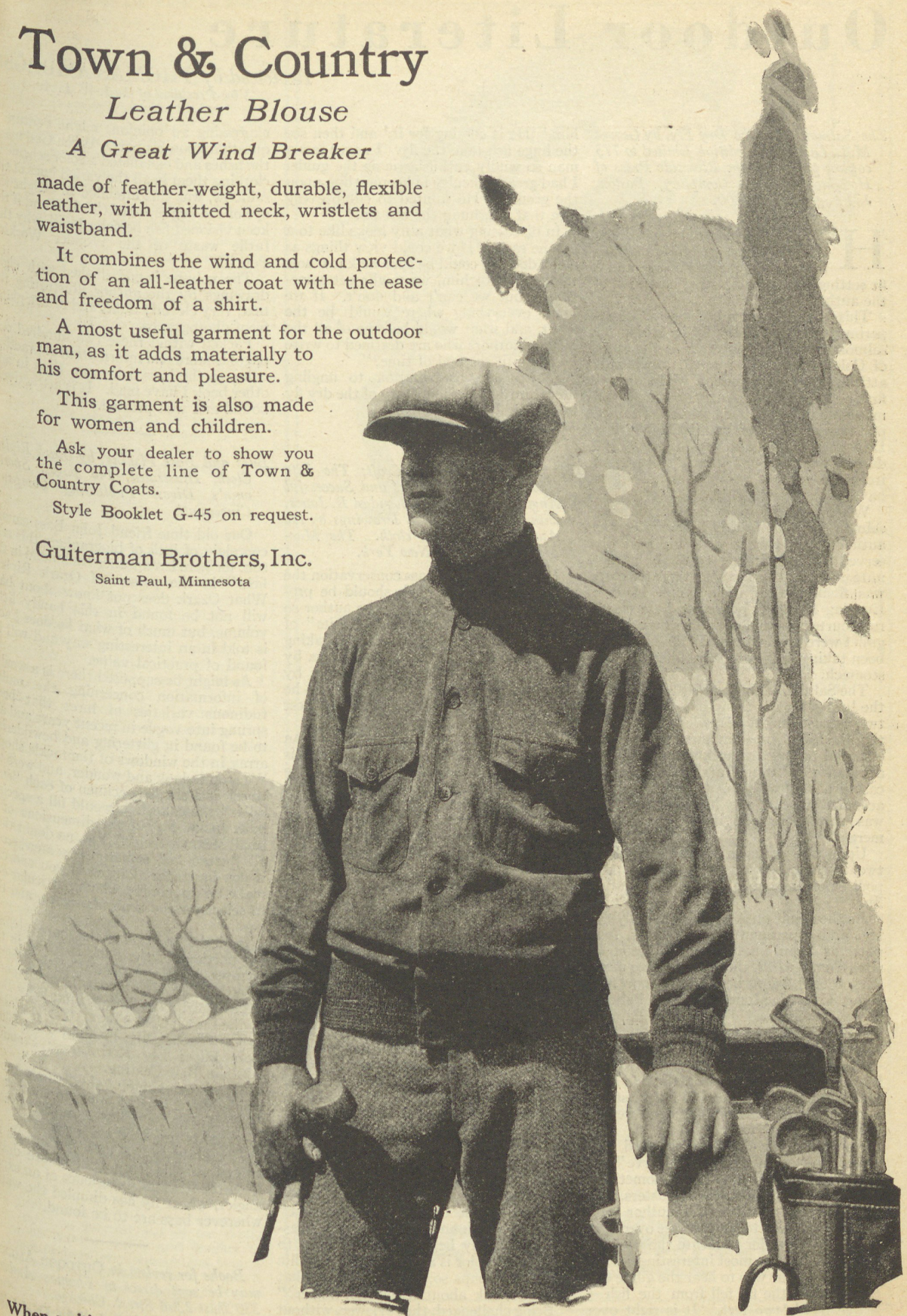
A most useful garment for the outdoor man, as it adds materially to his comfort and pleasure.

This garment is also made for women and children.

Ask your dealer to show you the complete line of Town & Country Coats.

Style Booklet G-45 on request.

Guiterman Brothers, Inc.
Saint Paul, Minnesota



Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROS
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

The Salmon and The Dry Fly, by George M. L. LaBranche, edition limited to 775 copies; printed at the Riverside Press of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 134 pages, price $5.00.

HERE is a fine piece of bookmaking, the clear type and wide margins being a delight to the eye and a fit setting for the interesting narrative of the author.

This book is a record of a series of experiments with the dry fly in fishing for salmon on the Upsalquitch, as the guest of Colonel Ambrose Monell, to whom is attributed the distinction of being the first angler in this country to take a salmon on a dry fly. This salmon of fifteen pounds was taken with a No. 12 Whirling Dun cast across and up-stream. The date of this achievement is not given, but from the context we may assume it to have been prior to 1913.

While it is generally agreed that the salmon does not feed in fresh water, the author while fishing with his host observed a salmon rising regularly at minute insects. This fish after repeated casts was finally taken with a No. 14 Pale Evening Dun. It proved to be a clean-run fourteen pounder, and its mouth and gullet were lined with small insects it had been taking, but none were found in the stomach.

The Salmon is much easier to take than the brown trout. Sometimes as many as twenty casts might be made without putting the fish down—but three things were essential to success: accuracy of casting, avoidance of "drag," and the fly lightly cast so as to float high. "No matter how accurate the cast may have been, the fly was utterly refused if even semi-submerged."

Upon one occasion the author killed twenty-three salmon and grilse in one pool before luncheon, and all with a dry fly.

As the result of five or six years fly-tying, and experiments on the river, four patterns were finally decided upon in sizes from 4 to 10, the intermediate numbers, 6 to 8, being best, these four flies being Colonel Monell, Soldier Palmer, Mole Palmer and Pink Lady Palmer, whose portraits in colors face the title page.

The rod used was fourteen feet, weighing about seventeen ounces, the line E or D and a tapered leader of 12 feet to stand a two and one-half pounds dead-weight pull.

An interesting chapter is devoted to a description of "Casting the Curve" for the purpose of avoiding drag—something to test the skill of our crack casters.

Upon one occasion the author persuaded the guide to climb a tree overlooking a pool in order to locate the position of the fish. "The most interesting part of the whole affair was to hear the guide call the distance the fly fell from the fish—'three feet,' 'two feet,' 'It is right over him,' 'He is coming for it,' and then see the huge fish take the fly. I never saw a man so wildly enthusiastic as the guide. I had great difficulty in keeping him upon the ground. He wanted to climb every tree that overhung the stream."

In discussing what a fly looks like to a fish he says: "If we could view things as a fish does, or could be sure we know how things look to him, we might get somewhere, but we can't and don't. If we knew everything where would be the sport, and what would become of all the angling authors who are destined to write books until the end of time?"

A valuable contribution to angling literature and to the history of the dry fly in American waters.

Black Bass and Bass Craft; The Life Habits of the Two Bass and Successful Angling Strategy, by Sheridan R. Jones, with Photographs and Drawings by the Author, 205 pages, cloth. The MacMillan Company, New York.

In the interest of bass conservation the publication of this book should be prohibited for the reason that the author so completely reveals the "life habits" of the bass and the manifold ways of taking him, that the reader needs but learn by rote the rules of the game as writ by Sheridan R. and then apply them as he does, to work the undoing of the craftiest bass that ever baffled angler's skill.

I think too much of the bass as a clean sporting proposition to contribute to his extinction by broadcasting from the pages of Mr. Jones's book—it would not be fair to the bass.

Glance through a synopsis of the contents as indicated by chapter headings and see if in your opinion our author has omitted a single essential: Bass of the Floating Bog, Lily-pad Bass, Bass of the Deep Waters, the Large-Mouth of the Rushes, Shoreline Large Mouth, Big Mouth of the River, Fast Water Small Mouth, Bronze Back of the Ledges, Small Mouth of the Pools, of the White Waters, Big Water Small Mouth, Bass of the Seasons, Bass of Many Waters, Breeding Habits, Angling Methods on Blooming Waters, Local Color and Artificial Baits, Ye Angler of the Night Line, Playing from the Reel, The Splash or the Silent Cast. Can Bass distinguish Colors? Black as a Lure Color. Can Bass Hear? Natural Lures for Bass.

Probably the only chapter in the book lacking definite conclusion is one of eight pages dealing with the question, Can Bass Distinguish Colors? and in which the author like the Persian philosopher "comes out the door wherein he went" and closes with an admission and a question: "It may be that we will have to admit that color is a real factor in the life of fish—perhaps so, perhaps not. What do you think about it, brother angler?"

Being challenged, the reviewer, without expressing an opinion, might venture question upon his part. When God m the fishes and exhausted a color schem clothing them in all the varied hues of rainbow, was this intended to delight eye of the angler, or of the fish? and if keen visioned fish be color blind, why futile waste of the Wonder Work Pencil?

The volume is embellished with ei drawings by the author illustrating text, very cleverly done, and fifteen pla from photographs.

Packed within these two hundred pages is more real information of practi value to the bass fisherman than in other book I have read. It is attractiv bound and well printed.

Bass and Bass Fishing, by Ozark Ri Cloth, Illustrated, 146 pages, Sp man's Digest Publishing Comp Cincinnati.

Our old time friend John Bass can complain of lack of biographers this son, for here is "another Richmond in field" in the person of Ozark Ri What Ozark does not know about b will not be found in this handy l volume, but much of what he does k is told in an interesting way and wil found of practical value.

As might be supposed there is a wea of information concerning the mu tudinous varieties of lures that h sprung into vogue in recent years and to be found in glittering and bewilder array in the windows of the tackle sho We stop to look and wonder, and were to select a single specimen of each "s killer" the collection would fill a spec built tackle box of the dimensions o small steamer trunk. Yet, no doubt all "come in" sometime—somewher if you lug them along with you and make up your mind which particular to select for the time, the place, and bass.

An index to some of the more intere ing portions of the book is found in chapter headings: The Fighting Mouth; The Ubiquitous Large Mou Breeding Habits; Bass Facts; Why B Strike Lures; Colors that Attract; Wea er Conditions; Fly Fishing; Bass Fl Hair Flies; Fly Rod Lures; Practi Hints in Bait Casting.

Mention is made of the "turtle kn which might bring a smile to the face Major Turtle, its inventor, and after wh the knot is supposed to be named.

The observations and conclusions corded in this little volume are dra from the life-long experience of an exp angler, whose fly has dimpled the wat wherever bass are to be found.

Books for review in OUTDOOR AMER *may be sent direct to Thomas Ambr 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago.*

A Courtship of the Wilds

(Continued from page 27)

and of hackberry have been crushed down. Deep into the black sandy loam of the glade there are the savage scars of deeply-driven hoofs. As Elaine read the shield of Launcelot, visioning his battles, so you may here read this record of a wild and lonely strife between two furious bucks. They have fought for more than life; they have contested for love. With wide horns clashing, with burly necks lowered, with legs spread and braced, here they have fought the business out. Look here on this young poplar. Its gray side is smudged with red; and here cling little tufts of white and dun hair. One of the rivals ran the other against this tree. Here, too, is a heavy splotch of blood on this old log. That probably means a rip in the side or in the neck from a sharp horn. For a long time they fought—perhaps for an hour. Then one yielded. Which one was it? Let us see which buck led the doe away. It is not hard to discover; for the bucks have very different tracks. Oh, see! Our friend of the sprightly step has won. He must have been too active for the old stag. The lord and master of the mountain is being replaced. The younger buck fought as lovers fight who are young. And now, into the silent shadows these forest-lovers have wandered away. After long waiting, and following, after battle, after victory, love waits. Love is a long inheritance; and from its mystic joys the children of the wild are not excluded.

I described going into the mountain early in the morning and making the observation in question—eavesdropping, as it were. It is after twilight when I come out.

Over the mountains is shed the serene wild glory of the light of an autumn full moon. Its beauty hymns lyrically to the primitive in man. I am out on the lonely road now, a road leading back to the valley and to civilization. But though my face is turned homeward, with a primeval yearning my heart turns backward—there toward the peace of the silent hills—the glamour of the moonlit forest—back toward that beauteous bridal of the forest-wilds, deep-veiled upon the hushed and fragrant bosom of the huge sequestered night.

Quoted from H. G. Wells

"MEN will turn again with renewed interest to the animal world. In these disordered days a stupid, uncontrollable massacre of animal species goes on—from certain angles of vision it is a thing almost more tragic than human miseries; in the nineteenth century dozens of animal species were exterminated; but one of the first fruits of an effective world state would be their better protection.

It is a strange thing in human history to note how little has been done since the Bronze Age in taming, using, befriending and appreciating the animal life about us. But that mere killing would give place in a better educated world to a modification of the primitive instincts that find expression in this way, changing them into an interest *not in the deaths but in the lines of beasts* and leading to fresh and perhaps very strange and beautiful attempts to befriend these pathetic kindred lower creatures we no longer fear as enemies, hate as rivals or need as slaves."

Bass fishing is good

Reports of big catches come from Wisconsin's Land o' Lakes. Muskie, pike, pickerel and trout are also biting. It's a great fishing season in the Cool North Woods.

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Growth of the Striped Bas

Mr. Corson is an honorary member of the British Sea Anglers' Society, an honor proving that he is considered both here and abroad an eminent authority on oceanographic lore.

By SWITCH RE

BEFORE the tarpon came into vogue and later the tuna and swordfish, the striped bass was the premier of salt water game. Because the tarpon, tuna and swordfish do not come into the surf the striper still holds first place in the surf fisherman's heart and ever will.

Yet though this aristocrat of the seething breakers has so long been pursued with rod and reel, little attempt has been made by anglers to solve the mystery of age in the forty and fifty pounders which give them the thrill of a lifetime when the lead leaps to life and the skin burns off a thumb or two as a hundred yards of line goes off the reel in ten or fifteen seconds!

During the past two or three years the Association of Surf Angling Clubs has been urging its member clubs to cooperate with the Bureau of Fisheries in the collection of data on the various species that come under their rods, taking scale samples and forwarding them to the Division of Inquiry, B. of F., Washington. Scale containers provided by the Bureau are used freely and bear on their face the data desired.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

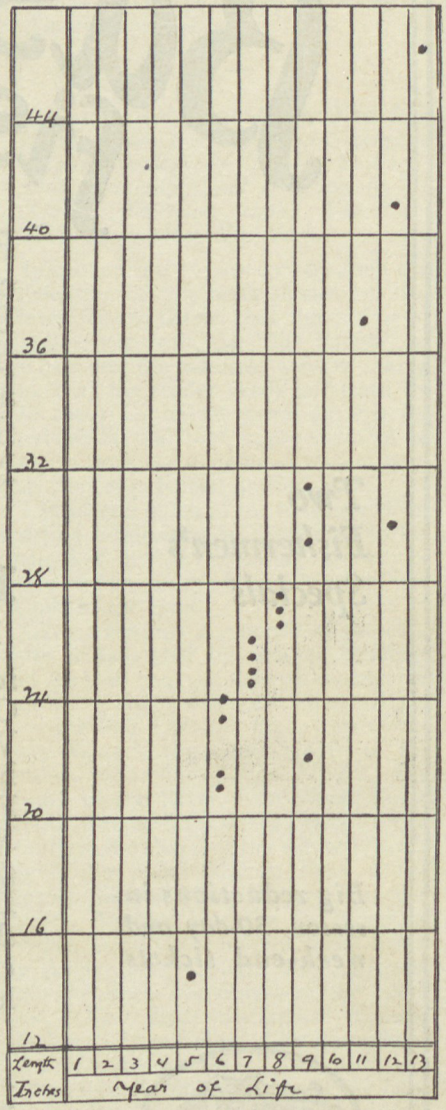
BUREAU OF FISHERIES

Species.....
Locality.....*Date*.....
Length.....*Weight*.....
Sex.....*Stage of organs*.....
Gear.....*Collector*.....

The Asbury Park (N. J.) Fishing Club has specialized on the striped bass, and the writer has been fortunate enough to have passed along about a score of the scale samples thus obtained. Possessing an easy conscience in certain matters he has pilfered a few of the scales passing through his hands, copied the data associated therewith and arranged it in a somewhat orderly manner based upon his own age interpretation as exhibited in the annular rings on the scales.

The startling manner in which the fish can be made to tell their own life histories is fascinating. It is not exceedingly difficult to recognize the annual growth rings on scales no more opaque than those of the striped bass. Indeed, a little careful manipulation between thumbs and fingers will cause the scale to split into several plates, the two or three smaller being quite likely at the year marks. As the fish progress in age it is possible that splits occur at both year marks and spawning marks, for the latter are recognizable to the experienced eye, especially on the scales of the females, which deposit spawn to the extent of about a fifth or a sixth of their total weight. When the 41-inch fish on the accompanying chart was opened she was found to contain spawn estimated at 5 or 6 pounds, and her total weight was accurately recorded at 38 pounds, 9 ounces. It is, therefore, a fair assumption that her weight a few days later would have been in the neighborhood of thirty pounds. Such a body shrinkage, coupled with the physical effects of the spawning organism (which are generally fatal in the salmon) leave recognizable marks on that portion of the scale which lies in the scale pocket. The striped bass being a spring and early summer spawner, the spawning mark lies a slight distance beyond the winter mark, five or six tenths of a millimeter in the case of the 41-inch fish.

It is with considerable trepidation that the chart is rendered into the hands of the hard-boiled editor. A previous attempt to get the growth curve of a large fish over to the reader failed ignominiously because of an imaginery lack of space. Of course, readers and writers know very well that there is always plenty of space. It is always the cruel and unappreciative editor who knows otherwise, and in order to get under his guard this time, a lateral compression of the drawing has been made, which is almost fatal to its purpose. In e mechanical problem three fundame elements exist: namely, time, length mass. This chart expresses two of t time and length; the first being expre laterally and the second vertically. the increase in the length of the takes place during the heavy feeding son, June to December, and is greatly stricted, if not wholly suspended, betw December and the spawning period the subsequent spring, each of the teen years displayed should be acco as much lateral space as the whole occupies as drawn. Thus each mont each year could be expressed, instead crowding the whole twelve months the space of three-sixteenths of an Under the existing circumstances, the of each year in which more than record is displayed, rise vertically. the chart were wide enough to pe proper expression, say about six page OUTDOOR AMERICA, the specimens of years would be found to slope up from left to right, the shorter fish co early in June and the longer ones fol ing on to November and December, assure the gentle reader that we sh both have to use the butts of our surf on Bill before he would give us the pages.



There are nineteen fish represen sixteen being recognized as females, as a buck and two suspected of b bucks. The suspected bucks are 14½-inch fish in the fifth year and 30-inch fish in the twelfth year. recognized buck is the 22-inch fish in ninth year. All others are recogn roe fish.

With these distinctions in mind it be seen that two growth rates are played, a rather slow one for the bu and a much more rapid one for the fish, there being a difference of 9½ inc in favor of the longer roe fish of the year and of 11 inches in favor of the fish of the twelfth year over the bucks corresponding age.

These length measurements are made from the snout to the base of tail in accordance with Bureau of Fi eries practices, which deal only with b length. The tail being a fin and no part of the vertebral structure, it is included in the body length.

It will be noted that the sexes di about five roe fish to one buck. Whet this is the true relation or only appar there is no means of knowing. All fish but one were taken in the surf, exception being the suspected buck a inches in the twelfth year, which c from Kent Narrows in Chesapeake B Omitting this specimen, the relation the surf becomes nine roe to one b fish. Whether the bucks avoid the to a large extent during the season w surf fishing is followed, the writer will venture to state. Mr. Fred Kubler, assiduous bass fisherman and an unc

ally keen observer as well, has stated that the roe fish outnumber the bucks fifty to one, and he is a man to whom all of us may well pay attention. In connection with the I. W. L. plank calling for the scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fish the numerical relation of the sexes and their variation in length for age must be carefully considered; and it is strongly to be believed that the principles of chivalry as applied to the human race and to mammals in conservation, must be reversed in dealing with some species of salt water fish and more protection afforded to the males than to the females.

While, as stated above, the work of the Asbury Park Fishing Club has centered about the striped bass, the opportunity exists for such organizations as the Ocean City Fishing Club, Wildwood Crest Fishing Club, Anglers' Club of Absecon Island, Anglers' Club of Ocean City and others to concentrate upon channel bass, black drum, weakfish, croakers and kingfish, all of which have been under study by the Bureau of Fisheries. The Manasquan Fish and Gun Club, located in the striped bass territory with the A. P. F. C., might well go after the striper independently and thus check its results against those obtained a little further up the coast.

The writer will be exceedingly glad to aid in starting these clubs or any others on this fascinating course. One or two interested leaders working with a magnifying glass and a thin 2-inch celluloid rule divided into 22d's, can do wonders with the backing of a few faithful collectors, and as results begin to show, material will flow in from many quarters.

In connection with this work the Bureau of Fisheries have approved of the following directions issued by the Association of Surf Angling Clubs:

The above work was begun by the Association of Surf Angling Clubs before the Izaak Walton League was organized. It has now become Izaak Walton League work through a process of benevolent evolution, since the membership of nearly all the clubs comprising the A. S. A. C. wear the I. W. L. button and the A. S. A. C. welcomes the I. W. L. to the salt water party. The study is a necessary s... the development of the I. W. L. program with reference to the salt water, which study the Bureau of Fisheries has in hand.

The Weather Bureau receives valuable assistance from and gives official recognition to its Cooperative Weather Observers. The surf fishing clubs are urged to take on similar relations to the Bureau of Fisheries and become Cooperative Data Collectors for that valuable agency of the Federal Government.

Directions for Use of Scale Containers in Forwarding Scale Samples to U. S. Bureau of Fisheries

Scrape a generous number of scales from the fish and place them in the folded slip within the envelope.

Record all data called for on the envelope.

In arriving at the length of the specimen, measure from the tip of snout to base of tail, but NOT INCLUDING the tail fin.

The sex of the specimen can only be certainly ascertained by opening the specimen. Roe and milt lie in the upper part of the abdominal cavity close to the backbone.

The following instructions are given by the Bureau for reading the Stage of Organs, the words to be used in recording it being "Immature," "Advanced" and "Ripe."

Descriptive Word	Roe Appearance	Milt Appearance
1. Immature...	Small, occupying only a small part of the abdominal cavity.	Testes small, not pure white, sometimes pinkish or dull color.
2. Advanced...	Eggs larger, roe occupying nearly all of the abdominal cavity. Quite firm.	Noticeable increase in size, growing whiter and softer.
3. Ripe.....	Roe soft, eggs usually flow from vent quite readily.	Still larger, usually pure white and soft. Flows readily if cut or squeezed.

Containers should be enclosed in a stamped envelope and mailed to Division of Inquiry, Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.

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Single barrel trap guns $100 to $700.
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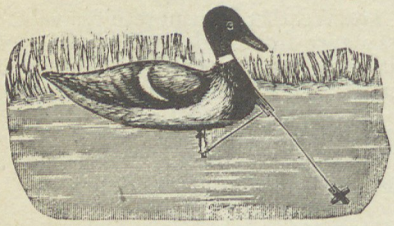

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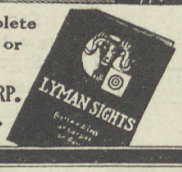
Send 10c for complete Lyman catalog, or ask for free folder.



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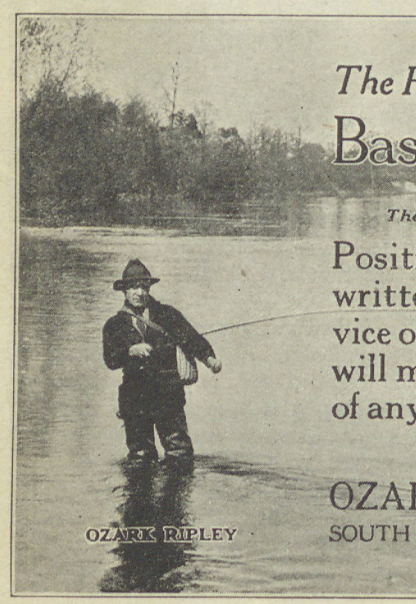
"SECRETARY of Labor James J. Davis fishing at Mooseheart Lake. Secretary Davis, in addition to being a member of President Coolidge's Cabinet, is Director-General of the Loyal Order of Moose. He is also a Life Member and an enthusiastic supporter of the Izaak Walton League. Cartoon by Berryman of the Washington Post."



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SOUTH BEND INDIANA, U. S. A

"Old New England a Treat For the Auto Camper"

By W. A. KIMBALL

FOR all kinds of scenery, fishing and good auto camping places, New England has an enviable position.

Get up into the White Mountain section of New Hampshire and see "Franconia Notch," "The Flume" and "Lost River," all near distances apart; the over from the "Franconia Notch" the next day and go through "Crawford Notch," where Mt. Washington looms up as the highest peak east of the Rockies. If you have time make a trip up to the top of the Mountain. You can go up by train from the west side or you can drive or walk up the carriage road on the east side. Many beautiful and quite famous hotels abound in this section. The Crawford, The Mt. Washington and the Profile House are beauty spots in surroundings of high mountain peaks.

The third day out, a trip north through

the famous "Dixville Notch" will be well worth while. The brooks in this section are very good fishing. Many natural camping sites abound and the road through the Notch has been very recently improved. The million dollar "Hotel Balsams" is a picture in its wonderful setting of mountain scenery. All through the White Mountain section you will find many fine public camping places and quite a few private grounds to camp upon. It is a mecca for auto campers during the summer and you will meet many kindred spirits.

SEASHORE

All along the coast from Plymouth, Mass., up to Portland, Me., you can get every type of seacoast scenery. The fine stretches of beach in Massachusetts and New Hampshire and the rocky shores of Maine are right along your way. The road is all state macadam and runs along the shore line most of the way so that you have wonderful views of the sea.

LAKES

New Hampshire and Maine abound in many fine lakes and ponds. Good fishing is abundant and fine private camping spots are numerous along the shores. From Portland going west one will get right into the lake section of Maine within a short day's run. The farmers are quite hospitable to the auto camper, nowadays, in all parts of New England. Many of them make it a point to supply fresh vegetables, eggs and butter for the campers at moderate prices. They will show you a good water supply and often will be glad to have you camp upon their land.

HISTORICAL POINTS

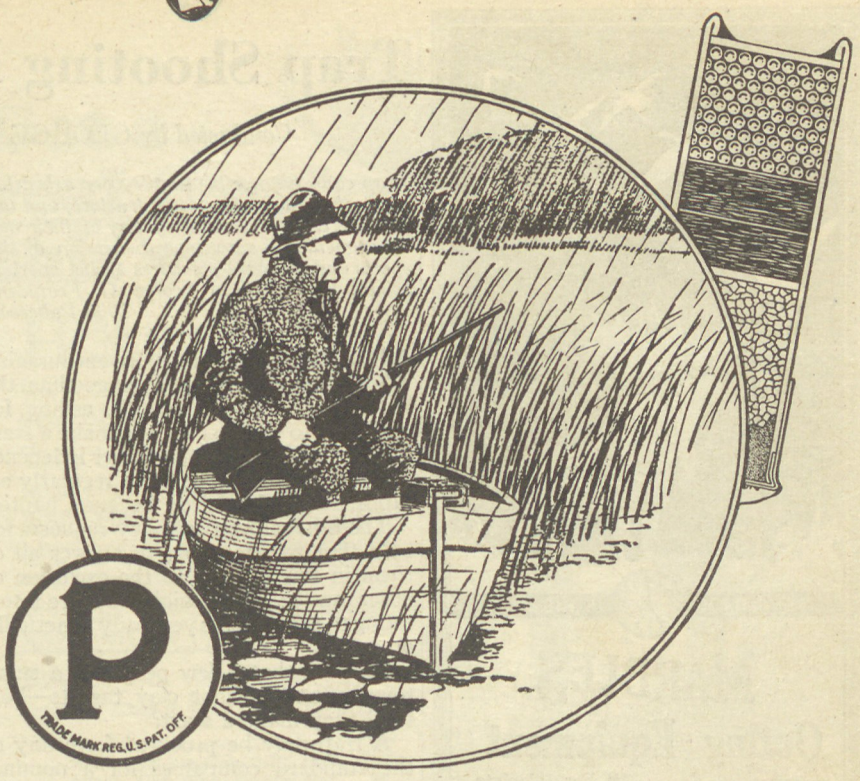
If you have desire to see some of the famous historical places, a trip to Plymouth, Mass., and Boston, will give you a great selection. Plymouth has a fine museum of Pilgrim life and antiques. The burial ground on the hill has the original headstones of some of the makers of history of the United States, and in fact you can get a lot of interesting bits of the history of your country that are not written in books.

Around Boston is the beautiful drive between Concord and Lexington, Mass. Bunker Hill monument in Charlestown, Mass., is interesting. Harvard University and its famous museums over in Cambridge, Mass., should not be missed.

THE MOHAWK TRAIL

For a trip on beautiful roads and through a hilly country the Mohawk Trail in western Massachusetts offers a treat. The highway passes over the hills so that a fine view of the surrounding country can be seen for miles around. At the top peak of one of the hills, the Elks have erected a fine bronze "Elk Statue" in memory of the World War Veterans. Many camping spots are open to the auto camper.

I know of no section of the east that includes such a great variety of beauty spots and they have made little Old New England famous. It is too good to miss and the auto camper is welcome at all times.



Peters Shells function perfectly in any weather

SHOOTERS who use Peters Shells go right ahead with their hunting trips regardless of the weather, because experience has proven that Peters Shells function perfectly in all arms under all shooting conditions. The combination of a firm "bevel-crimp" and a thoroughly waterproofed paper tube of proper strength and elasticity prevents any unsatisfactory results from dampness. Even a driving rain doesn't stop a Peters hunter.

And when you consider that the watertite "bevel-crimp" is only one of the outstanding Peters features you can understand the superiority of these shells. The "steel-where-steel-belongs" head, the riveted battery cup, the pure felt wads and perfect shot are other special advantages.

And, finally, Peters Shells offer you superior *high velocity* loads in your favorite load, plainly marked. "High velocity" with Peters quality means the most satisfactory shells you can obtain.

Peters rim fire cartridges will give you greater accuracy, cleanliness and penetration. Ask your dealer for free booklet "Quality Ammunition" or write

The Peters Cartridge Company, Dept. A-42, Cincinnati, Ohio

Adv. No. 1. Watch for Quality Ammunition Message No. 2

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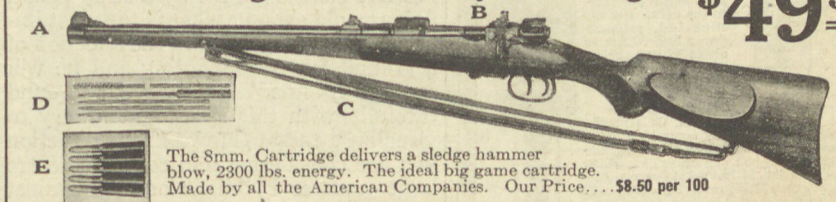

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E—Box of 20 S. P. Cartridges in Clips	"	2.00
	Total Value,	$90.00

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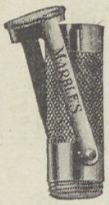
Marble's Ideal Knife
Forged razor steel, hand tempered and tested. Blade is adapted to sticking and skinning. Oval ground at back of point for chopping bones, etc. Keen, heavy and beautifully made. No. 41, leather handle, No. 42, staghorn handle.

	No. 41	No. 42
4¼-in blade, with sheath,	$2.50	$3.25
5-in. blade, with sheath,	2.75	3.50
6-in. blade, with sheath,	3.00	3.75
7-in. blade, with sheath,	3.25	4.00
8-in. blade, with sheath,	3.50	4.25



Waterproof Matchbox
Don't take a chance on carrying wet matches. The waterproof matchbox keeps matches perfectly dry under all conditions — even under water. Opened and closed instantly in the dark. Heavily nickeled, seamless-drawn brass, diameter about ¾ inch inside: **60 cents.**

Handy Compass
You can't afford to take a trip without a Marble's Compass. Waterproof screw case. Absolutely accurate. Can't demagnetize, **Safety Coat Compass,** fastens to coat or belt, stationary dial, **$1.50:** revolving dial, **$1.75. Pocket Compass,** stationary dial, **$1.25;** revolving dial, **$1.50.**

If you can't get Marble's Outing Equipment from your dealer's, we will fill your order direct.

Send for our 1924 catalog.

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
5731 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.
681

Trap Shooting Department

Conducted by GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Trap clubs all over the country are asked to submit suggestions for increasing interest, helping beginners, caution to instructors, and matters of kindred interest, and to send in pictures of their clubhouses and of any of their members who are making phenomenal scores. This department will encourage discussion of the comparative merits of trap shooting and other sports and the great pleasures of the sport itself. All articles intended for this department should be mailed to George C. Franklin, Trap Shot Editor of Outdoor America, 1006 Patterson Building, Denver.

NOTHING could be more encouraging to the editor of this page than the letters received this month, asking for advice as to the best way to make a start in organizing trap clubs, either independently, or as an adjunct to a regularly established Izaak Walton League Chapter.

There have been so many requests for help that we are going to answer all of them in this column to the exclusion of other matter, which might be more interesting to those not as yet ready to actually organize.

Suppose that a few people in a small town want to shoot clay targets—how shall they make a start?

A trap may be procured from any of the standard companies for a nominal rental, and with it will come blue prints and complete instructions for setting up the trap.

A pit five feet by eight, should be dug, six feet deep—a concrete pillar put in as a foundation for the trap. (Ninety per cent of trap troubles come from placing the trap on a rickety foundation.) The small outlay necessary to insure a solid base on which the trap may rest will prove a very satisfactory investment.

Targets may be ordered through the local dealer; any hardware store will order them for you.

Do not place a big order at first; half a dozen barrels will be enough, and you don't want to spoil your fun with a burden of debt. Start in a small way and grow only as you are forced to provide accommodations for increased crowds and you won't have any worries.

In selecting a location avoid old established clubs, get a place of your own, if you can, and avoid getting too far out—many a fellow who likes to shoot has to watch the extra expense and can't afford a long trip into the country. The reason we advise you to avoid the established country club grounds, is that golfers especially object to the noise of the guns, and we don't want to make a nuisance of ourselves.

The grounds, of course, must be large enough so that no passer-by can by any possible chance get hit by a stray pellet. Ask any old shooter what is the most important thing to watch in the selection of a ground for trap shooting and he will say, "sky line." Study your ground carefully with this idea in mind, try to visualize a target thrown in the direction you are considering and see if there are large trees or buildings or hills against which a target would be difficult to see. Sometimes a very slight change in the position of the trap house will clear up the background wonderfully.

Last week, we shot in a small town in Arizona; the grounds were beautiful, in the edge of a pine forest with a cool breeze from the mountains, that was wonderful—but one of these same beautiful mountains caused me to say several things when I shot from peg five, and a left angled target sailed away against a dark background, and the referee said, "LOST."

The pathetic part of it all was, that if the trap house had been turned ten degrees farther to the west, the targets would have been thrown into an absolutely perfect sky.

Try to arrange the trap either north or south, in a general way, so you will not have either the early morning or late afternoon light in your face.

We are supposing that your club is a beginner's club, because if there is enough interest in the game in your town so that the city government can be persuaded to establish municipal shooting grounds, as is now being done in every progressive city, you are sure to have some experienced shooters among your members, and the ammunition concerns will be glad to send someone to help work out your problems. But if there are only a few shooters available, these articles will endeavor to outline in a general way the best way to begin.

A low sloping roof either of concrete or boards, thick enough so that a charge of shot cannot possibly penetrate must be built over the pit for the protection of the trap boy. Five marks set at sixteen yards, where the shooters are to stand, and you are ready to go.

It is sometimes advisable to slow down the trap for beginners by loosening the spring, so that the targets are not thrown a full forty-five yards, and then as soon as the shooter can break a fair percentage of targets to increase the speed until the regulation target is thrown. This is especially advisable in teaching ladies to shoot, because generally they are so much occupied in the effort to gain an easy natural position with a gun, that when the target is thrown the shooter is startled and "jumps at the target."

Tell the beginner to not be in a hurry; help them to point out the target and break it way out. Speed and time, and all the other achievements of the seasoned trap shot will come with experience.

The one enemy of all trap clubs and beginners is purely a fictitious one; his name is—discouragement—swat this little imp every chance you get, for he is absolutely the only obstacle in the way of your becoming a successful trap shot. We know for we fought him for two years before we finally landed a straight twenty-five—that sent him scurrying away over the sky line.

All of the above have been gained from our own experiences, and we trust they may be helpful.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

The Last Muskie

(Continued from page 17)

story. Imagine twenty pounds of fighting fish on a line (which you of course figured was going to be too light), and with that same muskie doing all of his tricks in an effort to get back into the weeds where the chances of getting away were at least 5 to 1 in his favor. That was fishing.

"Whenever the boys got a small muskie they always released him and that old stuff about a muskie being a ruined fish by the time he got to the boat, regardless of size, didn't prove up at all. I have released hundreds of muskies of ten pounds and under after they had fought all over the lake with all the vengeance they could muster and I never tore them to pieces or injured their gills. They were tired but they were not casualties.

"Well, just when the roads and highways of Wisconsin were becoming famous throughout the United States and just when thousands of tourists began to pour into the state along came the Wisconsin legislature with a law which ripped off the size limit. They gave the man who purchased a fishing license the right to take and keep game fish of any size. That was the beginning of the end. Inexperienced fishermen came along (they could not always be blamed either) and just naturally combed the lakes of small muskies. They wanted the honor of having taken a muskie and they always got one.

"Soon no muskies were left but the battle-scarred veterans of many a tussle. But gradually they began to go, for the odds against them were too strong. There were no young ones to grow up and a disregard of nature's laws as to size limit bred disregard of other laws. We thus figured that so far as Wisconsin was concerned the muskie was as extinct as the dodo bird.

"Of course you know about the bass, pike, pickerel, perch and lake trout. They are all gone, for they, being more easily caught, did not last as long as the muskie. The fish we have now do not amount to anything, so far as we old-timers figure. They are a sort of cold water carp and they obtained entire control of the lakes and streams when the game fish began to get scarce."

The preceding rambling lines tell an overdrawn story, ridiculous and all that, but still bringing out, it is hoped, to some little extent the fact that Wisconsin is facing a crisis.

THERE IS NO LAW LIMITING THE SIZE OF GAME FISH

The writer with a friend and a guide this summer passed a boat on one of the best lakes in northern Wisconsin. We had been trolling for muskie, had succeeded in bringing a nice one to boat and had turned back a few bass and pickerel. The usual greetings and inquiries were exchanged and the three in the boat exhibited the afternoon catch, one two pound bass, a muskie weighing approximately four pounds, at least twenty black bass ranging from six to eight inches, eight or ten six and eight inch pike, a small pickerel and a dozen rock bass of varying sizes. Not a single printed law had been violated. We had a heart to heart talk for half an hour. The boys

(Continued on page 61)

Get a real trophy this year

HERE along the Canadian waterways, far from city's toil, roams the crowned monarch of all big game.

Take back a mighty antlered head—convincing proof of your cool nerves and keen marksmanship. He's wary, crafty—it takes perfect judgment of distance, a steady finger on the trigger.

But get yourself a moose, man—and make your plans now.

For full information write to A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, Quebec

Canadian Pacific

HUNTER'S LODGE COMPLETELY EQUIPPED $175

You can buy the completely equipped Hunting and Fishing Lodge, which sleeps 4 people, for $175, freight paid to your railroad station.

The price includes all lumber readi-cut, siding, flooring, roofing, outside finish, door, windows, screens, paint, nails, hardware, two double beds with springs and felt mattresses, stove, table, seats, basin, pail and lantern. This Aladdinette lodge also finding wide use for tourist over-night cottage. Two men can erect in one day. Quick shipment from our nearest mill—Freight Paid. Write today for catalog 1439.

THE ALADDIN CO., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Offices and Mills at Bay City, Mich., Wilmington, N. C., Portland, Ore.

Ideal for All Outings!

Washington's Coffee

ORIGINATED BY MR. WASHINGTON IN 1909

Ready instantly when water is added. Absolutely pure coffee—not a substitute! Convenient—compact—saves weight and space. Trial size 10 cents. Booklet free.

G. WASHINGTON COFFEE REFINING CO.
522 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Peck's Barbless Hopper

THE OUTSTANDING LURE OF THE CENTURY
GETS THE BIG ONES AND HOLDS 'EM, TOO

Bass and Trout Sizes—50c each. Three Assorted Patterns that will get fish anywhere. Postpaid $1.50.

Write for description of Peck's Barbless and Single Hook, Hook Nature Lures for Fly and Bait Casting.

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SHIRTS AND SWEATERS

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Real comfort, fit and good looks are happily combined in Patrick Shirts.

Made of rich Flannels and genuine Broadcloths, — different weights in checks, plaids and solid colors. Cut coat style, have "set in" sleeves and sateen-faced collars.

Look and fit like custom built. A shirt your friends will envy.

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At high class dealers everywhere. Send for interesting Shirt and Sweater booklets. (Address Desk 56).

F. A. PATRICK & CO. DULUTH
Makers of both Cloth and Garment

"PURE NORTHERN WOOL
from sheep that thrive in the snow"

In Regard to Migratory Birds

SINCE the first migratory bird law became effective, March 4, 1913, the Bureau of Biological Survey has received many communications from nearly every section of the country indicating a very substantial increase in migratory birds, particularly wild ducks and geese. Some persons, however, claim that migratory birds, especially migratory wild fowl, while increasing greatly in numbers for some years after the migratory bird law became effective, have really decreased during the last few years, and that impressions of an increase are gained because the birds now are concentrated in existing areas untouched by drainage that has destroyed such a large portion of their former homes.

If the Migratory Bird Treaty Act and Regulations are to be efficiently administered, the Biological Survey must secure, from time to time, reliable information concerning the status of the various species of migratory birds and the conditions of their breeding, feeding, and resting places. The importance of securing this information must be apparent to all.

We, therefore, shall be greatly obliged if you will give us a detailed report of your observations on the status of migratory birds, particularly wild ducks and geese, beginning in 1913 or at whatever subsequent date your observations began, with special reference to increases or decreases and condition of the habitat of the birds. This report should include a statement as to the opportunities you have had to make your observations and the dates when and places where they were made. If you noticed an apparent increase or decrease last year, was it, in your opinion, due to weather or food conditions, or, as frequently occurs, a change in the migration route of the birds? Frequently, as in the case last year, there appears to be much irregularity in the migratory habits and routes of the birds, and it therefore becomes highly important to be specific in your reasons for any decrease or increase of migratory wild fowl observed by you.

We take this occasion to thank you in advance for your courtesy and early attention to this matter. Assistance from you in developing the facts in regard to the status of our migratory birds will be a distinct help in the cause of wild life conservation.

Very truly yours,
E. W. NELSON,
Chief of Bureau.

Memorandum of Observations Concerning Status of Migratory Birds

Please read questions carefully, give detailed replies, and forward this sheet in inclosed franked envelope to Biological Survey, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. If additional space is required, use extra sheets of paper.

QUESTION 1. Are you a hunter of ducks or other migratory wild fowl? Since 1913 what opportunities have you had to observe migratory birds, particularly wild ducks and geese? (State months and locations of observations.)

Answer:

QUESTION 2. Have you observed an increase or decrease of waterfowl, or of any other species of migratory birds?

Answer:

QUESTION 3. Comparing present supply with numbers existing in 1918, what do you estimate has been the percentage of increase or decrease?

Answer:

Increase ____%; decrease ____%.

QUESTION 4. In 1923 did you observe an increase or decrease compared with numbers observed in 1922, and to what extent?

Answer:

QUESTION 5. Do you believe the increase or decrease in 1923 was due to weather or food conditions, or a change in the migratory route of the birds or any other cause, which please name?

Answer:

QUESTION 6. (a) On how many days did you hunt wild fowl during the 1923-24 season.

Answer:

(b) What was your average daily bag?

Answer:

(Name in full) P. O. Address

(City) (State)

A Big Trout in the Swift Current

(Continued from page 21)

him up on the sand and as I did so, the hook slipped through the hole in the membrane of the lower jaw and I realized how close a call it was. I carefully pinioned my fish with a bit of cord, put an additional finger through his gills and fought my way across the stream again. I looked at my watch: 12:30. It had been an hour and a half since I first cast for my noble prize. I'd been playing him all of an hour and twenty minutes. My next move was to measure the beauty—23½ inches of iridescent rainbow, a slim, beautifully formed male.

I was ready for lunch and, incidentally, willing to show my prize. But, strange as it may seem, on reaching the hotel and after exhibiting my beauty to a friend—himself a fisherman of no mean reputation—I learned that such fish as mine were by no means uncommon to that part of Glacier Park.

The moral of my tale is this: that if you are a fisherman and at the same time a nature lover—and what fisherman is not?—if you want wonderful climbing, air clear as crystal, a wilderness in places untouched by man, and yet a place in which to loaf or journey in ease and comfort; if you want all these and the joy of throwing a fly with the assurance of getting fish, then go to Glacier Park next summer.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

The Last Muskie

(Continued from page 59)

were conscientious in their desire to obey the laws but there were many things they did not know. Most of their fish were in condition to be returned to the lake and were accordingly released. We met the same boys several times after that and they not only were releasing small fish but were active in their efforts to induce all others to follow suit.

Most of the guides and resort owners urge new fishermen to obey the unwritten laws of the sportsmen and the educational activities bear fruit in most cases.

Among those who are keeping in touch with things it is taken for granted that the next session of the Wisconsin legislature will see the size limit restored on all game fish. The spectacular growth of the Wisconsin division of the Izaak Walton League of America makes that assured.

The writer has before him a letter from Elmer S. Hall, Commissioner of Conservation of Wisconsin which says in part: "The general dissatisfaction with which this law has been received by sportsmen of the state will undoubtedly result in the law being repealed and the size limit restored during the early days of the next legislative session. I believe the law was a mistake and have never been able to find out exactly how such a law was passed, but from the general sentiment in this state there is no question about it (the size limit) being restored."

By juggling around Emerson Hough's immortal lines we might make them apply to Wisconsin as follows:

"Meantime if you really wish to save fishing in Wisconsin for yourself, your boys and the hundreds and thousands of guests who yearly come to your state, go out and do what you can to put 100,000 members and 500 chapters in the Wisconsin division of the Izaak Walton League. When this is true you will in advance have won every conservation fight. Join the Izaak Walton League—get everybody else to do so. Do your own thinking and then act."

Judge Dickinson placed himself among the immortals of sportsmen when he uttered the great words "Fish and Game Cannot Vote." Wisconsin in company with every other state where the Izaak Walton League is in power can say "Fish and Game Cannot Vote, But Organized Sportsmen Can Vote For Them."

Wisconsin, the eyes of the sportsmen of the nation are upon you.

"Do Your Own Thinking and Then Act."

Comment

By M. C. GOODSPEED

"COMMENT is made frequently that the game laws do not provide for small enough bags and that the seasons are too long. We believe, however, that one of the things which should be continuously called to the attention is the fact that the bag limit should be observed by all and that the public should be educated to feel that the exceeding of this limit places that individual in the same category as the 'hold-up man,' since he is simply robbing the other fellow of his fair proportion of game and sport."

1924's Tent Sensation

Dickey KAMPER TRADEMARK

Oked By Experts

"The Tent that has no Center Pole!"

Guarantees new touring and camping comfort. The old obnoxious center pole is gone, eliminated by Dickey patented device. Insist that your dealer show you this tent before you buy. Or write us for catalog and prices. Better be safe than sorry.

—takes the Cramp out of Camping!

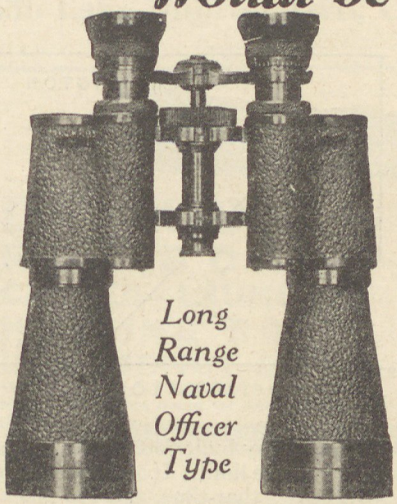
Tents of all descriptions for any purpose, of best quality and workmanship. Tell us what you want in canvas specialties.

THE DICKEY MFG. CO.

330 Tenth St. Toledo, Ohio

"Would be cheap at $50"

—says Navy man



"I cannot see," writes Mr. Harold G. Gould, of Northome, Minn., "how such a glass can be sold for anything like the price you ask; $50 would be cheap enough for such a fine instrument."

A 10-Power Stereo-Prism BINOCULAR *for only* . . $27.00

By actual test this long range, Naval Officer type binocular equals the best German 10 power instruments selling for over $100. Large field of view with wonderful illumination and definition. Weighs but 20 oz. Central focusing with individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Amazing value. Complete with case and straps, prepaid for only **$27.** Guaranteed satisfactory or money returned. 8-power glass similar to above, only **$21.50.**

CATALOG FREE — 200 Glasses — $1 to $125

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FREE With This BIG 3 FT. TELESCOPE

See people and objects miles away, on land or sea, as if they were close. Wonder Telescope gives new pleasures to home, farm, camp, travel, sport. See moon and stars as never before. Opens out over 3 feet long, in 5 sections; measures 12 inches closed. Brass bound; has powerful lenses. **Thousands pleased**—"Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away."—Mrs. Yarbrough. "Saw Provincetown Light, 28 miles away, as clear as if in front of me."—Clyde Scribner. "I have been watching submarines 8 miles off the coast."—P. Grush. "Can see children playing in school yard 6 miles away."—P. H. Henning-ton. "Read the numbers on freight cars mile away, see mountains on moon"—A. C. Palmer.

FREE handsome, sturdy 12 in. leatherette **Carrying Case** sent FREE with Wonder Telescope for short time. Clip This Ad

Because of fortunate purchase from large European maker we can give you a big bargain. Be first in your neighborhood; entertain your friends. **Send no money;** send only name and address for telescope and case by parcel post. On arrival deposit with Postman only $1.85 plus a few pennies postage. **Satisfaction guaranteed** or money refunded. Order **today** while supply lasts.

Send No Money

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Famous MONMOUTH MOCCASINS

Nature's footwear—no breaking in—and for every need and use

AMERICA'S BEST and OLDEST LINE

Complete illustrated catalog with instructions and blanks for ordering sent (free) upon request

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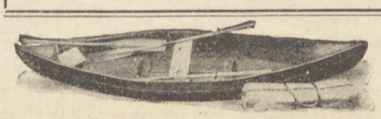

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Russell's "Neverleak" Chief

AS its name implies this boot is a leader among single vamp boots. Made of carefully chosen waterproofed Paris veal chrome-tanned leather. "Never-Rip" Seam around the toe piece. Selected oak soles.

The boot that old timers swear by and newly recruited outers want. All heights, 6 to 20 inch, all sizes, army last.

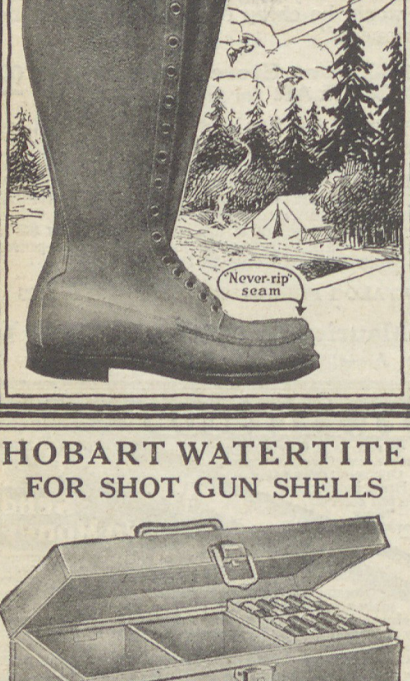
Your footwear is most important on your outings.

Ask any sportsman about Russell's. Consider comfort and service and not price.

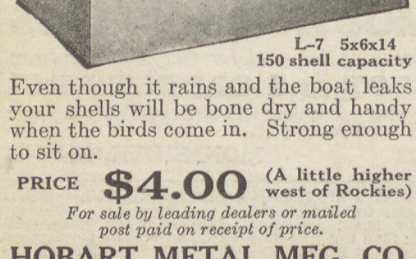
Old time makers of ladies and men's moccasins for tramping, golfing, yachting, camping and house wear.

Ask any dealer who sells (or ought to sell) sportmen's boots and shoes to show you Russell Moccasin Footwear. If he cannot, write for our catalog, select the style you wdnt and insist that he order them for you.

W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
924 Wisconsin Street
Berlin, Wisconsin



HOBART WATERTITE FOR SHOT GUN SHELLS



L–7 5x6x14
150 shell capacity

Even though it rains and the boat leaks your shells will be bone dry and handy when the birds come in. Strong enough to sit on.

PRICE **$4.00** (A little higher west of Rockies)

For sale by leading dealers or mailed post paid on receipt of price.

HOBART METAL MFG. CO.
16th Ave. and 8th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Saving National Forest Lands

(Continued from page 19)

in making such a gift to the railroad. That is all water over the dam.

The Forest Service bases its case on the original grants to the railroad and the facts as they exist today. It looks upon the laws granting these lands to the railroad as equivalent to a contract; but it believes that this contract should be no more binding upon the government than upon the railroad. It believes that the pending investigation will show that the terms of the grant have been frequently and flagrantly violated by the company to its advantage and that upon the other hand the government has extended to the railroad numerous and valuable favors and privileges.

By the final terms of its grants the Northern Pacific was to construct a railroad and telegraph line from Lake Superior to Puget Sound with the main line going via the Columbia River and a branch leaving the main line not more than 300 miles east of Portland and crossing the mountains to Puget Sound. Congress stipulated the time within which the road should be completed. This was extended from time to time, but the final extension expired July 4, 1879, although the company made numerous efforts to secure further extensions.

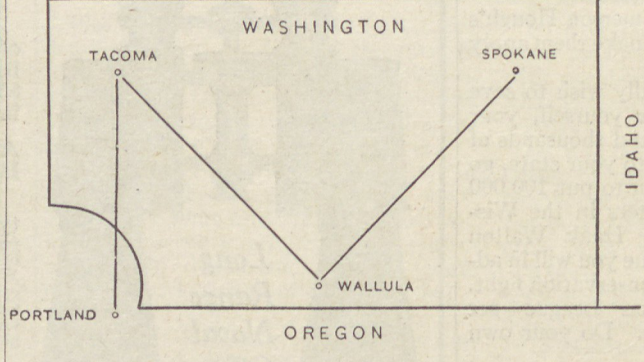


Diagram illustrating route of Northern Pacific railroad through the state of Washington. By making the detour to the southward the company secured about 1,600,000 acres more land than would be due it had the line taken such a "reasonably direct route" between Spokane and Tacoma as was afterwards taken by the Great Northern railway or "Milwaukee" railway.

The company built 530.5 miles of road within the time limit. It also constructed 1,507.21 after that time, and 225 miles it never constructed at all. This unconstructed part was down the Columbia River into Portland. From Spokane, Wash., the road runs to Wallula, Wash., as though headed for Portland, as the grant provided; but as it neared the Columbia River, the Oregon Short Line Railroad was projected for construction along the south bank into Portland without the aid of any land grant and, not relishing competition, the Northern Pacific abandoned construction down the Columbia River and crossed the Cascades to Tacoma.

The abandonment of construction down the Columbia River was clearly a violation of the grant. It diverted the line from Spokane westward to Portland via Tacoma and took a devious V-shaped route, as shown by the following diagram. In similar land grant cases the Supreme Court has held that the railroad is entitled to receive only the acreage which would have been due it from the mileage of a reasonably direct route. Following this rule, the Forest Service contends that the Northern Pacific has received *1,600,000 acres in the State of Washington more than it was entitled to* under the fair terms of its grant.

The Forest Service contends that failure to construct within the time limit fixed in the law was a violation of its contract and that it relieved Congress and the government from liability for strict compliance. Of the nearly 44,000,000 acres claimed by the railroad under its grant less than 9,000,000 is for work done within the time limit fixed in the law; about 35,000,000 is on account of mileage constructed after the time fixed in the grant had expired.

It is the contention of the Forest Service that under the terms of the grant Congress did not have to give this 35,000,000 acres of land to the company for building that part of the road which was constructed after July 4, 1879. In a similar case the Supreme Court has held that the railroad, if it secures lands under the grant, takes them as "a matter of favor than of strict right." The Forest Service wants Congress itself to say whether it wishes to extend to the Northern Pacific the "favor" of securing $30,000,000 worth of reserved timber lands in addition to the tremendous favors already received. We admit that Congress should carry out its contract even though it did make a poor bargain so long as the other fellow lives up to his part of the contract; but we maintain that the public interest should not be sacrificed to carry out the terms of an inequitable contract that has already been repeatedly breached by the other party.

The granting acts to the Northern Pacific were primarily "for the purpose of aiding in construction." The Forest Service contends that in view of the many violations of the grant by the company Congress would be justified in declaring a limited forfeiture of that part of the grant claimed on account of the 1,507.21 miles built after the time limit which it established, particularly if it at the same time saves to the railroad values sufficient to cover the entire original cost of construction. Surely if enough is allowed to pay the entire bill so that the completed road is a veritable gift, no more could be asked under a broken and violated contract.

The company itself, in its 1917 report to the Interstate Commerce Commission, *reports sales from this grant aggregating $109,650,445.77.* In addition to this

there is no way of estimating to what extent their subsidiary companies may have profited through this grant, such as the profits of the Northwest Development Company to which it turns over all its coal lands, and the Absaroka Oil Company that handles its oil lands. On the other hand, a compilation based upon the company's own reports shows that the total cost of constructing the *entire line from Ashland, Wis., to Tacoma, Wash., including the line from Tacoma to Portland, Ore., did not exceed $70,000,000.00.*

In addition to the sales reported by the Northern Pacific the company's report acknowledged possession of unsold lands which it valued at $11,600,000 and held for sale at exorbitant prices. It is now seventy years since the passage of the granting act and fifty-four years since the passage of the chief amendatory act and yet the railroad company still holds millions of acres of land to the exclusion of settlers and homebuilders.

At the time Congress amended and extended the grant in 1870 many of its members were fearful of just this sort of thing. The resolution of 1870 gave the company the right to mortgage the grant and at the same time provided that all lands which remained in its possession at the end of five years after the time fixed for the completion of the road "shall be subject to settlement and pre-emption like other lands, at a price to be paid said company not exceeding two dollars and fifty cents per acre." It also provided that if it was necessary to sell any of the lands by mortgage foreclosure "such lands shall be sold at public sale . . . to the highest and best bidder."

"I have striven to secure lands for the settlers on these fifty-odd million acres of public land that are given away to a railroad company. Failing in that, I now wish to prevent a perpetual monopoly of over 50,000,000 acres of lands by an immense railroad company; for let it be understood in the Senate and by the country that this railroad company is so manipulated and so organized, and the stock is being so distributed, that it now proposes to make itself an immense stock company, which, having the capital to build the road, will build it and hold onto these lands, that they may increase in value by the influence of the road, by the settlement of the country, by the labor which the settlers who buy the alternate sections shall put on those lands which they buy of the Government. This grant extends to 60 miles on each side of the road, and the amount of lands granted will be held in perpetuity by this company unless you have some such provision as this. Now, I insist that we shall not encourage and foster and provide by law for such an immense monopoly of lands across the continent of America."

The Forest Service contends that this sale provision was binding on the Northern Pacific Company just as the Supreme Court has ruled a similar provision was binding on the Southern Pacific Company; but a provision which, in spite of the gallant fight made in Congress for its inclusion in the law, the former company has totally disregarded from that day to this.

The time limit fixed by Congress at the

(Continued on page 71)

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The Book of the Black Bass

by

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THIS scientific volume, replete with color illustrations, contains in its 550 pages, complete information on the types, habits and various methods of catching the black bass—"inch for inch, pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims."

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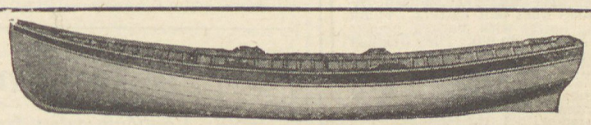

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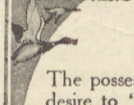

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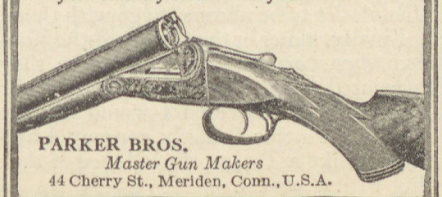

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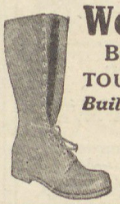

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THE JAMISON BARBLESS HOOK

"The Hook with the Hump"

Lands the Big Ones
Doesn't Hurt the Little Ones

HELLO, IKE!

How do you like this string of small and large mouth bass? They were caught on Jamison Inverted Barbless Bass Flies bait casting. Think you could do any better with barbed hooks? You'd have to go some if you did. They weighed from three to five and a half pounds each.

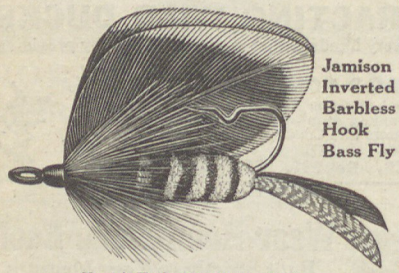
One thing you may be sure of—the fellow who made this catch will never use barbed hooks again. He's off them for life. Never again will he leave a bloody trail of baby bass behind him, uselessly slaughtered with barbed hooks. The little ones he puts back now will live to help make better fishing for you and others.

You've often heard: "Ah, what's the use of putting the little ones back? They die any way." Some states are even abolishing the size limit for the same reason. But if you use our Jamison Barbless, there would be a lot of use in putting them back, for practically all of them would live.

Our Barbless Hooks and Flies don't cost any more than others of same grade. You catch even more fish with them, due to their remarkable penetration; and best of all, they save the little ones and give you more fish to fish for, so what your excuse is for sticking to barbed hooks is more than I can guess. No one has yet been able to tell me.

The best time for the old "lunkers" is to come—September and early October—so why not give our barbless a trial? I guarantee you a pleasant surprise. BILL JAMISON.

P. S.—**Bill Dilg** says: "I see no reason why any man who has used this barbless should ever go back to barbed hooks again."



Jamison Inverted Barbless Hook Bass Fly

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Prize Winner Announcement—As not all of the prizes have been awarded, we will not publish the list until next month.

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And Wear This Button

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

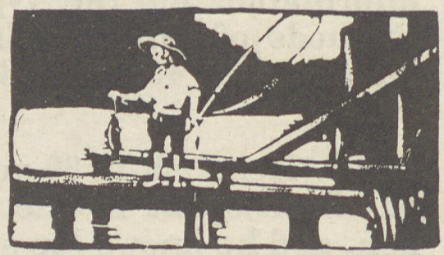
Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Photos by C. E. Lewis

A Boy and a Bass—

By LEE W. JOHNSTONE



ANGLING MEMORIES—The mere suggestion crowds my mind with thoughts of fishing expeditions in a dozen states and for all sorts of fish, but my first fishing trip stands out as the one real trip of them all.

I was the kid member of a gang of five, who were all a few years older than myself, and consequently, subject to the whims and orders of the rest of the bunch, as has been the case since boys have been upon earth. Why I stuck with that particular crew of savages is beyond my understanding now. I was the errand boy, the goat, the buck private with four officers.

The gang frequently fished in Cutoff Lake, now Carter Lake, near Omaha, Nebraska, the locale of this yarn, but I had never been allowed to accompany them for the reason I was too little, and didn't know anything about fishing anyway. There were many unhappy days the fore part of that summer when the gang was off fishing, and it became my chief desire to be allowed to go with them.

Finally, along in the middle of the summer when worms were getting scarce, they consented to my accompanying them the following day provided I would dig the worms. To this I gladly consented and labored like a Trojan the balance of that day with a shovel.

The next morning we took an early street car and set forth on what for me was the great adventure. I was full of joy and anticipation. But when we reached the lake the gang decided I was too small to go out in a boat and planted me on the chute of an ice house with a few of my worms and a couple of sick minnows in a tin can out of the supply they had purchased. I stood there and watched them row out on the lake, bait in one hand, lunch in the other, my heart full of sorrow and my eyes full of tears. They had a double oared boat with an empty seat in the prow and I wanted to be in that seat; and they had taken two-bits of mine to help pay for the bait and the boat and all I had to show for it was two minnows floating on their backs in a tin can of water and I knew I wasn't getting a square deal and I just couldn't keep a few tears back.

But shortly the prospects of catching a fish overcame my disappointment and I set about preparing my rig. A neighbor had loaned me a line and given me a few instructions relative to its use and I found a piece of a water-soaked cane pole, heavy and stiff, along the shore. I tied my line to the end of this club and opening the sack containing my lunch, removed therefrom a can of nice fat worms. Knowing the gang as I did, I was reasonably certain they would take most of the worms furnished them and had prepared against that contingency. My hook was baited and lowered into the water at the end of the ice house chute. From time to time my cork would indicate a nibble and I would yank on my heavy pole, bringing the bait out of the water as though it had been shot out of a gun, but not a fish came with it.

I fished and fished, it grew hotter and hotter. The bunch in the boat had apparently ceased fishing and were enjoying a swim. Fishing began to lose its glamour and I thought more and more of the raw deal the gang had given me.

Angling Memory Winners

Note: *A communication from the chairman of the judging committee in Outdoor America's 1923 Angling Memory Contest which closed with the July issue, reads: "These winners won by the closest conceivable margin—we are in favor of giving a prize to every author. No angler could read these contributions without getting a thrill from every line.*

First Prize—"Dreaming by the Fireside"—*Haskell Wright.*
Second Prize—"Salt Pork, Fish and Scenery"—*Dr. Royden E. Tull.*
Third Prize—"Muffing a Good One"—*William T. DeWolfe.*
Fourth Prize—"Poles Versus Rods"—*Harry Forbes.*
Fifth Prize—"John Bass and Tom Turkey"—*J. L. Philips.*

These prizes are: First, choice of any rod made in America; Second, choice of any reel made in America; Third, leather fly-rod case; Fourth and Fifth, autographed famous fishing books.

Make your name appear on this list next August as one of the best in the current contest which opened last month—The Editor.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

My lunch was dry as powder in my mouth and hard to swallow because of the lump in my throat. All afternoon the glass-like surface of the lake reflected the blazing sunshine and the chute became an oven containing a sawed-off, freckled faced kid with his feet in the water and gloom in his heart.

Late in the afternoon the great event happened. I had long since given up the hope of catching a fish, had thrown the two dead and bloated minnows away, had crowded on my hook all the worms it would hold, taken off the cork float and laid the pole on the floor of the chute with the line hanging straight down at the end of the platform, and was engaged in throwing pieces of worms upon the water and watching the minnows feed upon them. It was then that I noticed my pole teeter and the line move through the water. I grasped it. I felt something on the other end.

I may far outlive my alloted span and achieve all manner of worldly things, but never again, I am sure, will the thrill, the ecstacy, the supreme joy of that moment be mine. Had I been able to shout I would have done so, but there was another sort of a lump in my throat just then. I just hung onto that pole with the buck fever shaking me from head to foot and may heart running wild.

In the gang's discussions I had learned that a big fish must be played and, also, about keeping a tight line, and that popped into my mind, and the fish was played. The method, as I recall it, must have been fearful and wonderful to behold. When Mr. Fish desired to make a run I would let him go as far as my rig would allow and then haul him back kicking and flopping; when he wanted to go down, I would allow him the limit and then yank him to the surface of the water. That fish was played. Yes, indeed—just like a football. He was played until he hadn't a wiggle left in him and then hauled up on the floor of the chute. There lay my fish; what kind he was I didn't know or care; how large he was I wouldn't dare state, but I do know that never since that time have I caught a fish that seemed half as large. The hook had been swallowed and could not be removed without an operation so I untied my line from the pole and used it for a stringer, further fishing being entirely out of my mind.

Then my voice returned and I tried to get the attention of the gang, but they couldn't or wouldn't hear me. It seemed an age before they returned to shore and I proudly displayed my catch and asked them what kind of a fish it was. "Buck," the leader of the gang, grudgingly said it was a bass, but it wasn't so darn big, that his brother had caught bigger ones, that, he bet it was wormy and not good to eat but that he'd buy it off'n me and save me the trouble of carrying it home, and anyway he wanted something to show his brother because they hadn't caught anything. Was the fish sold? It was not.

On the street car the gang made disparaging remarks about my fish, particularly as to being wormy, thereby removing a large section of joy from my life, but which all returned when we met Buck's big brother near home and he stated it was a fine bass, wasn't wormy and that I was a real fisherman, and, to crown my victory, made fun of the fishing prowess of the rest of the gang. At home my parents were satisfyingly appreciative, the fish was cooked and eaten, and although I didn't realize it at the time, I contracted a chronic case of fishing fever and of which has been said, "It's a delightful disease and thank the Lord there is no cure."

Three Bass

By S. N. HARRIS

THE gray of dawn was slowly fading into the luster of an ideal day. Old Sol was casting his colorful rays on the Eastern horizon. A light, fresh southwest breeze gently swayed the leaves. Little ripples splashed gently against the shore of Little Darling, a beautiful lake, probably named by some Nature lover who could blend the picturesque wooded shore, the sandy beach and blue water to make it the pet or favorite suggested by the name—Little Darling.

It was scarcely 3:30 on this glorious morning, when, in a high-powered car, we started to negotiate one of those winding roads—a sandy snaketrail, so common in the light soil adjacent to sandy shores. Our objective was a farm house where we were to procure live frogs. Eager to get at our work, the gas was being fed, carelessly and generously, while the car pitched and swayed, and we clung tenaciously to the seat. Between jolts my eye caught the speedometer which registered fifty-five, and caused me to suggest letting up on the gas, or we might not need the frogs.

Arriving at our destination, we were greeted by a pair of dogs, which seemed delighted to see us, and graciously assisted in arousing their master. As our call was expected, the head of the house soon came forth, and proceeded to immediately count out the two dozen frogs for which we had previously bargained. He assured us that he was rendering a gratuitous service to encourage his young son in a laudable enterprise with promise of pecuniary profit. The son had carefully hand-picked the frogs from a nearby meadow, and was to receive a silver dollar for gathering them.

Back at camp we assembled our tackle and took to our boat. In baiting our hooks we decided to search for Large Mouth Bass, as no Muskellunge had ever been taken from the waters of Little Darling, and our frogs, seventeen of which were bullfrogs, were all grown up. My good pal, John Funk, had some faith in large frogs; maintained he had almost landed a big pike on a frog fully as large, but he had forgotten the time and place. Pushing out from shore we immediately got busy extending the invitations. As the boat drifted, we cast our heavy frogs here, there, everywhere, but not a strike.

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Without a doubt the most popular half ounce Casting Lure ever tied to the business end of a Casting Line.

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The favorite patterns are Black and White and Red and White, either Chunk or Stripe.

Length 2⅛ inches: Width ¾ inch: Weight ½ ounce.

Equipped with weedless hook, 75c each.

With single hook, not weedless, 65c.

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The "IMP" may also be had in light weight, suitable for Fly Rod use.

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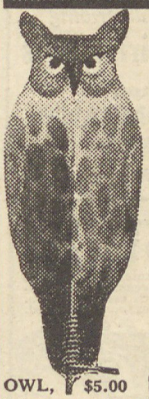

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Each . . . 85c

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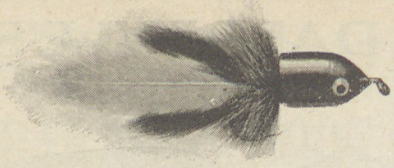

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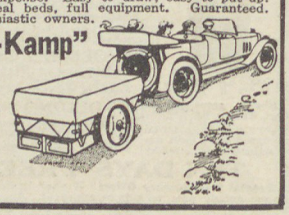

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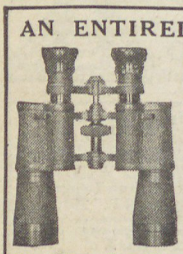

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Angling Memories

Drifting close to a boat we noticed its sole occupant looked as though he might be spending his last summer at the lake. Although age had marked his brow and bent his form, and his nose and chin almost met as he tightly closed his toothless gums on the stem of his well-seasoned pipe, he was even younger in spirit than were we, because he had caught some fish. He had experienced some thrills. In rapid succession he gave us this monologue of questions and answers, "What you get? Nodding, eh? Hm! You fish mit frogs! I get tree basses already and I got nodding but virums!" Worms seemed to be delivering the goods. We suspended operations to become better acquainted with our new friend, and John carelessly placed the end of his rod between his feet with the tip pointing over his left shoulder, while the much-abused frog had entirely given up and was gradually sinking from sight.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated John, "I have a strike!" As he reached for his rod, I saw the tip section of his select split bamboo go into a half dozen pieces as his catch raced under the boat and wound the line about his neck. It was a real strike. The excitement abated only after John had succeeded in getting hold of his rod in a manner to allow the use of his reel, still it was tense for whatever was hitched to that line was headed straightway for the middle of the lake.

Ten minutes later we were face to face with a dogfish weighing six and three-quarter pounds. John insisted that the thrill was well worth two sections of a perfectly good rod, but intimated that his face might have carried a broader smile had a small black bass broken it.

The Metamorphosis of a Plug Fisherman

By VINCENT GILBERT

I LIVED in New Jersey, and when I was seven years old I began to love fishing for sunnies in the Passaic River. I am now sixteen, and all my thoughts center on fishing. I realized one of my cherished dreams this summer when Dad yielded to my urging to go to the Belgrade Lakes.

When I found I was going there, I bought a four-foot casting rod and three plugs with 9 hooks apiece. The night we left I could not sleep a wink on the train, and only tossed around and pictured 5 pound bass jumping to my lures.

The first day I got there I rushed out on the lake and started casting, after a fashion, a monstrous plug. I did not have a strike for over an hour, but you couldn't discourage me, because I was born a fisherman.

Suddenly something hit the plug. I reeled frantically for a second, and then the opposition on the other end of the line slowed down. I kept reeling, and brought up an 8-inch small-mouth bass, with three hooks in its mangled mouth, one of them through the fish's eye!

I never felt so contemptible in my life. I hit the tiny bass over the head to stop its suffering. Then I chucked the murderous plug on the shore, and with a mighty near approach to tears in my eyes, turned back.

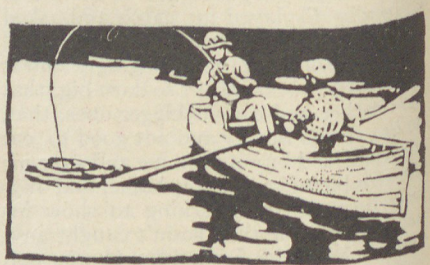
That night I told the best fisherman in the place what had happened to me. He knew how I felt and the next day took me out fly fishing. That morning, after he had lent me a fly rod and a Callmac Bass Bug, I tried casting the fly. I managed to get about 20 or 25 feet out generally, and got two strikes, but I was too awkward to hook them. During the hot part of the day I fished with shiners, and caught three nice bass, which the chef promised to cook for the family, and which was plenty for us all.

After supper I went out again with the fly rod, and after missing three strikes finally hooked one. The temptation to drag it in was very strong, but I quelled it. Then I proceeded to play the fish in as near the manner my friend did as I could. My heart was in my throat all the while, but I finally had him tired enough to be led to the net, which my friend had also lent me. Boy, he was a beauty! I judged he would easily go about 2½ pounds, and I sure was proud. Wouldn't I feel big bringing him up to the house?

Then something unexplainable came into my mind. What would I do with him, now that I had caught him? Everybody had plenty of fish at the camp. Should I let this beauty go to waste, just to satisfy my pride? I took him off the hook, after I had wet my hands, and looked at him. It sure did hurt me to put him back, but that is just what I did. When I came home empty handed, the only one to whom I told the story was the real fisherman, who was the only one who would have understood. Then I went to bed for the happiest dreams I had ever had.

Angler's Fever

By MILLER W. RICE



JULY is a poor month for bass fishing in the neighboring waters of Kansas City. But the Angling Fever, like that of typhoid is not a respecter of seasons, and rages in July as well as in May and October. On the 21st day of July, I awakened with all the symptoms of Angler's Fever.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

That fever, the symptoms of which there is no mistaking. Just as the sight of water causes a dog with hydrophobia to throw a fit, just as sure will an angler throw a fit if he does not see water. So I started out in the quest of a shimmering lake. Of course, you understand, it is better for the fever, if the lake shimmers, but it is good if it just looks glassy under a baking July sun.

We reached the last described lake about four o'clock. Quietly she lay in the hot mid-afternoon sun, with never a ripple. But Oh, the effect it had on that Angler's Fever. The wild faraway look began to give way to that quiet thoughtful look you see upon the angler's face, as he studies the shoreline for the cool resting and feeding places of the "Old Black Bass." My son took the oars, and carefully, we selected the most favorable spots, not expecting to hook one, unless by accident, until evening time. Imagine my surprise when 11 p. m. rolled around and not a strike. The colored boy took the oars about six o'clock and my son took the fly rod and some minnows and caught six nice croppies. These with some bull frogs we prepared for breakfast, and decided we would wait until morning.

At 4:30 we again took to the water and for two hours we had lovely casting. Each cast we expected to get that thrill, that comes down the line over the rod and thrills you through and through. But no such thrill. At seven o'clock, a one and a quarter pound bass took the lure, then a one pound bass made it a pair. The last one, I told the colored boy to put back, but I noticed him putting it on the stringer, muttering to himself, "I don't see no use turning a fish loose like that."

Thirty minutes more of casting, and I told the boy that I guessed it was not a good time, and that we would not get any, and I was aimlessly casting about when all of a sudden there was a rush, as of many waters, and my line swept out to the deep water, the handle of my reel being knocked out of my fingers, giving me some hard knocks, before I could get it under control; then the sport was on, back and forth, in and out, giving him line to keep it from snapping, and then gradually slowing him down until at last he came up and ate out of the colored boy's hand. I said, "When you get that fish by the lip don't you let him go," for we had left our landing net ashore. With his eyes white and rolling, he said, "Man, dat fish is in a vise, yes, same's vise." And I guess it was, for he sure froze on to that fish. We could hardly get any more casts for looking at him as he swam beside the boat. We took courage, however, and decided we would stay a while longer. Ten minutes passed by and we decided the excitement was about over, when again the waters were rent asunder. The lure left the surface again, and I had one I could not stop. When this battle was over, we rolled up tackle and pulled to shore, for two in one morning, weighing 5½ and 6½ pounds, is quite sufficient to cure the worst case of Angler's Fever.

Fishing With Irvin Cobb

(*Continued from page 10*)

how to make the salad. Mr. Davis made some fancy soup for us once, and also a French salad, both of which I thought were swell but which Mr. Davis said would have been lots better if he'd had some thing or other, I've forgotten what, to go with it. I don't know if this is important, but Bill Dilg told me to get some sidelights on the members of the party, and I'm doing my best.

Well, we fished for a while, and caught a few very small bass and Mr. Palmer caught one weighing four and a half pounds, which is good for a small mouth.

We came in for lunch and I had my day's recreation watching Gust take Mr. Cobb and Mr. Heddon through the rapids. They held on to the gunwales with both hands, and if the boat had tipped over they would have swum to shore holding a piece of gunwale in each hand.

They went over the main ledge, and Mr. Cobb saw us looking so he let go of the gunwale with his left hand and began to calmly scratch his ear, but nobody took a picture.

The next morning Mr. King was up first, and I was second. Before breakfast was ready we went down to the river in front of the camp and waded in, to fish. It seems Mr. King is a great fisher, and talks to his bait, and calls it a pet name, etc., and the members of the party have lots of fun kidding him about what a fisherman he is.

Mr. Cobb saw us starting out so early and he said, "there they go again, did you ever see such nuts! They are suffering from a peculiar kind of dementia called fishitis. They always travel in pairs and are easily amused by the most childish jokes. They laugh inanely at anything —easily amused, and—"

Here's where I got in a great crack, and think it should be preserved. I am sorry I didn't wait until the rest of the party was there to hear it.

"That's right," I said, "I read 'Speaking of Operations' and damn near died laughing. I suppose now I'll have to laugh at every joke you crack, in order to keep up my reputation."

Well, that was about the funniest thing said on the trip, so I'll stop now trying to tell of the jokes cracked, and will continue my interviews.

I saw Gust setting over by the boat and thought to myself this man is the most important next to Jenkins, because where would we be if he should suddenly die.

I decided that right here was where I would get some interesting dope for the readers of the defender of woods, waters, and wild life, so I got out my pencil and a piece of paper.

"Gust," I said, "did you ever hear about the Izaak Walton League?"

"Not much," said Gust, "but I get the magazine. Mr. Darge sends it to me. I ain't never had a chance to read it yet, though. I look at the pictures once in a while. I think that's the best part of it."

"But don't you think outdoor America should be preserved?" I asked.

"Huh?" said Gust, and I could see by something in his eyes that he had got my question all mixed up with strawberry jam.

(*Continued on page 70*)

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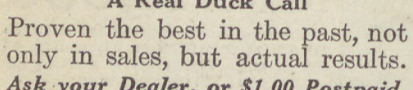

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Superior National Forest News

By PAUL B. RIIS

Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

OUR Association has recently been granted recognition by Col. A. S. Peck, Forester of District No. 2, which entitles us to be heard in matters affecting recreation in the Superior National Forest. This is the final step in linking our Association with the actual recreational development of the Forest. While the Forest Service has been exceedingly courteous towards us in every respect and given us opportunity to know of new projects amounting to technical recognition, this final grant enables us to function in the manner sought.

The letter is very concise, to the point as follows:

"Denver, Colo., July 18, 1924.

Dear Mr. Riis:

Your letter of June 24th is received in which you make request for recognition by the Forest Service of your Association, entitling it to be heard on general matters of importance affecting the recreation activity upon the Superior National Forest.

Conformable with your request, the Forest Service hereby formally recognizes the Superior National Forest Recreation Association through its Executive Committee consisting of the following members:

Paul B. Riis, President,
Thomas S. Whitten, Vice-President,
W. R. Lawrie, Treasurer,
George A. Perham, Secretary.

This entitles your Executive Committee to receive notice of proposed action and to be heard by the local Forest officers in reference to proposed changes likely to materially affect the recreation activity upon the Superior National Forest. The Forest Supervisor will gladly cooperate with your Association in all general matters of importance affecting recreation and I am confident that your Executive Committee will render every possible assistance to the end that the Forest may achieve its highest value as a public property.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) A. S. PECK,
District Forester."

To those contemplating a trip to the Superior National Forest, the following may be of interest:

Duluth, of course, is the portal to the points of entry into the Forest. From here, the Duluth-Winnipeg & Pacific Railroad will take the tourist to Cook, from whence a bus line will take him to Crane Lake and Harding, the westerly entrance to the Forest. Accommodations may be had here for lake and wilderness travel. This point of entry is approximately 150 miles north of Duluth on a splendid county highway and offers quick access to Lac La Croix. The Miller trunk highway will take the tourist from Duluth to the Range cities of Eveleth, Virginia, etc., to Tower, from whence parties may explore the beautiful Vermilion Lake, and that region lying between it and Lac La Croix, traversable by the very interesting Little Indian Sioux and Vermilion Rivers. This territory is a great favorite with canoeists in that it is purely a canoe country. It is ideal big game country and one of the last strongholds of the moose.

High class macadam roads lead from Tower to Ely and Winton 22 and 27 miles northeast respectively. The three cities, Tower, Ely and Winton, can be reached by rail, also from Duluth in four hours' time, over the Duluth & Iron Range

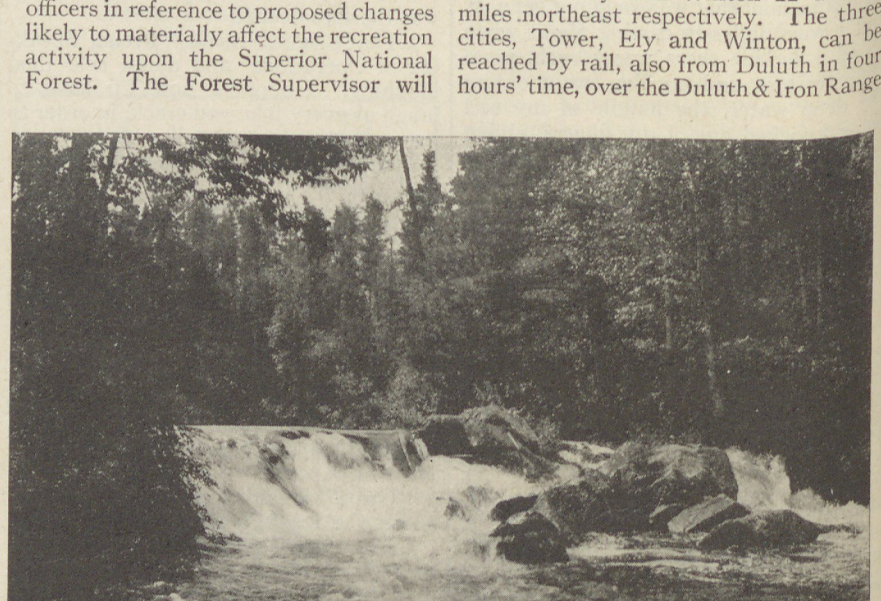

Photo courtesy U. S. Forest Service

Seagull River Falls.

Photo courtesy U. S. Forest Service

A lovely stretch of Parent River above Isabella Lake.

Railroad. This railway never fails to give the traveler a very pleasant surprise. Outfitting from any of these cities has become a highly developed art and the canoeist may, feel safe in leaving it in the hands of his outfitter to start him on his trip. Ely and Winton are well situated and one may, from either place, choose his way north and west to Lac La Croix, or over the favorite Hunter's Island route in the Quetico Provincial Park in Canada, or the Kawishiwi route, the real wilderness region of the Superior or north and thence east through Basswood and Knife Lake, into the Saganaga, Sea Gull and Little Saganaga.

Grand Marais is the point of entry in the east. This town lies on the incomparable North Shore Drive, which connects Duluth with Port Arthur, Canada. A very fair auto road leads from Grand Marais north for about thirty miles to Hungry Jack Lake, where the Gateway Lodge, Gapen & Wegg, Props., will take good care of tourists and provide them with all necessary outfits to explore the wonderful lakes found here, which profusely dot the landscape and make possible interesting short or long trips. Rose Lake with its stairway portage is especially notable. Few canoeists are aware of the peculiar wilderness charm of the east portion of the Superior Forest, the utterly wild grandeur of a lakeland forest, against that of the majestic repose found in the western part. Canoe trips to Sea Gull, Saganaga and Little Saganaga, are always a revelation to the most hardened of canoeists.

The U. S. Forest Service at Ely reports as follows:

"Cool weather up to the middle of July has greatly retarded the usual progress of the spring and summer season. The tourists, in consequence, have been similarly delayed. It may be noted, that the flies during the earlier summer month, ordinarily troublesome, were conspicuous through their absence. The remaining weeks of the summer are usually ideal in this respect and the writer always plans his own trips for the early fall, to escape these pests.

The water levels along the International boundary have been low for this time of the year, in spite of the exceptionally rainy spring. Water levels along the Kawishiwi-Isabella route, however, are in excellent condition, due to the dams constructed by the Power company, who impound the water for their project at Kawishiwi Falls. Ranger Carney pronounces this route in the very best of condition.

Fishing has been very good everywhere. Unusually large fish have been taken. While it is not unusual to take Northern Pike of 25 pounds or over, one has been caught in the Kawishiwi River, tipping the scales at 40 pounds.

A number of very large lake trout have also been taken, one weighing 38 pounds. Bass and wall eyed pike fishing is of the best everywhere.

Practically every party returning from canoe trips reports seeing moose, deer and bear. It seems as though the moose are coming back into certain regions and are seen most everywhere. Bear are also very numerous and are seen very frequently, and deer are everywhere. It is possible that moose are not infested with ticks as they were last season and this may account for their being seen more frequently. The other day a large bull moose was killed near the Craford Lodge on the Ely-Finland Road by an automobile. It seems that the moose was dazed by the head lights of the car and did not move; the car was rather severely damaged.

There have been few fires to date and practically no damage, and a very small acreage has been burned over this spring.

Canoe routes on the Big Lake and Sioux Districts in the northwestern part of the Forest are being put in excellent condition and the Beartrap River route will be opened up this summer.

The Portage River route on the Big Lake District is being replaced by the Big Moose River Route by canoeists.

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Fishing With Irvin Cobb

(Continued from page 67)

"Shouldn't commercialism be choked?" I asked, by way of explanation. "For instance," I said, "they're going to build a dam just below here on the river, for power, and then where'll these fine rapids be?"

"In hades," said Gust, "where I been wishing they were for ten years. When they get the dam in the water will come almost to the farm, and you won't have to go through all those woods. The rapids are all right to look at, but poling them is something else. I'm going to get me an outboard motor—"

I cleared my throat loudly, seeing my nice article for OUTDOOR AMERICA going up in smoke, Gust having missed his cue to tell about how the river of his boyhood was a goner, being full now—or soon to be—of nothing but low test gas, medium oil and paper plates where there used to be bass, pickerel, and seaweed.

Perhaps Gust just needed a little friendly help.

"Did you ever see this river as a boy?" I asked.

"I've worked on it since I was fourteen," said Gust, "and I started in working for Paul Bunyan. Why say, once we cut down a log so big that it took—"

"What do you think of this bobbed hair business?" I asked.

"You gone nutty?" asked Gust, looking at me sideways.

"Do you think the Democrats will put in an anti-Klan plank?" I asked, this being during the hectic days of the battle of the Six Best Sellers in New York.

Gust gave me a quivering look, and took out his snuff box and showed me how the lumberjacks opened it by hitting the top of the can, first with the elbow, then with the knuckles, in rapid succession. It was quite a trick, and was done so fast you could hardly follow it with the naked eye. I tried it myself, but even after Gust did it slow so I could catch on, I couldn't make it a success.

I soon cleared my throat to show that this was the end of the interview, and went to bed. The next morning I accompanied Gust over to his house after some eggs, and during the trip I found out quite a lot about him. When we got to his house he showed me a new gasoline lamp he just bought for his wife, and they were going to try it out for the first time that night. It cost two dollars. "They had cheaper ones," said Gust, "but I thought I might as well get the best while I was at it."

Well, the next day the fishing party broke up. Irvin Cobb was the last one to quit casting. He stood until the last minute on the rocky shore and kept casting until the boats were loaded. They went across in two loads and I stayed behind to see that everything was taken care of. All I found was a pillow belonging to somebody, which reminds me I still have it out in the garage, where I keep my fishing stuff in lieu of a car.

Gust drove Jenkins and me to the station the next day. Jenkins said he wished he'd brought his car, and he killed seven mosquitoes on me on the way over. We got on the train and started home and pretty soon Jenkins was sound asleep in his seat, which I suppose is the case with the gentle reader by this time.

Uncle Claiborne

(Continued from page 23)

John, may God bless you." No two people ever had greater respect and more sincere regard for each other.

Colonel Overton died in 1898. Mrs. Overton, though apparently strong, seemed to wilt and lose interest in life. The doctors said that she must go South, and preparations were made. Uncle Claiborne came to her room and said, "Do not go, Miss Harriet—do not leave us. Stay here and we will help bear you up." When she told him that the doctors said she must go, he leaned his head against the door, put his knotty black hands to his face and wept like his heart would break. She was brought back dead, but there was no more sincere mourner than Uncle Claiborne.

He survived several years, living with Colonel Overton's son and doing no work the last few years of his life. He had accumulated several thousand dollars. Having no family he wanted to will it to Colonel Overton's son, and upon his refusal, left it to his own church. When he died the funeral services were held in the parlor at Travellers Rest, his coffin being placed at the spot where had rested those of his beloved master and mistress. There was a large attendance of white and black friends and Colonel Overton's sons and sons-in-law were his pallbearers.

This is a simple and in all respects true story of conditions that existed nowhere except in the South, and which have departed forever.

The Old Man by the Roadside

HE sat in front of his cabin on one of the main-traveled northern highways, watching the tourists go by. Bending forward a little, his hands resting on his cane, he was plainly interested in the changing life. Though the rigor of many northern Wisconsin winters had left their mark, his eye was clear and his wrinkled face had a healthy look.

"Ninety a few days ago," he said. "Yes, 90, and I never missed a meal in my life."

Sitting there by the roadside in a world that has changed so completely from the life he knew in his active manhood, he reminded one of the last pine to be seen on a hilltop overlooking a wide area.

"The north is a wonderful land," he said. "For years I had through all seasons what the tourist rushes in for a few days to get. That's why I'm 90 and still strong. This northland gives men long life."

He was silent for a little while, and then he added: "But you tell them if they hew it and trim it and hunt it and fish it and civilize it, then it will have nothing left to give those who come. We must keep some of our wildness."

And the old man looked across the cut-over lands to a distant forest that had escaped the ax. Probably he was living over other days and other scenes. For the old man knows what the north has to give.—*From Milwaukee Journal, Sat., Aug. 18, 1923.*

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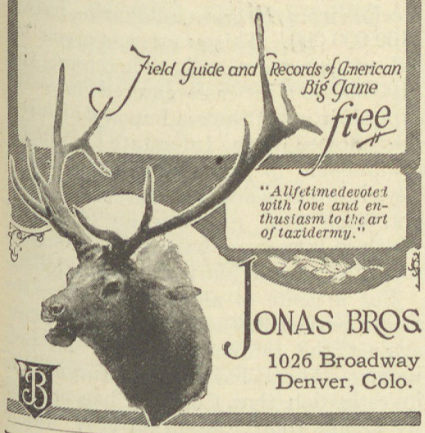

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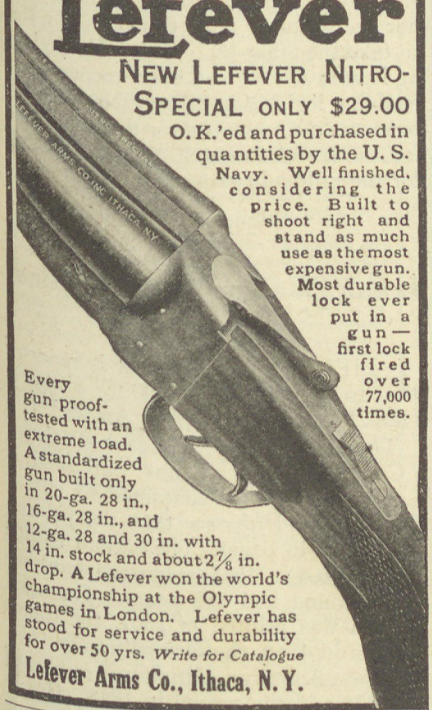

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Saving Forest Lands

(Continued from page 63)

end of which the company was to open its lands to settlers at not to exceed $2.50 an acre expired July 4, 1884, but never has the company paid the slightest attention to that law. The Forest Service admits that there is some uncertainty as to whether this $2.50 provision applies to all the Northern Pacific lands or only a part of them. It was the evident intent of Congress that it should apply to all; it is certain that it applies to some of them; it is equally certain that the Northern Pacific has applied it to none. Vast areas have been sold to the Weyerhausers and their subsidiary timber companies and to the Anaconda Copper Mining Company at prices double the maximum fixed by Congress. Vast areas in the aggregate have also been sold to settlers and land seekers but no price limitation has been observed by the company. The Forest Service believes that the investigation will show that prices ranging upward to $50 an acre for unimproved wild land, semi-arid in character, have been charged by this company. It also contends that every dollar collected in violation of the $2.50 limitation fixed by Congress should be charged against this grant and that such a reckoning will not only wipe out the alleged acreage deficiency and free our national forests of this incubus but may even call for restitution to the government of all lands now remaining in the ownership of the company. Suit in court and a money verdict for the government would not be adequate remedy. Congress made one mistake in making such a lavish grant to the railroad company in the first place. If it is found that, in addition, the company has taken more than it was entitled to under the original law, to now allow it to retain such excess lands upon a money payment to the government would be equivalent to supplementing a grant of many million acres with a sale of many more; would be going the Congress of 1870 one better in disposing of the government's lands.

Even yet I have only slightly tipped the lid on this gigantic case. I have thus given the reader a glimpse of only three provisions of the grant which the company has violated: (a) its devious route across the State of Washington, (b) its failure to construct over 1,500 miles of its line within the time limit, although claiming about 35,000,000 acres of land because of such belated construction, and (c) its total disregard of the $2.50 limitation. I have said nothing of its sale of over 800,000 acres of land to a single party in New York City in disregard of the provisions of the grant; nothing of the notorious "mineral classification" in Idaho and Montana whereby worthless mountain tops were exchanged for valuable timber lands or agricultural lands; nothing of the iniquitous "Rainier scrip" —one of the big scandals of its day— whereby the company admits receipts exceeding $2,400,000; nothing of the company's selecting 1,300,000 acres of land in the second indemnity strip in lieu of lands in the Crow Indian Reservations; selections which, if made at all, should have been made from the first indemnity strip,

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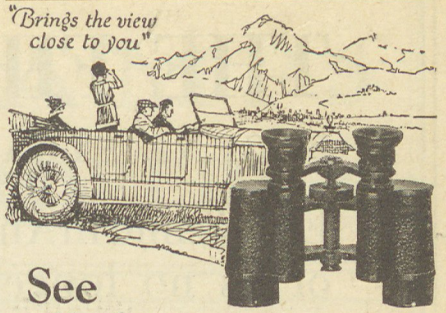

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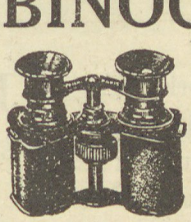

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and many other major counts against their claims of shortage in the grant.

Based upon this gift of public lands the company has built and accumulated a property valued now at about $700,000,000. True, it still must carry the government's passengers and freight at half rates and the mails at a discount of 20 per cent. According to a statement issued by the company itself these discounts during the fifty-two years ending June 30, 1923, amounted to a total of $13,814,928.46. Offsetting this the company admits cash receipts from the grant amounting to over $100,000,000. This grant was given "in aid of construction." Therefore, this $100,000,000 in cash entered into the capitalization of the road upon which it is now allowed by the Interstate Commerce Commission to earn 5¾ per cent annually, in other words, to earn $5,750,000, net, each year to offset an obligation which in fifty years has reduced its gross receipts less than fourteen million dollars.

But in spite of all the foregoing, the Forest Service has not asked that the case against the railroad company be prejudged. This it has shown by urging the investigation that Congress has ordered by House Joint Resolution 237. While preserving to the railroad every acre and every dollar to which it is reasonably entitled considering its performance under the granting acts, Congress is asked to take the grant by its four corners, look at it as a whole, and then to pass such enabling legislation as may be necessary to secure a square deal for the public and for the settlers as well as a square deal for the railroad company itself.

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J. PIERPONT MORGAN is reported to have paid $7,500.00 for a copy of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler."

The first edition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" was published in London in 1653. It contained six cuts of fish, the kind of cuts that the printers use, and 246 pages. The second edition was printed in 1655, contained ten illustrations and had 355 pages. The third edition was printed in 1661, the fourth edition in 1668, the fifth edition in 1676. The first American edition was published in 1874 and the second in 1848. Before Walton's time, the precepts of angling were transmitted by tradition.

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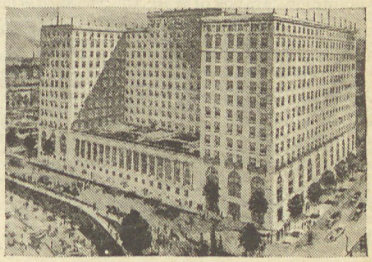

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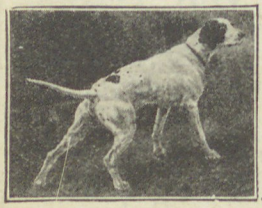

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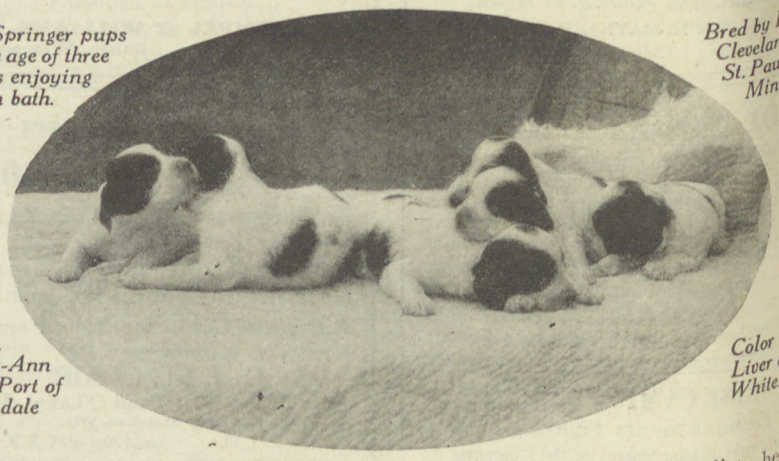
Do Dogs Reason?

NOT long ago the subject of "Do Dogs Reason" came up for a lot of long and unnecessary discussion. Practical dog men—men who have had experience with pointers and setters all their lives, simply said nothing, which is usually the case with men who know their business, the conviction being so strong from personal experience that nothing could change them, but the scientist, and strange to say, even one famed game conservationist, declared that a dog acted only by instinct, and reasoning was a quality not to be found in the canine race. This assertion seemed so funny in spite of sons only by what he sees locally or by his discoveries in a few localities, which probably did not require more than a week or month. But the man who lives with dogs and in the open knows that animals reason, as well as that the habits of game despite the naturalists, vary a whole lot in each county in the United States, though it requires inside experience and study which the scientist and naturalist rarely gives, because he approaches the subject from the wrong slant. Only through such misconceptions could such a subject as whether a dog reasons get into print—the reputation of the writer



Six Springer pups at the age of three weeks enjoying a sun bath.

Bred by H. E. Cleveland, St. Paul, Minn.

Dam. Polly-Ann Sire Port of Avandale

Color all Liver and White.

facts that trainers rolled over on their stomachs and laughed and laughed until they were almost about to explode with merriment.

There is always a line of demarcation between the scientist who is assuredly impractical, as well as men who do not like dogs, and some game protectors who do not study them properly, and the man who works daily with dogs and is constantly in the open. The first person reawhether scientist or naturalist, helped and the public swallowed all their emana tions as something actual instead of the little superficial opinions of one or at the most of a few persons.

When it comes to quails and quail dogs the scientists and naturalists mostly ap proach the dub class, as said before, on account of their manner of investigating. And the same may be said about grouse and the grouse dog. This appealed to

Polly-Ann (English Springer). This picture was taken when pups were three weeks of age.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—J. M. Dickinson

me most when once travelling with a noted naturalist who dwelt much on the habits of quails and their feed. He alleged they were the greatest weed seed destroyers that man ever had to help. He was right and wrong. They are constantly destroying weed seeds, just enough, as nature arranged, to create a good and thrifty stand of weed seeds for the coming year. If the birds did not consume the weed seeds as they did, the growth would be so thick the coming year

Working type of English Setters.

that it would shade itself out, just as any farmer could tell you that if he sowed seeds of any kind, corn, wheat, oats, grass, or even took the wild foxtail and ragweed, nothing like a stand would ensue; if nothing disturbed the seeds, if not touched by the birds, no crop of any consequence would be the result. He could not see that birds were not enemies of weed seeds but their perpetuators. Only a plow and mower help subdue weeds. But this fellow sure was opinionated on the subject of whether or not dogs were capable of reasoning, which he declared they were not, and he maintained that the pointing instinct was only instinct, and furthermore that the method dogs used to handle birds was only instinct and nothing else, they never reasoning in the least.

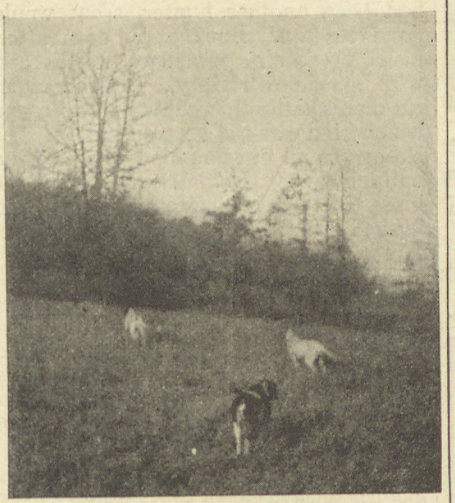
The last assertion usually sticks a long time in the throat of a man who handles or loves dogs. Every day proves his side, against all contrary arguments. He knows if a man reasons, as the above fellow does, he is bound to be wrong, and he has to be shown. Time and again the weed seed fallacy has been proved—that birds only perpetuate the crop—simply by taking several handfuls of ragweed, foxtail or crab grass seed and sowing them just as thick as they fall off the plants—not allowing the seed to be disturbed by birds.

This fellow had to have a fall, and be made to admit he was wrong, so I took him quail hunting one morning with a very ordinary dog. The dog found two coveys, pointed them nicely and worked

dogs that actually thought and reasoned things out a darned sight more quickly than any man, whether naturalist, hunter, or a plain old dog trainer. We took the dub along, too, in the afternoon—the dub which the man thought was a regular type of quail dog and praised much for his tractability, nose and pointing ability. We took the dub along with the other dogs just to prove the difference in thinkers and non-thinkers.

There was a pea field of several hundred acres that had been cut over and all the hay raked off. Lots of peas had dropped and it was a favorite feeding place for the birds, but on account of the barren character of the land very hard for dogs to get the birds' lay to point on. The dub—before we turned loose the black pointers—found two coveys of birds, but from the lack of under cover they could not be made lay to point, though he was exceedingly careful against flushing them. But they would flush in spite of him. We knew there were several more coveys to be found—took up the dog we had been working and sent him to prison—the dog wagon. Right away we turned loose the blacks.

They were an extremely fast and dashing pair and beat out, like avid race horses, with the wind at their backs. They started to draw on their birds, then to the astonishment of my companion backed a little as though about to blink, then with the speed of lightning made a



Dex on point. Rif Raf, pointer, six months and Ruth English, pointer, backing perfectly owner Albert McCollum—Atkins, Arkansas.

wide circle and came in against wind with a dash and made those running birds lay almost frozen to about as spectacular a point as ever I had witnessed. The act was again repeated—and if this was not reasoning—there never was a case. Furthermore, these dogs had never been on those grounds before. But they were of bristling field trial blood and thought quickly. They had to handle those birds to make them lay in only one way; and they accomplished it.

It just required another instance to make that naturalist and scientist get on his spectacles and admit that dogs do

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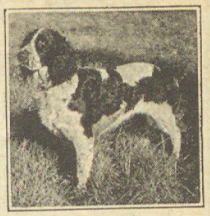

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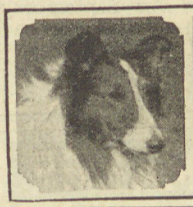

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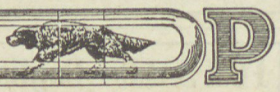

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The Kennel Department

wide in some wheat stubble. He was of the famous Pape strain, which did worlds for pointer blood; a very fast and brainy worker, of such smooth, frictionless gait that he never tired nor gave a novice the idea of his tremendous going ability until they pitted what they thought was an ordinarily fast dog along with him. Then he appeared simply to walk away from him with no apparent effort. Purposely the dog was hunted on territory in which he had never been in before, to the writer's knowledge. He went out nearly an eighth of a mile in the open, started to draw, then suddenly changed his deportment and raced like wild fire to a small wooded and brushy area about five hundred yards further to the right. There he disappeared and did not return. I was sure he had the birds, and true to my conviction, way in the center of the covered part we finally found him fast on point in a clump of very thick young post oaks. It was a case of pure reasoning, and my companion had to admit it after he studied the subject over a little while.

The facts in this instance were these—the brainy quick-thinking of the dog. He got wind of game, worked up to it fast, and there found by his keen nose that they had suddenly disappeared. Two things, or, perhaps more, might have caused them to flush—another hunter, a hawk, or some kind of disturbance. If it had been another hunter, scent would have told him. But that did not matter, his bird reasoning powers worked fast and with inflexible certainty. In either event the quails naturally would take cover, and which kind was the next question? The closest, as all but one kind was nearly a half mile away, the kind he had found the birds in. Furthermore, no man had flushed them; scent told him that, therefore it must have been a hawk that made a swoop. Then in the event they took the little patch of cover, which place would they take shelter first? If a hunter they would scatter just as they pleased and not be so choice about their alighting place. If a hawk, they would beat as quickly as their powerful little wings would bear them to the thickest cover where they would be absolutely protected against the attacks of the predatory flyer. That was the sole reason why that old bird dog went instantly to the little clump of young post oaks, found his birds there, and hunted it before other places. He had done it so often, even as poor a thinker on game questions as man would know right off from the dog's actions when a covey had been feeding and then was flushed whether it had been done by a hunter or some predatory creature.

If any one needs the slightest further elucidation about the reasoning powers of bird dogs, just watch their habits at home, in the kennel yard, etc. Now for a kennel yard thought and the reasoning quality! Put ten bird dogs in a kennel yard, and if it has the slightest weakness, before two hours they will discover it. They will discover the wire fence with a slant which enables them to climb out. They will discover quicker than you with but a few tests just where they can dig out below it. Their knowledge of this is simply uncanny, almost as much as the method they discover without tests where the wire gives and by a certain method of inserting their body they can squeeze through, though there is only one part like this.

A dog realizes his limitations and abilities when trying to counteract the best laid schemes of man. He will yield to the inevitableness of man or become aggressive according to the dictates of his reasoning powers. Were it not for this, high class dogs would be easier trained, but it is their own reasoning powers which conflict with incapable masters that prevents everything going as smoothly as wise men would wish or plan. The facts cannot be dodged; a brainy high class bird dog can detect a dub handler far quicker than the dub handler can detect his own weaknesses in his ability to handle his dogs.

If the ending of the preceding paragraph looks the slightest like drawing the long bow, consider the average bolter. Of course there are dyed-in-the-wool bolters that require the greatest skill of a handler to overcome. Then the trouble is the predominating hunting instinct, together with what the brain dictates, for instance, how easy it is to get far away from the handler and keep away from him without being caught in the act! It is reasoning beyond doubt—accurate reasoning that knows how far they can safely keep ahead of the man. Take fast dogs with a bit of the old nick in them, and they will respond to the handling of the expert, but the real dub trainer who doesn't know he is a dub and the dogs do, surely gets into a mess when trying to handle these chaps afield. They know from the very instant they see him how far they can go and keep out of trouble, and most of all if he can be made to lose his temper and thereby his control of them.

Some of the arch tyrants at playing with dubs are often the highest type of field dogs. Their brain work comes obviously when they realize the shortcomings

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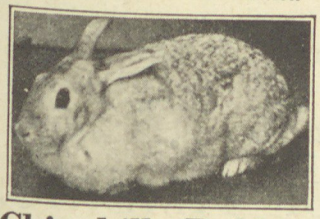

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of the man hunting with them. The instant he breaks shot when on birds, they do it, too, and often for fun purposely break on birds when they discover they can do it out of his powers of range. If he does not cure himself of dub qualities quickly those brainy dogs will take advantage of him at every turn because they know he cannot catch them in the act, and usually they are fleeter of foot than he. But when they are up against a handler that does not depend upon his feet or voice, and they know they cannot fool him, they work with, as it were, divine inspiration to please him. That is one of the reasons why the very classy dogs do not respond to quick handling by the average man without experience. They understand him by their great and quick reasoning powers almost the first step he takes out in the field with them.

If dogs don't reason how in the world do the tricks and worries of the self hunters come into being? Of course the instinct to hunt prevails but the fact that old offenders only do it when they are out of sight of their masters proves their faculties for reasoning are of the highest order. They seldom do it alone. Then, also, if one who has been reprimanded for it sees his handler a quarter of a mile away, that very instant he tucks his tail between his legs and hikes for home just as fast as he can do it to beat the master. And then, furthermore, watch these self hunters for inspiration on the subject, the minute they are out on their jollification they hunt everything in sight no matter how well bred they are, from mice to larks, and from rabbits to quails and mostly the former of the two. You can hear self-hunting pointers and setters making the woods and fields ring merrily with their voices as they hunt the cottontails, and yet those very dogs when taken afield by their masters would no more think of giving evidence that they were aware that such a thing as a bunny existed as they would claim relationship to the man in the moon. Do they reason? Well, this fact alone would prove it, were there not a million other incidents to show it.

The quicker a young man who intends to handle bird dogs begins to acknowledge that they reason as much and as fast as he, the quicker will be his success with them. The woods are full of the men who have fallen down with bird dogs because they accepted them as having only the hunting instinct as their outstanding natal gift and not high quality brains that guide them more than anything else.

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FOR Sale—100 guns. 410 to 8 ga. shot guns. 22 to 401 cal. rifles. 22 to 44-40 revolvers and pistols. Send 10c for big bargain list. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

Fishing Tackle and Bait

DOUGH Bait, guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs. $1.00 postpaid. Sour clams best of all catfish bait, $1.00 per quart, postpaid. I. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa.

SILK Fish Lines: 15% discount on all silk lines. A dandy 25 yd. line, 17 lbs. test for 75c. Send stamp for samples. Silk Line Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Ill.

ONE hundred yards best waterproofed silk casting line; any size, $2.50. Write for samples. J. L. Stevens, Warren, Rhode Island.

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN Exchange—We exchange guns, rifles, field glasses, cameras, watches, etc. Or will buy for cash. Write us what you have, what you want, or send us the article with a letter, and will make you an offer by return mail. E. Wanger, 502-A Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BUY, sell, and trade all makes of Guns, Fishing Tackle, Binoculars, Field Glasses, Watches, Diamonds, Old Gold, Gold Bridges, and Platinum. Watch repairing and diamond setting. Sam Efron, 170 E. 4 St., St. Paul, Minn. Bankers' references if required.

WANTED good shotgun in exchange for high-class Airedale, collie, or Boston dog. Chester A. Lamb, Detroit, Michigan.

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FOR Sale—Hundred wild Canadian geese, black, grey mallards, teal, spriggs, widgeon, convasback, red head, English call ducks. Water fowl of all kinds. Decoys a specialty. Ringneck, fancy pheasants, Hungarian partridge, grouse, peafowl, wild turkeys. Red, grey foxes, coyotes, skunks, raccoons. Clinton Game Farm, Ina, Ill.

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LIVE Decoys, Callers, English Call Ducks, $7.00 pair. Wild Mallards, $5.00 pair. Wild Canada Geese. J. E. Robar, Walworth, Wisconsin.

Game Birds and Animals

CANARIES—Pure blooded rollers. Choice mating stock. Splendid singers; prices reasonable. Frank Caduff, 317 Sixteenth Ave., Newark, N. J.

PURE Bred English Caller decoy ducks—best callers on earth—$2 to $5 each. P. C. Stephens, Columbus, Kansas.

Miscellaneous

PROFESSIONAL Politicians take all our taxes and defeat every attempt at economy. You won the war and the "Banbug" tries to disarm you. Does that caricature of an American who is selling his guns "for fear they will be confiscated" know what you think of him? Ship a stamp. See inside. Shiff the Gunman, North Woodstock, N. H.

INVENTORS: Send sketch or model for free opinion concerning patentable nature and exact cost of patent. Book "How to Obtain a Patent," sent free. Tells what every inventor should know. Established twenty-eight years. Highest references. Prompt service. Reasonable charges. Chandlee & Chandlee, 472 Seventh, Washington, D. C.

CIRCULATION list of newspaper "Trapper." About one thousand "live" trappers' names in Newfoundland and Labrador for fifty dollars. Also newspaper "Trapper." Owner retiring. J. W. McGrath, Muir Bldg., St. John's, Newfoundland.

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WES-LET—New invention "Wes-Let" stationery. Combined envelope and letterhead. Distinctive; convenient; original. Your name and address on 100 for $1.00. Wes-Let, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

SPORTSMEN! Articles, stories typed, proper form; 50c 1,000 words. Revision—arrangement, author. Protection. Market suggested. Walter H. Sonnenberg, Lock Box 474, Rochester, Minn.

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

JEWELRY, sporting goods, Kohlman player pianos, Waltham sewing machines, check protectors, typewriters, adding machines. Address, Samuel Paul, Lock Box 196, Valley View, Pa.

OREGON Homesteads—Recently opened offer, exceptional opportunities. Map and details, $1.00. F. G. Thompson, Sheridan, Oregon.

MEN wanting forest ranger, postal clerk and other government positions; particulars free. Write Mokane, Dept. A-57, Denver, Colo.

PRISM binoculars, 10x50, $50.00; 4x20, $14.00. Cash. Norris Ingalls, 82 Purchase St., Newburyport, Mass.

BLUE FINISH your gun. Complete instructions, rust remover, nitro solvent, etc., only 50c. Will Ziegler, East Dedham, Mass.

TWO-DOOR Ford Sedan owners sleep in your car. Beds $6.50. Send for particulars. Milligan & Chrey, Bremerton, Washington.

FOX Horns—30 days' trial—money back guarantee—illustrated booklet. Karl W. Kahmann, 2513 Lincoln Ave., Box 62, Chicago, Ill.

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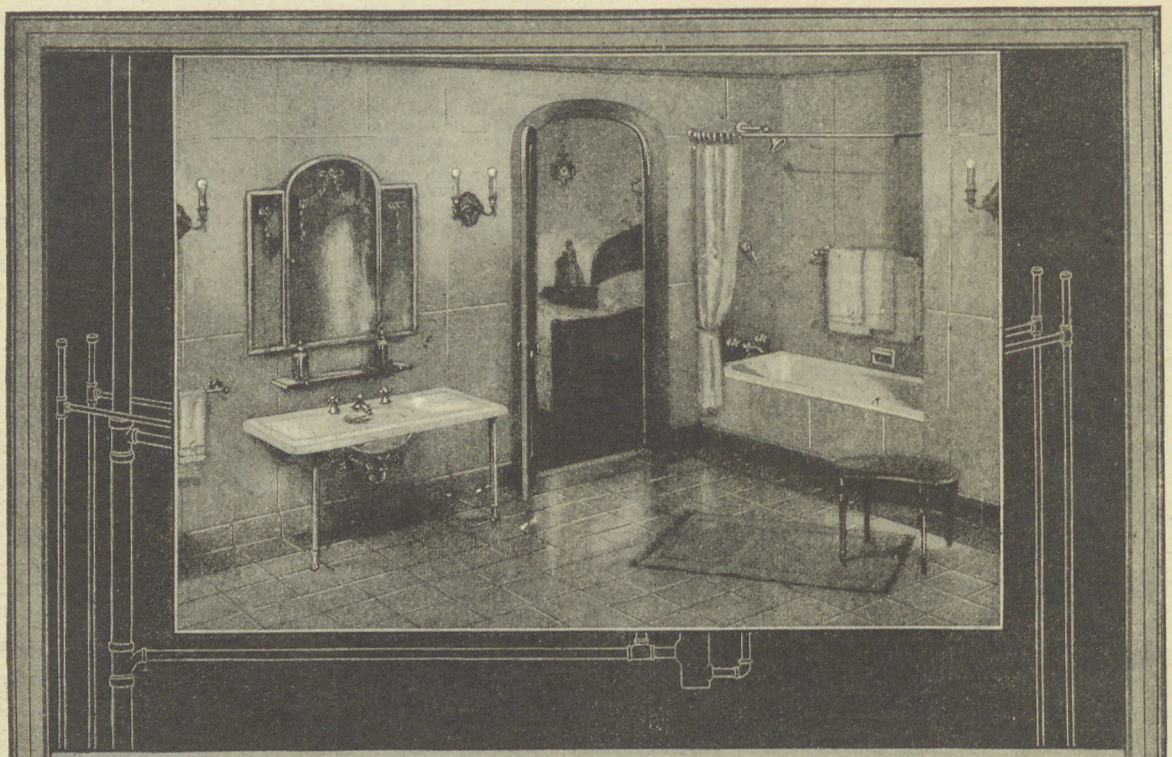
MOUNTED Trout—Several choice specimens. $10 up. Theodore Langguth, Boise, Idaho.



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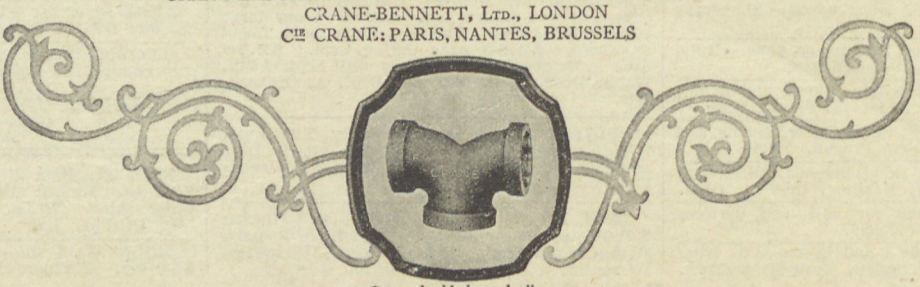

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Note: The lower illustration is actual size of minnow.

Sept '24

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